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OUR HONEYMOON.

AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION.

AGAIN I have read them; and again I feel almost convinced—indeed, I may say, pretty well satisfied that CHARLOTTE—I mean the dear girl's spirit—for somehow these papers make her a girl again—yes, show her to me thirty years ago, and that very day she was twenty—and these papers pressed and traced with her young bride's hand place her just as she was before me; young, and beautiful and happy—as everybody somehow is at such a time—on her wedding-day——

And he is gone, too — both gone—both at rest together and for ever.

Had it not been so, I would certainly not have given to the world dear CHARLOTTE's Honeymoon. No: had he survived, they should have been buried with me. Here it is. Precious leaves! Just one-and-thirty! So delicately writ, and so neat—and so like the dear girl herself. **Our Honeymoon**, marked in blue silk with gold thread—and the silk is still as blue as were the bride's eyes—and the gold as bright as the ring only an hour upon her finger.

Well, it was a day! Such crying and such laughing! And how all the little girls threw flowers; and how the bells seemed to rain showers of silver sound about us! And how happy and merry we were! And how dear, good MR. WINESOP—he had christened CHARLOTTE, and, indeed, all the family, that is the children—how MR. WINESOP in his merry, kind way, scolded CHARLOTTE's mother into good spirits again when she would take on, when the post-chaise drove from the door, and she said—dear soul!—that she somehow felt as if LOTTY had gone away for ever. Yes, how that dear, good, droll MR. WINESOP, with his grave face, told LOTTY's mother to sit upon the hearth—in that beautiful gown I remember—all as she was, and—without a thought of her cap—to sprinkle ashes upon it! Well, to be sure we *did* laugh, and so did LOTTY's mother.

Ah me! And how MR. WINESOP told me it would be my turn next, when a certain person came from sea with gold dust, and elephants' teeth, and unicorns' horns, and apes, and peacocks—and—and my turn has never come—never could come—for the sea——

And so the old maid reads and reads again dear CHARLOTTE's—lively, loving LOTTY—dear LOTTY's Honeymoon. Yes, there are just thirty-one sheets of paper—a honey month of one-and-thirty days. Wrapped in blue silk—and marked, as I may say all her happy life was marked, in letters of gold.

Dried flowers! What a story began in them—what memories survived in them! A flower almost in every leaf. And all—almost all—wild-flowers. Plucked in honeymoon walks. Pretty to mark such days with such flowers—dead and withered all, but with the sweetness of memory in them.

And now—will it be right to print them? Well, when I think into what hands they may fall—where they may go—I begin to determine with myself that I will not print them.

"My dear MARY," here is her letter; I have read it twenty times to assure myself that I am not doing wrong—"My dear MARY,—you will find a certain little packet of papers. *Two words* will tell you what they are. They may sometimes bring to your memory your old and early friend; my schoolfellow and my bridesmaid. They are—many of them, I am sure—very silly; but for that reason they are very true.

"You see, dear Mary, this is how it happened. The day before I left home—that is the day before the wedding—my dear father, you remember his methodical manner, always going, I may say about his business and doing everything with the regularity of a watch—well, my poor dear father, giving me a long farewell lecture, above all things advised me to keep a diary. 'A diary, LOTTY,' he said, holding my hand between his and looking at me in his own way over his spectacles; 'a diary, LOTTY, is a check and a monitor; and besides, may be of any value in business. How could I have ever proved my case in that cause—that great cause of myself *versus* CUTANDRY, but for my diary? Certain events had to be proved; almost impossible to prove without the leading clue of a Journal. How, for instance, could I have known so far back that, on the very night of the ninth of September at ten o'clock, being then about to put my coat on at the Flower Pot, because I had promised your mother that on that night I would be home at'—and here I stopped him, knowing all about it—for just then FRED rode up to the door—and I promised briefly, but very resolutely promised my father that from the day I left his roof—and it was to be the next day, you know—I *would* keep a diary.

"And I began it. Yes, on the first of May, in the year—but you remember the year, MARY—on the first of May, or, rather, on the second, for the first was my wedding-day—I began my diary. And so every day had its page for one-and-thirty days. Well, somehow, I couldn't get any further. And when I came to read over my diary, as I thought it, it didn't seem to me a diary at all: but an odd jumble of thoughts, and feelings, and whims, and—and—and I know not what. So—what put it in my head I can't tell—but I resolved (despite of my wish to do otherwise as I had promised poor father) I resolved not to

mix the precious leaves with what *Hamlet* calls baser matter; but to set them apart: to treasure in them the flowers that we plucked in our walks—oh, such pretty little histories in some of those flowers, MARY! And so, I took me up a piece of blue silk—you will at once see it—and with my very best needle, in the very best and purest gold thread, I marked—**Our Honeymoon.**

"When it passes into your hands, I shall have joined *him*. Do what you will with it: laugh at it—frown at it—sometimes sigh over it, for such as it is, it was the written heart of your affectionate LOTTY."

Do what you will with it! Now does this mean that the world may see it? Why not? For it is a written heart—as LOTTY says: and such a heart, so fond, so whimsical. The written heart! Well, then, I am resolved; and will straightway send to the printer a faithful copy of LOTTY's manuscript.

He may therefore depend upon having—**Our Honeymoon.**

May 1. THE OLD MAID MARY.

THE BEER KING.

THE Austrians may groan, and our neighbours in France
Beneath the stern yoke of a despot may dance,
Their Emperors govern with absolute sway,
But our Beer King enjoys quite as much his own way.

The Monarch of Russia 's a great autocrat,
But greater 's the tyrant that reigns o'er the vat,
The Sultan 's a Grand Turk, but grander, by far,
Is the Beer King of Britain than Sultan or Czar.

The Beer King sits high on a green crystal throne
Which is raised on glass bottles, so cunningly blown,
That the quart but the half of its measure contains,
And so the great Beer King in opulence reigns.

The Beer King has palaces splendid and gay,
You meet them in London wherever you stray,
And Monopoly there—which no Parliament checks—
Supplies his Exchequer from dear double X.

And there, too, strange compounds, and mixtures of queer
Unwholesome ingredients, are vended as beer,
Molasses and liquorice and vitriol—what not?—
In short you may say that there 's death in the pot.

Competition full soon would the Beer King bring down,
But the justices stand by his Majesty's Crown,
And shut every door a man ventures to ope
Against an Exclusionist worse than the Pope.

An Englishman's house is his castle, 'tis said,
But if he 'd sell beer to procure himself bread,
The Beer King's wise licensers hinder his view,
And his Castle cannot be his Elephant too.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR OVERFEEDING.

PROTESTS against the absurd system of overfeeding, which obtains so hugely at our Christmas Cattle Shows, have again appeared in the *Times*. The Smithfield Club, especially, the *Times* considers chargeable with tacitly encouraging what it should repress. For, as the writer very properly observes—

"The conditions imposed by the Club upon Competitors require them to specify the *kind* of food given, but not the *quantity*. Now, in going through the country, nothing is more common than to find agriculturists pampering animals which they intend for Baker Street, at an unheard of outlay—one far beyond the limits of possible recompense in the market * * * We have known instances of bullocks maintained at an outlay equal to the support of a labourer and his family. This is upon the face of it a monstrous extravagance, and the Smithfield Club might surely do something in their regulations, if not to suppress, at least to discourage it."

We quite agree with this, and we think we can suggest an easy remedy. As a condition of entrance let it be in future stipulated, that every over-fattened beast which gets a prize shall, *ipso facto*, be held confiscate to the Judges who award it; and shall by them be forthwith cut up into Christmas dinners, and charitably distributed among the labourers who are employed upon the farm where it was overfed. There would be some little atonement in this for the "pampered" life the animal had been leading: while the "labourer and his family" would, in some degree at least, be benefited by the "equality of outlay" it had been enjoying with them.

We would by no means underrate the benevolence of our breeders: but we cannot help thinking that the plan we have suggested would be likely either to increase its development, or to lessen that of their competing beasts. And we know, of the two, which we think most probable.

PUNCH AT THE ADELPHI.

"ALL work and no Play" proverbially make "a dull boy:" and it is upon this acknowledged principle, we suppose, that the Westminster Scholars annually act. At any rate, their acting this year shows that the truth of the proverb may be proved by converse, for certainly the spirit of dullness seems most thoroughly exorcised from their "boards."

The *Adelphi* is not a very lively play, either. Its levities are somewhat ponderous, and we question if it was not voted rather "slow" by the critics of the period when it was produced. The parts of *Micio* and *Demea* for instance are particularly "dragging." They are both in the conventional "heavy father" line, and the introduction of a couple of these worthies is, of course, felt doubly tedious, where one is generally one too many. There is a pleasant relief, however, in the humours of the roguish servant, *Syrus*; on whom the "comic business" principally devolves. And we must say that the character lost none of its point in the hands of the gentleman to whom it was entrusted. Especially we should notice his delivery of the passage, where, after severely chaffing one of the "heavy fathers" aforesaid—who, by the way, is one of the distressed agriculturists of the period—he cautions him to keep a sharp look out for things, "*quæ futura sunt*," or, literally, "looming in the future." We really think it was a bit of acting worthy even of MR. DISRAELI himself.

Altogether, then, we spent as pleasant an evening at the *Adelphi* in Westminster as ever we remember doing at that in the Strand: and we finally left the dormitory for our own without having felt a trace of its naturally soporific influence.

Abolition of Christmas Boxes.

WE know a celebrated Marquis, as mean as he is wealthy, who has done away with his Christmas boxes this year, and the reason he advances for the shabbiness of the abolition is, "the extreme scarcity of silver."

NOTE AND QUERY.—IS LORD MOUNTGARRET the author of the popular melody "*Sich a Getting up Stairs?*"

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

We are, fortunately, spared the disagreeable duty of commenting this week, upon any dramatic performance at this house. We would gladly have abstained from any allusion whatever to an establishment, which, as recently managed, has offered few subjects for notice but such as have imperatively called for that censure we have so strong a dislike to award. But, one evening, it pleased the late managers, whose virtual abdication we have recorded—but who, it seems, have a fag-end of tenancy, which they will not abandon until actually evicted—to open their doors, in order that certain addresses and explanations might be offered in regard to recent events. Of Mr. Dizzy's share in this proceeding we desire to say nothing harsh. He came forward to the footlights, and made a brief speech, in very good taste, expressed his gratitude to the generous benefactors who had supported him during the season, and apologised for any indiscretions into which he might have been betrayed. Without attaching any undue weight to managers' addresses, we have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Dizzy's speech was as satisfactory as possible, and the warm manner in which it was received by the audience ought to convince this clever personage that a British public, though it will not be played with, is both indulgent and placable. Mr. Dizzy will not, we imagine, be heard of again as a manager; but if he obtain an engagement, as he will have little difficulty in doing, in a respectable company, he will gradually divest himself of many defects which he exhibits at present, and will qualify himself to play other parts in the national drama.

But we are sorry to say that his ex-partner, Mr. Dilly, displayed a totally different spirit. He thought proper to come forward, shortly after Mr. Dizzy had spoken, and to deliver a long speech, in which it was difficult to say whether the mis-statements or the ill-feeling were most palpable and reprehensible. Instead of attributing his signal failure to the wretched rubbish he had all along brought forward, and to the helpless incompetence of his company, he made a charge, in a tone of mingled bluster and bewailment, that he had been the victim of a base conspiracy, and that it had been organised by parties anxious to succeed to the management of the theatre. The disapprobation with which his earlier productions had been received, and the utter damnation of *The Budget*, he accounted for, not by their own worthlessness, but by a combination against him. Now, it is well known, that no manager ever has a piece condemned, and no actor ever hears one of his points objected to, but he instantly declares that people have been "sent in" from a rival house to injure him, and he usually rushes round to the lobby and insults the parties he suspects, or, if a journal has criticised him, he displays the extreme of cowardice and folly in removing that journal from the free-list. Therefore we were prepared by Mr. Dilly's antecedents, and our knowledge of the habits of persons so situated, for the display we refer to. But we are not the less bound to say that Mr. Dilly's behaviour was disgracefully derogatory to the character he affected to maintain. We believe the cant word of "chivalry" was always in the mouth of either himself or his adulators as descriptive of his order of mind, and as "chivalry" is derived from *cheval*, a horse, and the ex-manager is understood to be a great horse-racer, we might not object to the use of the phrase in its derivative sense. But if the word was designed to express courageous, high-minded, and gentlemanly bearing towards opponents, its ludicrous inapplicability was never more displayed than in his farewell address.

We have now nearly done with a disagreeable subject. It has reached us that the fortunes of the theatre will, for the present, be undertaken by Mr. Aberdeen (a former partner of that celebrated and excellent manager, the late Mr. Peel), and that he is making engagements with a talented and effective company. He will have our support so long as he conducts the establishment upon befitting principles, and not one moment longer.

We have heard that in a sort of public-house, of no great reputation, in the neighbourhood of Pall Mall (where a Goose Club is held), some hangers-on of the Dilly management have gone so far, in their spite at the fall of the latter, as personally to outrage some presumed friends of the new direction. This, however, is a case for the police now, and for the magistrates on licensing day.

NATIONAL PICTURE-CLEANING.

The National Gallery presents a melancholy study to the Amateurs of Art, who will see how the authorities have been endeavouring to scrape an acquaintance with the old masters. Instead of scouring Europe in search of valuable paintings, the authorities have scoured the paintings themselves in search of, we know not what, for the pictures have become, in many cases, the pictures of misery. There is a Claude that has been almost clawed to pieces by the bristles of some devastating scrubbing-brush. The pretence of cleaning the pictures is absurd—for in many cases the beauties are clean gone, and if anything has been done under colour of a respect for Art, we can only say that the colour has been washed out in doing it. It is true enough that in pictures, as in everything else, "all that's bright must fade," but why the brightness of Art should be erased earlier than necessary by the scrubby treatment it is getting in the National Gallery, we are at a loss to discover. We really wish a committee may be appointed, the chairman of which should have power to stop at once the sacrilegious fingers of the charwomen who are at work upon our National paintings.

TO GROWERS OF CHRISTMAS TREES.

Mr. Punch is compelled to apprise his friends, that is to say, the public, and more especially his particular pets and darlings, the young matrons of the nation, that in consequence of the extraordinary demand upon him for hints, verses, mottoes, jokes, and other assistance towards the improvement of the fairy forest of Christmas Trees which is being reared at the present season, he must reluctantly decline undertaking any new commissions. His very cleverest young gentleman has had no sleep for five nights by reason of the preternatural draft upon his poetic powers, and his second smartest (a most amiable lad) has rhymed his brains into such a state that he cannot even ask for a cigar—and he used to request the article with unabashed readiness—without moulding his petition into a couplet with "star," "faugh-a-ballah," "mamma," or some such word as a termination of the first line. *Mr. Punch* himself has also suffered intensely from a sleeplessness which he has seldom experienced from modern poetry. All, therefore, that he as a philanthropist, and also a humane employer—the second character is so seldom annexed to the first in these days, that he begs to say he writes advisedly—can do, is to offer a model selection of verses for Christmas Trees, and to beg the public, and more particularly the dear souls whom he has especially mentioned, to make such use of them as they may please. For himself he would add, that these compositions are placed gratuitously at the disposal of his patrons, but he may perhaps be permitted to say that as young men will be young men, any little acknowledgment in the way of gloves, perfume, hints for eligible marriage or dinner invitations, which it may be quite convenient to send in, shall be apportioned in the proper quarters, and with the utmost caution.

MOTTOES.

With Bonbons.

Accept these beauteous lumps of chalk and paint,
And eat them if you're silly. Which you ain't.

With a Seal.

Receive a seal with which a moral lingers,
Don't, with your wax, or letters, burn your fingers.

With Gloves.

Though "hand and glove" stands, in proverbial wit,
For Friendship—caution: gloves and friends may split.

With a Paper-Weight. (*To a Literary Gent.*)

Pray take a weight your paper well can bear
After the heavier things you put down there.

With a Ribbon. (*To a married Lady.*)

For trimming, Madam. As you gaze upon it,
Think how you've trimmed the man that bought the bonnet.

With a Gold Pen.

Blacken this gold with ink. How few, alack!
Like Mrs. Stowe, with ink could gild the black.

With a Work-Box.

Wife, or Intended One—remember this,
Who sews on buttons sows the seed of bliss.

With a Crochet Hook.

If you *must* waste your time, this hook will keep
Your hands from mischief till you go to sleep.

THE POULTRY MANIA.

Miss —— "Good Gracious, Emily. What horrid Frights!"
Emily. "Frights! my Dear! Why, they are lovely Cochin China Fowls, and worth—Oh! ever so much."

RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE MEMBER OF A GOOSE CLUB.

I paid my shilling! paid it like a man,
Though much my capital it did reduce;
But wildly my imagination ran
Upon that luscious luxury, a goose!

Yes! I became the member of a Club—
A Goose Club! Is it not a savoury thought?
But shall I win the prize? Ah! There 's the rub!
Or will experience be by failure bought?

I was a member of a Goose Club! Stay:
Let me throw water on my fever'd brow.
My brain, at the remembrance of that day,
Will be on fire. Ha! ha! 'tis burning now.

Yes! I subscrib'd my shilling! day by day
I asked "Has fate destin'd that I should win?"
At night, as tossing on my bed I lay,
I thought, "Will they give sage and onions in?"

At length, the Christmas feast was drawing near;
The issue of my lot I soon should know:
There was a rumour, that of geese this year
Immense would be the price, and small the show.

The long-expected evening came at last,
The members of the Goose Club all had met,
Lots for the "foolish bird" were to be cast:
I feel the heart-throb of that moment yet.

Our names were written out on paper strips,
All of the Club distinctly taken down:
Jones, Tomkins, Spooner, Edwards, Burton, Phipps,
Bendixen, Jackson, Oliphant, and Brown.

Ten were the members, while the goose was one—
One only was the prize: the blanks were nine.
The lucky chance could be for one alone—
I trembled as I hoped it would be mine.

As round the table anxiously we sat,
The strips of paper were together cast,
And shaken up in a policeman's hat:
My breath was thick, my pulse beat high and fast.

I seized a number, but I feared to look:
I held it in my trembling fingers loose.
Had fate awarded me a goose to cook?
Or had misfortune rudely cook'd my goose?

They caught the paper from my feeble grasp,
As on my breast my throbbing temples sank;
I gave a side-long look—a groan—a gasp—
A shriek—a gurgle—yes—it was a blank!

* * * * * *

Since then has many a "merry Christmas" pass'd,
And I've receiv'd from fortune many a rub;
But that occasion was the first and last
When I was goose enough to join a club.

Requisite Armaments.

Orders have been issued from the Ordnance Office for the supply of the Navy with arm-chairs for the use of the octogenarian admirals ordered on actual service; and contracts have been entered into with an eminent firm for the manufacture of a number of crutches, to be provided forthwith and kept in constant readiness, in consequence of the numerous appointments which are continually made of crippled and decrepit veteran officers to duties, in India and at the Cape, involving personal activity in the field.

THE NEW SERVANTS.

Mistress. "NOW MIND! I HAVE NO OBJECTION TO YOUR TAKING THE REGULAR HOLIDAYS, BUT YOU MUSTN'T BE WANTING ALWAYS TO 'GO OUT,' FOR IT DISTURBS THE HOUSE DREADFULLY."

THE MINISTERIAL CHRISTMAS.

Owing to the politic reserve of Lord Aberdeen, very little reliable information has transpired concerning the ministerial arrangements of last week. The following particulars, however, have been derived from a most reliable source, and may be depended on.

On Christmas Day the Premier had a dinner; but as he was labouring under slight indisposition, we are not in a position to inform our readers whether or not he partook of roast beef or plum-pudding; because for aught we know, both the one and the other may have been interdicted by his medical attendant.

We can confidently state that the Chancellor of the Exchequer was one of the Prime Minister's party; and we have little doubt that he regaled himself, to a certain extent, with mince-pie.

The attention of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs was directed to Turkey; and it is supposed that he had a bone to pick in that quarter.

The Lord Chancellor delivered an opinion on a sirloin, and pronounced judgment on a glass of wine.

With respect to the other movements of the Ministry, we are ignorant; indeed they were most likely themselves equally in the dark as to what game they had best play: which, we should think, would have been blind man's buff.

MRS. GAMP'S LAMENT.

"Drat the bragian imperence! I sez, and the arts of each fakshus young feller,
Wich I wish I could give 'em a poke with my pattens or cotton umbreller,
As ave throwed out the sweetest of Budgets, which it promised to cheapen our beer,
And tho' it's but little I takes, I likes it drawed mild, and not dear,
Wich the bottles, besides, is three-parts froth, and don't hold wot they ort,
And it's straining the pint rayther *too* far, to sell you a pint for a quart.
But, Bless yer! we lives in a wale, and must look to be worried and wexed,
And I shouldn't noways be surpriged, if Lord Madesting's dilution come next,
For the way that I've wep, since I heerd of my Benjimmin's want of success,
The cristial fontins themselves in the pallege would fail to express,
But I ope he 'll console hisself soon with his Sibbles, and Tankards, and histories,
And go back to the luvs of his youth, them beautiful Asmatic Miss Terrys,*
Wich their Asma is not to be wunderd at, as they lived in the desert at night,
'Stead of casting his purls before swine, wich, I meant to say, Cording and Brite.
And so we've to thank a collishun, it seems, for these fakshus attacks,
(Wich it aint nothing more than lame fellers a riding on blind fellers backs)
And as Johnny can't drive for hisself, he offers a seat and the reins
To them as can handle them for him, wich I ope they'll be spilt for their pains.
But I'd like to know where the collishun will ever find one as knows more
Of the Post Offige, now, than Lord Ardwicks, wich he were a Post Capting before?
Or where they 'll find one as will suit that howdacious new hempire of Parris,
So well as that other sweet party we had, which his name it is Harris,
Wich some thinks as there is no such persing, as he couldn't be fund when required,
But is a good soul, and his meekness, I'm told, abroad have been greatly admired?
And how will they do without Manners in the Government Bildings and Wurks,
Wich I'm sure they want Manners in there bad enough for them imperent clurks?
Well, I thought we wos in for a time, but we lives in a walley of sorrer,
And them as is here to-day may turn out to be noveres to-morrer,
Wich I'm sure if I'd known we should lose both our places and characters too,
And get nothing at all by our change, I'd have stuck to Purtection all thro',
For it 's grievous to eat all one's words, and to feel all the while like to bust,
And then to be forced to resign, wich one could 'ave resigned at the fust.
But tho' I don't seek to proticipate, wich it aint my way and I'd rather not,
Yet them as goes wrong with one may come right with two, wich it may be my Benjimmin's lot;
And tho' it 's but little as puts us out, and collishuns in special is wrong,
We may have better luck the next time, wich I hope it 'll come before long."

* Apparently an allusion to the Asiatic Mystery which the Spirit of the East revealed to Tancred.

THE DIGNITY OF DUST.

We should feel much obliged to any antiquarian who would inform us why it is that the Dustmen issue, at Christmas, such documents as the following:—

TO THE WORTHY INHABITANTS OF BROMPTON.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

We the Regular DUSTMEN of this Parish, in the employ of Mr. J. WILLIAMS make humble application to you for a CHRISTMAS BOX which you are usually so kind as to give. We bring our Tokens, one a Copper Medal, on one side the bust of a man in ancient costume; inscription, Benedictvs XIII. Pont. Max. On the reverse, a Roman Warrior on horseback, on a pedestal. Inscription, Carolo Magno Romanæ Ecclesiæ. F. D. 1793. The other a Copper Medal of John Churchill, Duke of Malborough, MDCCXXII. Also a Silver Medal, on one side Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1688, on the reverse, busts of Seven Bishops of the time of the Reformation.

Thomas Daniels. Charles Stagg. Edward Prignell.

No Connection with Scavengers.

☞ Every precaution should be taken, as there are Persons who go about with intent to Defraud us and impose on you, be so kind as not to give your Bounty to any Person, but to those who can produce Medals as aforesaid. Please not to return this Bill.

The regularity of the Dustman is chiefly shown in his regularly asking for a Christmas Box, and so far the document is intelligible enough, but we are puzzled when we come to examine the "tokens" produced as a proof of the applicants being the legitimate heirs of the fantail hat, and other dusty insignia. The probability is, that the antique medals were picked up somewhere in the dust of ages, collected by some dustman of an earlier era. The connection between the episcopacy and the dust-cart is very remarkably shown by the silver medal with Archbishop Sancroft on one side, and a batch of seven Bishops on the other; but why the connection should exist is a question we have no means of answering. Perhaps it is, that their ashes having been settled long ago, the regular dustman may feel himself entitled to make use of them.

We always thought the dustman's was about the humblest occupation that could be pursued—for even the chimney-sweep's takes higher views—but it seems there is "'mid lower depths a deeper still," and an aristocracy even in the dusthole, which with a sort of patrician air insists on "no connexion with scavengers." We doubt whether even a beadle, laced to the very apex of his cocked hat in gold, could present a prouder presence than the "regular" dustman wearing all his medals, while looking up to everything and down upon the scavengers on Boxing-day.

A Clever Fellow.—Judging from the initials of Mr. Bernal Osborne, we should say he was perfectly qualified to say B.O. to a goose.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE MADE EASY.

THE President's Message to Congress—there is now only one President in the world worth mentioning—though an able document, cannot be pronounced worthy the name of its author, FILLMORE, because in fact it fills less, in point of space, than the messages of that statesman's predecessors. Nevertheless, it is quite long enough; occupying nearly four yards and a half of small type, and thus, in point of longitude, flogging any snake that ever existed anywhere in the United States. Indeed, the appearance of the President's Message in the newspapers always reminds us of that of the sea serpent, being, like it, a periodical item of American intelligence. The intelligence, however, would be more intelligible if the paragraphs of the Message (which correspond to the coils of the monster) were elucidated by marginal summaries, after the manner of our Acts of Parliament, as "Cuba not to be Annexed Right Slick," "Britishers Kettle of Fish Simmerin' Down," "Europe to Revolutionize herself off her own Hook." The assistance afforded by this expedient to those who are obliged to read whilst they run would be considerable.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS.

IT is wonderful how soon a man finds his University strange to him. Three years are the usual span of Academical life, and before you return to put on your Master's gown, a new generation of boys is swaggering up and down High Street. I was made very sensible of this the other day when I went up with young CODLINGS (son of the banker) to introduce him to the authorities of Andrew's. I did not recognise a single face in Hall except the everlasting RAILTON, who has actually not got through the schools yet. That venerable patriarch—he is eight-and-twenty if he is a day, for I distinctly recollect his being a senior man when I matriculated—invited me to his rooms after dinner, and though he is without exception the most awful bore I ever met, I was really glad to have a talk with him about old times. He was just the same as ever, but after a separation of some years, I found it difficult, at first, to listen with composure to the outrageous "crackers" with which he pointed his discourse. His remarkable adventures, his success in society, his whiskers, his governor's influence, vast wealth and aristocratic connections were almost too much for me.

"REE-CHARD," shouted he down the staircase. "REE-CHARD, tell GODFREY to send dessert for two and tell him if he gives me stale biscuits again, I'll complain to the Bursar. Hoo, hoo, old fella!"—this to me—"sit down and take a glass of Port"—once for all, JOE RAILTON, like all University men, is the most free-hearted, hospitable fellow in the world, and if you don't eat yourself into a state bordering on apoplexy, is quite disappointed that "there is nothing on the table you like"—"take a glass of Port; it's very old—it's SIMMONDS's—I've had it all the Long Vacation. Hoo! hoo! look now, it has quite lost its colour; it's a neutral tint"—I mentally wished it had lost some of its flavour at the same time—"or try the Sherry; it's some of the governor's. CARBONELL let him have a little as a great favour at seven pound a dozen. Here's your health, old fella. Glad to see you up again. Ah, you'll find things very much changed. The Dons treat us like a pack of schoolboys now. You know I was rusticated for offering WHITE, the Proctor, a weed as he was going into St. Mary's. The dimmed snob—why, do you think I'd speak to him if I met him in society? The governor was in such a rage, and told me it served me right for being civil to a fella of low origin. If he had not been a clergyman I'd have had him out, I would, by Gearge. And what do you think? You have to get leave to drive; and if they catch you in a team (a tandem), they let you in for five pounds. But I'll pay them out, I promise you, when I have taken my degree; I'll tool a four-in-hand through the High Street every day for a week. Then there's that old BINNS says he will stop boating and hunting in his College. I expect to see him taking all his men out for a walk two and two, and making them change their shoes afterwards for fear they should catch cold. He saw JEMMY BULLFINCH the other day walking across quad. in pink—NORTHAMPTON's hounds met at Faringdon Windmill—and he sent for him and blew him up so, it made him cry. JEM's feelings were so much hurt that he 's gone into the Austrian service.

"They have completely put down flat racing in Harbour mead for the present, but the waters are out, and so it doesn't matter much. Recollect what fun we had, overweighting DODSON's saddle when he rode FOLLET's *Young Dutchman* for the silver cup? Wasn't he savage? Good fellow DODSON though: he is a parson now and no end of Low Church. I dare say he is all right, you know, but it makes a man so *doosid* unpleasant, especially on a Sunday. REE-CHARD! bring another bottle of SIMMONDS's Port—floor your liquor, old boy, we 'll have some more directly. Then they 've made the schools so different—the great dodge now is to do sums: fancy asking a fella of my age to do sums! I tell you what though, Double Rule of Three is doosid hard, and so is fractions. Can you do fractions? Can you, by Jove? Well, I don't think I shall ever be able to do fractions. And I should like to know what 's the good of them? You never hear anybody mention them in society. What would you say to a fella getting up at a dinner-party, and talking about practice or tare and tret? Quite absurd, you know. I believe Government, or LORD JOHN RUSSELL, or some other swell in London, is going to make us get up all about machines, and hydrogen, and pumps, and things. Instead of coaching up here, fellas will have to go to town and take a season ticket at the Polytechnic Institution. It's all Free Trade and that sort of thing has done it. You know, *I* believe the University is going to the doose, and before long, no gentleman will be able to belong to it. My dear fella, don't go yet—this is only the third bottle—I 'll order some coffee and an anchovy toast, and we'll have a Sherry Cup to top up with. As for Free Trade, you know it 's all gammon about its having done any good. What 's the use of bread's being cheap? You don't suppose one eats any more of it in consequence; and they let you in just the same for clothes and horses and other things. That beggar, COBDEN, wants to upset the QUEEN and have a Republic, and be the first President, and then he will come the LEWIS NAPOLEON game over us. Prussia or Austria will be the only place for a gentleman to live in then. By the bye—think I'm altered?—see anything different in my appearance? Whiskers—yes—soap makes them red. Nothing else? No? Well, look here."

Here my host gave a dreadful shock to my nerves by suddenly pulling off a beautiful black curly wig—in short, the Gentleman's Real Head of Hair, and exhibiting a shiny, bald pate, just like the portrait that accompanies the advertisement of that incomparable work of art. A barber's dummy, in an uncovered state, can alone adequately represent that vacuous face, those large round eyes and those luxuriant whiskers which MISS EMILY DEAN would have so much admired.

We spent the rest of the evening very cheerfully over the Sherry Cup, which was as good as in the golden days of corruption, and ended by a rather riotous game of football with the Real Head of Hair. He goes in again this time, and I sincerely hope he won't be floored by the Double Rule of Three.

CHRISTMAS WAITS.

THE Waits this year are more than usually numerous. For instance,

1. There 's the EARL OF DERBY Waiting—for the deluge which was prophesied to succeed if he didn't.
2. There are the Inhabitants of Fleet Street Waiting—for the removal of that dreadful Bar to Progress, Temple Bar.
3. There 's LOUIS NAPOLEON Waiting—to prove, *e converso*, that "The Empire is Peace."
4. There are the Cape Settlers Waiting—for a Settling of their Constitution, as well as of the Caffres.
5. There are the Keepers of the Betting Shops Waiting—for the expected Early Closing Act which is to shut them up.
6. There are the Readers of the British Museum Waiting—the arrival of Doomsday, or its equivalent—the Catalogue.
7. There are the Public generally Waiting—for a cessation of the Beer Monopoly, as well as of the bottle tricks.

Very Strange.

"MR. PUNCH,—As I don't see one railway accident reported in the *Times* of to-day, can you inform me why all railway traffic was stopped yesterday?

"Yours, &c., AN OBSOLETE STAGER."

THE BREWER'S BUDGET.

'TWAS pretended the Budget would cheapen our beer,
But you can't make malt liquor to Britons less dear.

Q. WHEN is a fisherman not a fisherman?—*A.* When he 's cotchin'eel. *Reader faints.*

OUR faults are poor relations that we do not like being visited with.

RESIGNATION AND RECONCILIATION.

A Drama of Political Life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DISRAELI, *a Discontent,* | GRAHAM, *the Generous Foe.*
RUSSELL, *a Repentant.* | WOOD, *a Waverer.*
SIBTHORP, *the Slasher.*

Members silent and noisy, &c.

SCENE—*The House of Commons.* MR. DISRAELI *discovered attempting — by holding up his finger curved like a hook—to catch the* SPEAKER'S *eye. The leaders of the various parties opposite.* COLONEL SIBTHORP *in the distance wearing an attitude of isolation, and general want of confidence in everything.*

Mr. Disraeli. A word or two, I pray thee,
MR. SPEAKER. [SPEAKER *nods assent.*
Mr. Disraeli (*continues*). After that fatal
vote of Thursday night,
More fatal to the country than to me (*a laugh*),
The EARL OF DERBY and his gallant band
Tendered their resignations to the QUEEN.
Their resignations with a gracious smile
HER MAJESTY accepted. (*Aside.*) Woe is me!
(*Aloud.*) This morning came to me on rumour's wings—
Wings made by feathers of reporters' pens—
A statement that the EARL OF ABERDEEN
Had undertaken the important task
Of finding fit successors to ourselves.
We hold our offices just as the pot
Holds the hot soup, till the tureen is ready:
But, let me use another simile;
We hold our offices after the fashion
In which I've seen a scarlet-vested scamp
Holding a horse, until the rider comes
And takes his seat with a triumphant air.
Now let me thank those whom I see around
For the indulgence they have shown to me—
(*Aside.*) In doing all they could to turn me out.
(*Aloud.*) Oh! let me praise their generosity,
(*Aside.*) Exhibited in plans to trip me up,
And take advantage of my weak position.
(*Aloud.*) Oh, Sir! if ever in the hot debate
An angry word has found by chance its way
Across the margin of these wayward lips,
If e'er—departing from my better nature—
I've hurt the feelings of a single Member,
I deeply, ay, most bitterly regret it;
With all the depth and all the bitterness
Of which 'tis known that I am capable.
I never meant it; sure you'll give me credit
For saying often what I did not mean.
Trust me, though aloes cluster'd on my lip,
There was a hive of honey at my heart.
May the impression be as light and transient
As was the provocation I received!
(*Aside.*) When I forget the vile conspirators
Who in discordant and unnatural band
Were linked together—but to ruin me,
May I forget—no matter—(*Aloud.*) MR. SPEAKER,
With words of kindness—born of kindest thoughts—
Let me express the fondly yearning hope
That I may take with me, across the House,
The kind opinion of my kindest friends,
Though they adopt all kinds of politics.
So I resign—with love for all mankind. [*Cheers from all sides.*
Lord John Russell (*wiping away a tear*). I rise to say, how from
my inmost heart
(Right through my over-coat, down to my vest,)
I hear the honourable Member's words
Echoed in every chamber, vault, and cell,
Of my intensely sympathising bosom.
And oh! if ever on a flying word
A barbed point has been by chance conveyed,
With double power to poison and to pierce,
May all the venom turn to healing balm,
And nothing but the feather still remain,
To serve as feathers for each others caps.
And ah! should other Ministers exist
Like him who now retires, may every one
Go out as he goes out. (*Aside.*) I'll do my best
To keep him from too long remaining in. (*Loud Cheers.*)
Sir James Graham. The future, Sir, to me is all a mist—
(*Aside.*) I must not say a word of our intentions—
(*Aloud.*) But for the past I have to say a word;
'Tis true the Honourable Gentleman
Has wounded me—but then, he didn't mean it.
For, if he had intended what he said—
But no, his meaning ne'er was in his words.
His talents I've admired fervently;
And for his bitter insults, what of them?
'Tis very fitting that we should forget
The acts of one who oft forgets himself. (*Loud Cheers.*)
Sir C. Wood. Let me, Sir, to this general amnesty
My share of generosity contribute.
If I've insulted anybody here,
I knew it not; then who can take offence?
He that may wound another person's feelings,
Let him not know't, and 'tis no wound at all.
As to the Honourable Gentleman
From whom I've lately had some hardish hits,
If he has planted on me some few sores,
He has so gracefully tendered a plaister,
That I forget it all; and if at times
I've hit him rather smartly on the raw,
I hope he will forget—forgive, as I do. [*Sits down amid loud cheers.*
Colonel Sibthorp. I've listened with attention to them all,
And hold them every one in like contempt;
I love to see them knock each other down,
Nor will I stretch a hand to lift them up.
I've heard the EARL OF DERBY has resigned,
Which I regret—not on my own account—
Office I've never held, nor ever will.
No; 'tis my pride that in the House of Commons
I shall be, as I am, quite out of place.
As to the generous sentiments I've heard,
They come from those who one another hate
With feline fierceness, and with rage canine:
Or, like in plainer language, cat and dog.
I verily believe they'll soon be found
At it again, tooth, nail, hammer and tongs;
For I've no confidence in any one—
Except myself;—and, while I hold a seat,
My motto shall be ever, "Down with humbug!"
My cry, "Beware of man-traps and spring guns."
[*The House is counted out, and the Curtain falls.*

BARON LIEBIG ON PUNCH'S ALMANACK.

WE are too glad to be able to append the following testimonial from so great an authority as BARON LIEBIG:—

Extract from a Letter dated Giessen, December 25th, 1852, from BARON LIEBIG to *Mr. Punch*, at his celebrated Brewery, 85, Fleet Street.

"I have submitted your Almanack to the most subtle analysis, and have found it a perfectly genuine article. I never knew anything more free from adulteration, and the specimen you sent me, which was printed on the best paper, was not only full of spirit, but several degrees above proof. A person might take any quantity of it, and far from its doing him any harm, he would feel all the better for it. The taste of it is excellent, and what little bitterness there is in it is of that gentle nature, which, acting as a healthy tonic, is well calculated to correct the acidity of the most hypochondriacal temper. I shall certainly recommend it in all cases as *a general beverage both for the invalid and robust.* I have been for many years an ardent admirer of your Almanacks, and for the future intend never to take anything else.

"(Signed) JUSTUS LIEBIG."

"*Giessen, Dec.* 25, 1852."

We have other Testimonials, equally flattering, from the Analytical Sanitary Commissioners of the *Lancet*, SIR CHARLES CLARKE, and the most distinguished physicians and chemists of the day, and all testifying to the extreme purity and high quality of our far-famed Almanack, and, though they all agree in the generosity of saying that "we are at perfect liberty to make whatever use we please of them," still we keep them in our drawer for our own private gratification, sooner than lay ourselves open to the charge of vanity by printing them.

Pray Don't Disturb it.

THE Frenchmen tell us that we mustn't judge of—much less condemn—France in its present state, for it is nothing better than "*une nation endormie.*" We agree with this amiable excuse, as far as the sleepiness of the nation goes, for it is evident that France must be in a very lethargic condition, having just relapsed into its Third NAP.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN IS IN A HURRY TO GET TO THE STATION—CAB HORSE JIBS MOST RESOLUTELY.

Old Gent. "NOW THEN, DRIVER. WHAT'S THE MATTER?"
Cabman. "OH, IT'S NOTHIN', SIR. HE'S ONY A LEETLE TOO FRESH, SIR!"

PROSPECTIVE CHRONOLOGY.

(From our own Clairvoyant.)

1855. City Improvement Act passed.

1857. Temple Bar pulled down and Lord Mayor's Show abolished.

1880. Peace established with the Caffres—for a month or two.

1890. Library Catalogue of the British Museum completed—to the letter D.

1899. Sale of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* ceases.

1900. COLONEL SIBTHORP becomes Premier, by virtue of his seniority.

1901. Attempted revival of Protection fails.

1953. New National Gallery opened.

1960. Beer Monopoly ends.

1975. Westminster Bridge re-built, and the New Houses of Parliament finished.

1999. Railway accidents cease.

2000. Income-Tax removed.

Date not Fixed. Prosperity of Ireland begins.

Date too remote to be calculated. Publication of *Punch* ceases.

A FAREWELL TO DISRAELI.

FROM toils ministerial,
From state ceremonial,
From tangles imperial,
From murmurs colonial—
From net-work gigantic
Of red tape and tapists,
From Protestants frantic,
And high-flying Papists—
From all of the hobbles
Of MALMESBURY'S peddling,
From all of the squabbles
Of PAKINGTON'S meddling—
From WALPOLE'S well-meaning,
From BERESFORD'S dirt,
From CHRISTOPHER'S leaning
The truth out to blurt—
From bearing, in one sense,
Inscribed on your banners,
The feudalist nonsense
Of gentle JOHN MANNERS,
From recording in acts
The entire contradiction
Which Free-trading facts
Give Protectionist fiction—
From having to swallow,
Each word you have spoken,
From hopes all proved hollow,
From promises broken—

From venting palaver
You inwardly mourn for,
From stooping to slaver
The men you feel scorn for—
From gracing PEEL'S triumph,
However you grudge it,
From hearing all cry "humph!"
At sight of your Budget—
From each trick, and turn
Of the baffled tactician,
Punch greets your return
To a nobler position!
For he saw in your rising
The work of a brain,
Which its own aggrandising
Had toiled to attain;
Unfavour'd by station,
Unaided by pelf,
You waited occasion,
And strove for yourself:
Till the House which derided
The youth who began—
Its laughter subsided—
Gave ear to the man;
And, subdued by the power
Of a resolute will,
Listened, hour after hour,
Deferential and still:

And in speech, subtle pleader,
In fight ne'er dismay'd,
You rose to be leader
Where once you obeyed.
Then the proud ones, your makers,
To bow were full fain,
The Lords of the Acres
To the Lord of the Brain:
Had you been good as gallant,
Strong in wisdom as will,
High in truth as in talent,
Your cause good as ill,
That name—now a beacon
Of shoals we should shun—
Were a light to men seeking
How fame should be won.
Oh, unworthy possessor
Of powers seldom seen,
Greater wert thou, if lesser
Thy triumphs had been.
Oh, how grand once thy game—
But now past is its hour—
A life-time of fame
'Gainst a moment of power!
But the low gain thou closest,
The high didst disdain,
And, when office thou losest,
Art nothing again.

ELEVATED ADDRESS TO MR. GLADSTONE,

AT THE CARLTON CLUB.

THE exact words that were addressed to MR. GLADSTONE at the Carlton Club the other evening by a gallant Colonel and certain other gentlemen, after their wine, have not been reported by any of our contemporaries. We believe that the following is a tolerably correct version of the terms in which they addressed the Right Honourable gentleman—speaking simultaneously:—

"I-sh-say, GLSH-ADSTONE—I sh-h-hs-ay! GLAD-SON, old fella! MIST' GLASS-N—Sir! J'up, old GLADST'N!"

"Tellyowash is! Younobusin'ss heeaw. Younorighta b'longta Conshawive clab 'tall. Y'ara Rackle Hummug! Oughtobe pishowtowinda in dwectionofawmclab. Dashapwoppaplace for shadam Demoquarric fella as you."

The preceding observations so sufficiently explain themselves, that they require no comment whatever from us to indicate the spirit in which they were uttered.

Creditable Contrivance.

BY some letters in the *Times* it appears that two insolvents, a colonel and a clergyman, owing many thousands of pounds, have, although unable to pay a farthing of their debts, put their names down among the subscribers to the WELLINGTON Testimonial. As these gentlemen are probably denied credit for justice, we suppose they want to procure it by generosity.

TO YOUNG MEN OF PROPERTY.—Marry, and be steady; but don't settle.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lisle-street, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, January 1st, 1853.

CHEMISTRY OF THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE ABERDEEN Ministry presents some interesting illustrations of chemical phenomena. LORD ABERDEEN himself may be regarded as an oily body that, in combination with the alkali of LORD JOHN RUSSELL in the Foreign Office, may be expected to form an emollient diplomatic soap. Mr. GLADSTONE'S carbonate of High Church principles perhaps will combine with SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH'S latitudinaric acid, in the formation of a neutral salt, giving off, it is to be hoped, carbonic acid in the shape of Tractarianism; and we also trust that, when dissolved in an administration of sensible men, the ultramontane Popery of MR. KEOGH will be precipitated; at least that the trumpet he used to play in the POPE'S Brass Band will become so oxidized, that he will be obliged to put it in his pocket.

OUR HONEYMOON.

FRIDAY, MAY 2, 18—.

FREDERICK never looked so handsome. That I am sure of—never—never!

And what a lovely morning! Although JOSEPHINE—I wish I hadn't brought her with me—that is, with *us*—but then I was overpersuaded, and dear mother said it would *look so* to come without a maid—although *that* JOSEPHINE, when I declared the weather to be so beautiful, pinched her elbows to her sides, and gave herself a twist, and said for her part she thought it a *little cold* for May.

Yes: a beautiful May morning! Such a morning as that in which the poets always make May. Well, I must confess it—I never thought I *could* think poetry to be so true! I own it to myself: I was an unbeliever in poetry—but I am converted. I blush, and am penitent.

The sky never *was* so blue, and so arched, and so lofty! And there are a few—just a few little threads and flecks of white, for all the world like down and feathers, dropt from angels' wings, and waving, waving down the *bright blue* heavens! I NEVER saw 'em look so before. Asked JOSEPHINE—just to try the creature—what she thought of 'em. She said, she thought they threatened snow—and shivered again. Was *very wrong* to bring her with us.

What a perfect bower is this place! Unconsciously called the place a *bower* to JOSEPHINE, when the odious thing replied,—it wasn't a bower at all, but the White Hart. Am convinced JOSEPHINE has no feeling. Not a girl at all, but, as one might say, a *mere* vegetable.

A perfect bower! Nestled and protected between two cliffs, how confidently—how serenely—it looks forth upon the ocean. Like a bride, on the arm of her husband, contemplating—but with *hope* and *calmness*—the unfathomable future!

I never felt so reconciled—indeed so much in love with the sea. I am sure it raises one's feelings, and enlarges one's sympathies. A new mind—I might almost say—seems to *well up* to me from its depths!

And the sea is spotted with boats. They look in the distance—some of them are such white specks—they look like water lilies, tost by the tide. Yes; water lilies, some—like fairy boats—bearing fairy folks to blessed islands—some, like cradles, rocking fairy babes to rest.

Was plaintively busied with the thought, and floating as it were, had given up the reins of my imagination to the tide, when that dreadful JOSEPHINE ran in with a telescope in her hand, and told me that all those boats—the lilies that I thought 'em!—were full of preventive men a chasing a smuggler—the *Saucy Kilderkin*, I think she called it. She said they'd been watched in the dreadful act of sinking their supercargo, and as she further heard, of tying a boy to him. Was in no humour to be saddened by the sorrows and the crimes of this life—wherever they may exist—so desired the intruder to be gone.

A dark blue cloud—almost black—hurries up from the sea, and there *is* a sudden chill for May. But, how beautiful the contrast! What a moral does it teach! That we are never—at least not always—to bask in the sunshine of security; but to have a wary thought for the tempest. And now the black cloud breaks like a *rent pall* asunder, and the sunshine falls in *showers* through it. Another moral—let me treasure it! (I feel that I write this as at the very minute, but I can't help doing so. Somehow, the pen—as I think I once heard dear FREDERICK observe—the pen *makes the present*. Yesterday becomes to-day.)

And now how beautiful is this bower! For now, May—unclouded May—is again in the heavens—and now the ocean heaving, like a cathedral organ—

—And at this moment, that dreadful JOSEPHINE brings in the landlady—somehow I don't like the glittering eyes, I mean the sort of bold look that that woman has, though I must say it, very attentive, very civil. The landlady who wants to know what we should like for dinner? As if I should ever again think of dinner! She asks—"Is the gentleman fond of mackarel?" What a question! How can I tell? Where *is* FREDERICK? She will go on to say that they have some wonderful early peas, and would I like a duck? I say yes—to be sure—anything to get rid of her; to be left, for awhile, to the sweet solitude of my own thoughts.

And the ocean *is* heaving and bursting with a torrent of sound—

When again comes in the landlady, sweeping the floor with curtseys, and begs to beg my pardon. "About the duck? Of course the good gentleman and myself would like to have it stuffed?" A stuffed duck! And this question to me! A bride of one day old! I tell the teazing creature to wait until FREDERICK returns—(he is, by the way, a little long,)—and so get rid of her.

I wish we had gone at once to France; though, indeed, this is very—*very* beautiful—so like a bower! And as dear FREDERICK says, "one ought always to see every bit of one's own country, before we go abroad." Dear papa, I remember, called that a noble—a patriotic sentiment: and FREDERICK, I now remember, always liked to utter *thorough English* sentiments before papa. Still, I *do* wonder, if FREDERICK remains such a patriot, I *do* wonder when we shall ever go to Paris. Not but what I could live and die here—I feel *that*.

For I am so happy, and being so full of happiness, I ought to take myself to task to find out how, in any way, I can give happiness to others. What shall I send to MARY ——? What shall I buy for MARGARET ——?

Yes, I really think I will do it: I never thought I could—and now I think, indeed I am almost sure, I can. MARY—I know she loves the dear dog—MARY has often begged, though in fun—although I know she loves her—begged of me to give her darling Venus. What a dog that is! But I ought not to be selfish: no, so happy myself, I ought to make a sacrifice—and certainly such a little sacrifice—when it would so please another.

I think I really *will* give Venus to MARY. And yet when I think of her ears, and her eyes, and her beautiful black nose! For all that, I ought to make a sacrifice—and MARY *shall* have her. Yes: poor Venus will be better with MARY. For I *ought*, as dear mother says—and I *will*, when I once get home (our own home!)—to give all my heart to my husband and my house. With new, and as papa has sometimes said, solemn duties upon my hands, I shall not have much time for Venus. It is decided then; dear MARY shall have her. I'll write—the first minute I have to spare—I'll write, *without a tear*, and say so.

I didn't think I could make that sacrifice—but then *some one else* so fills my thoughts—and think so little of it. However, resolved upon my duties, resolved upon not keeping even the smallest corner of my heart away from *him*, I will complete the sacrifice. Venus gone, the Rajah shall go too. Yes; the parrot shall follow the spaniel. Are not these offerings?—though let me not boast—but are they *not* offerings, let me ask of myself, to conjugal duty? There never was bird that talked like the Rajah—never had cockatoo such a crest, with an eye, too, that when he turns his head on one side, seems to go through you—yet for all that, the Rajah is MARGARET'S. She has more time to talk to the dear thing than I shall have; for, of course, all my conversation is now the right, *the inalienable right* of FREDERICK.

Let me see. Is there anything else I have to give? No—not that I remember.

And I think dear FREDERICK does not love Venus as he ought—considering *whose* she was—since the day she bit him. And I remember—when once the Rajah was in full talk—that FREDERICK asked CAPTAIN MANGO, in his *odd* way, if they didn't put parrots in pies in India? And when the Captain said they did, I *do* remember that FREDERICK, with a strange quiver of his mouth—(I may say a quiver, indeed!)—said he should very much like to eat a parrot pie.

Well, the sacrifice is complete. And I will write to MARGARET, and she shall have the Rajah.

How calm, yet how enlarged one's feelings, when—after a struggle or two—one knows one has surrendered what one ought!—

My first sacrifices to my home! My first offerings, of the kind, upon the altar of my hearth-stone.

MARY has time and plenty to comb and pet Venus. And dear MARGARET—whom can she better amuse—who can be more delighted

with her prattle than the Rajah? And then, when I like, I can always see them.

I don't know that I quite like the name of our house. THE FLITCH! I can't say I like it. What dear mamma said is quite true. It's open to a joke. And, my dear LOTTY—said dear mamma—in your journey through life; in your pilgrimage through the vale, always avoid what is open to a joke. And then papa—in his odd way—rubbed his spectacles and laughed.

At the same time, what a paradise our FLITCH—if FLITCH it is to be—shall be made! Quite an Eden! I shall collect all sorts of wild flower roots to take home and set in the garden—all beautiful recollections to grow and grow for many years to come, of this time.

But at this moment, I hear his foot on the stairs.

I *must* write it again. FREDERICK never looked so handsome!

REST, VETERAN, REST!

IT appears that the good old gentleman, who, in the capacity—if we may use so decided an expression—of General, is managing—to use another expression—the Burmese war, has not been getting on quite so fast as might have been expected if he had been, as he ought to have been, a younger man. Now, we put it to a new Cabinet—would it not be well to make a slight change in the qualifications of late and at present required of a Commanding Officer? If it is indispensable that an Admiral or General should be the subject of some bodily defect or privation, we propose that the requisition shall be held to be sufficiently answered by an arm, or a leg, or an eye lost in action, or by a bullet lodged in some part of the person, sufficiently remote from the brain not to disturb those mental functions which are so conducive, in their way, to the success of the British arms.

We don't think that the leader of British troops, or sailors, ought to have the gout to contend with as well as the enemy; and must equally protest against the maxim of "Age before Honesty," and that of "Age before Efficiency." To smooth the pillow of a disabled veteran would be less expensive, in the long run, than sending him to rough it in a campaign. Put him in his arm-chair; and let his word of command be simply Wheel!—to the head of the dinner-table or the chimney-corner. How are our forces to be led to victory by a chief with one foot in the stirrup, or on the quarter-deck, and the other in the flannel roller, or the pan of hot water?

The Great Disowned.

ACCORDING to the *Morning Chronicle*, the Northern Sovereigns refuse to address LOUIS NAPOLEON in the usual brotherly style of *Monsieur mon frère*. Did he not do enough on the second of December last twelvemonth, as well as last, to entitle him to that fraternal and endearing salutation, at least from the Great NICHOLAS and the little NERO?

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

IT is an absurdity to say of a man who has consumed two bottles of wine that he has had a glass too much; for, taking into consideration the shamefully short measure, he will have had, instead of a glass too much, six glasses too little.

THE FAT LADY'S BEST FRIEND is the Custom House, which she is sure to leave somewhat thinner for the visit. On one occasion, a fashionable lady was so corpulent that she was obliged to be helped through the Custom House door—and yet when she left it was so reduced in bulk that none of her friends recognised her as the same person. It was calculated that she had lost no less than five-and-twenty pounds on that one occasion.

"DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS," &c.

MADAME TUSSAUD, in one of her recent handbills, advertises as a great attraction no less than three carriages that belonged to NAPOLEON, "two of which" she says,

> "Were used by him at the battle of Waterloo, not having met since they were separated at the Great Battle which decided the fate of their Master, a period of 35 years."

This meeting, after so long a separation, must have been very affecting. The frame of each crazy vehicle must have trembled all over with joy, and we wonder they did not rush into each other's arms—we mean the Imperial arms painted on the panel of each door. In fact, the scene must have been so intensely exciting, that we are rather surprised it did not melt all the wax figures in MADAME TUSSAUD'S exhibition merely to behold it!

"Old Women Wanted."

SUCH was the heading of a letter that appeared a day or two ago in the *Times*. The want of anility seems to exist in the Temple, where there is a short supply of aged females, in the capacity or incapacity of laundresses. We, in a spirit of kindness, call the attention of MRS. HARRIS and MRS. GAMP to this eligible opening. Now that the DERBYITES are cleared out entirely, and all chance of a little charing at Downing Street utterly at an end, the venerable females whom we have named may perhaps find their occupation not quite gone, if they apply at the Temple in obedience to the cry of "Old women wanted."

A Strange Misunderstanding.

A CONTEMPORARY, speaking of a recent street affray between two Members of Parliament, calls it a misunderstanding. When one gentleman hits another, and that other knocks his assailant into the gutter, the affair may be a misunderstanding, but it is a misunderstanding of a peculiar sort: a misunderstanding and no mistake. The distinction is important, for unless it be borne in mind, a man will not very intelligibly express what has happened to him if, meaning to intimate that he has been kicked or horse-whipped, he says he has been misunderstood.

Not to be Wondered at.

THE Parisian journals announce that

> "The Government have issued a decree prohibiting the employment of children in theatres."

Well, we are not surprised at this. The acting of the French Government has been of late such perfect child's play, that we think it was but natural it should consider that of its little rivals to be quite superfluous.

The Best of a Bad Bargain.

SOME of the few friends of the DERBY Ministry are still heard to insist on the excellence of the late Government, of which it is said we shall only thoroughly feel the loss, when it has been some time excluded from power. Without wishing to make unpleasant comparisons between the present and the late Administration, we should be disposed to admit without hesitation that the DERBYITE Government is "out-and-out" the best Ministry.

All'idea di quel Metallo.

IN looking over the "Money Market" of the last week we find that, on one particular day, the shares of some outlandish gold companies were quite "inanimate." We are rejoiced at the fact, and should be glad to see the appropriate word "inanimate" attached in all cases to a "dead" swindle.

LAW PROVERBS.

HE who is too fond of maintaining an action will soon be without the means of maintaining himself.

The real value of a name is discovered by him who has to prove his title.

CLEANLINESS CARRIED TOO FAR.

THIS virtue may be sometimes carried too far, as in the instance of the pictures of the National Gallery that have recently been cleaned, and which, considering how much of the original picture has been taken away with the scrubbing-brush, certainly now appear "too clean by half."

THE FIRST SIGN OF A YOUNG MAN GETTING OLD.—Shaving his Whiskers off.

COMFORT FOR PLURALISTS.—There are fish in the See of Canterbury as sweet as any that have yet come out of it.

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

THE new manager has advertised his list of engagements for the approaching season, and they appear to us to have been dictated by good sense. At all events there is an avoidance of some of the errors of his predecessors. We find no provincial sticks, whose sole claim to assume leading characters in the metropolis lay in the fact that these rustic stars had been too insignificant for criticism, and, therefore, that nothing had been said against them. The new company is composed of artists who know their business. Nor is the public likely again to be insulted by the assigning Foreign parts—we mean parts requiring a knowledge of continental phraseology—to a personage actually incapable of dealing grammatically with his native language. Nor will the principal characters in the Domestic drama, or what we believe the actors, borrowing the unworthy slang of another theatre, call the Home Department, be allotted to a merely respectable performer, estimable in private life, but without the slightest humour or appreciation of a joke, as was signally manifested in his absurd performance in the farce of the *Militia-man's Vote*. The new list is so far satisfactory; and the manager states that his company has unanimously agreed to waive all questions of rank and choice of parts, and to co-operate cordially for the good of the establishment.

We are glad to see that accomplished artist, MR. MOLESWORTH, engaged by MR. ABERDEEN. We have watched his career for some time, and with great gratification. He has been often engaged in the Borough, and has had to appear before an audience much too fond of coarse effect and clap-trap. But MR. MOLESWORTH, while retaining his popularity by that genuine mode of acting which always tells upon a British audience—no matter how uncultivated—has resisted all temptations to extravagance or bombast, and has adhered to what was strictly intellectual and legitimate. He has thus lost, no doubt, many a gallery shout, but he has gained in the estimation of real judges. We trust that the "works" which he will be called on to illustrate will be worthy of his talent. We have never seen anything more admirable than his representation of *Lycurgus*, in *The Colony*, in which he was not only letter-perfect, but thoroughly informed with the true conception of the part. His make-up was very remarkable. MR. OSBORNE is also added to the company, having been engaged for naval parts. How he will play them we can only guess—we never yet saw him at a "hitch," and though we know how he can deal with returns, we cannot fancy him with a pig-tail: however, we shall see. He has, we believe, been a captain in his time, and we have frequently seen him knock his antagonists into a cocked hat, so that he is not without nautical knowledge. And we anticipate a bold effect in any drama in which he may have to denounce the friends of "peace at any price." MR. CARDWELL (formerly of the Liverpool theatre, where he lost his engagement owing to the superior attractions of the Scotch *saltimbanque*, FORBES MCTEETOTUM, whose gyrations were certainly wonderful) is in MR. ABERDEEN'S list; he is a good artist, of the PEEL school, and, though somewhat too solemn in his delivery, can be effective. A young Irish actor, named KEOGH, has also been secured, and his vigorous manner and agreeable intonation will, we think, make him popular. He has been spoken of as the *Pope's Legate* (*King John*), but we trust his good sense will prevent his appearing in such a character, while he may make a golden reputation in such parts as the *Irish Lawyer; Makepeace*, in *Oranges and Ribbons; Fixity*, in *Landlord and Tenant*, and similar personations.

Among the veterans who rally round the new manager, we are glad to see MR. PALMERSTON, who is announced for a new line of parts—the Domestic. We have no doubt that he will be as cheerful and genial here, as he was airy, defiant, and dashing in the *Wildairs* and *Mirabels*, especially when they got upon the continent, and fluttered the Viennese Volscians. The indomitable RUSSELL takes Foreign parts, and we trust that he will imitate neither "Maniac" RUSSELL, nor "Jerry Sneak" RUSSELL, but act at once with vigour and polish—*apropos* of which (and of *King John*) we should like to see RUSSELL polish off *Austria* at his early convenience. It would be a most popular commencement of his career. MR. NEWCASTLE joins, and we trust will not be deterred by any foolish stage jokes about carrying coals to himself, "coaling it," and the like, from acting energetically, and as he used to act in *Lionel Lincoln*. MR. GRAHAM is engaged, and, we believe, makes his first appearance in the *Wooden Walls of Old England*. This accomplished actor may be trusted with anything on the stage, except perhaps the delivery of a letter. Of the rest of the actors we shall speak when they come before us. The female part of the corps is as yet incomplete, but there are excellent old women within the manager's reach, and the Pension List will direct him to some very neat figures. He will do well to look to his chorus, as that of the late manager shouted awfully, but in dismal fashion, being dreadfully flat throughout. We do not observe any information as to the orchestra, but we trust that MR. ABERDEEN will eschew a most undignified and inartistic habit, largely adopted by his predecessor, of coming into the front and blowing his own trumpet.

We have little to add this week, except that MR. ABERDEEN has made a becomingly contemptuous answer to MR. DILLY'S ridiculous charge of conspiracy, which has placed the latter lower, if possible, than before in the opinion of the public. We do not care to give currency to rumours, but we hear that a new adaptation, with extensions and alterations, of that popular affair, *The Franchise*, is to be among the novelties of the season. If boldly done, this will be a safe card.

Caution to Tradesmen.

WE have lately discontinued dealing with our baker, in consequence of his having perpetrated an atrocity in the shape of a pun, for we are quite convinced that the man who could make such a pun as will be found below is capable of picking even our pocket. We happened to be passing his shop a few days ago, and having but recently paid our bill, we were looking boldly into the window, where we saw the following notice:

"Wanted immediately an industrious crumpet boy, to supply the place of an idle rag-a-muffin!"

A Promising Title.

WE see a law book advertised, called BROOM'S *Practice of the County Courts*. Judging from its title merely, we are sure this must be a most useful work, and we only regret it should be so restricted in its scope. The Superior Courts, we think, stand equally in need of it. For, although the late enactments have certainly done much to reform their jurisdiction, still with *Hamlet* we would cry, "O! Reform it altogether." And we should, therefore, hail with pleasure the introduction of those sweeping measures which the words, BROOM'S *Practice*, may be fairly held to indicate.

RABBITS V. DONKEYS.

IT seems that the prizes at the Grand Metropolitan Rabbit Show are principally chosen for their "length of ears." This has fired the emulation of SIBTHORP and several Protectionist Members of Parliament, who have declared their intention of competing for the prizes next year.

A Coalition Pudding.

MR. DISRAELI lately said that "The country does not love coalitions." But there is a coalition—one of which we have lately, most of us, had experience; a coalition of flour with sugar, with spice, with brandy, with candied citron and lemon-peel, with eggs and with raisins and currants—which the country *does* love. We only hope that the love entertained by the country for the coalition that contains the candied peel will be deserved by that of the Whigs and the Peelites.

FAST COLOURS.

THE pictures at the National Gallery can scarcely have been painted in Fast Colours, for the more they are sent to be cleaned, the more their colours disappear in the wash. However, no matter what the colours may originally have been, it is now very clear that they are rapidly going fast.

THE POINT OF ALL THE PANTOMIMES.

NOT all allusion to the French Emperor has been cut out of the Pantomimes. The Clown *tumbles!* Is there not a sly insinuation in that? Oh—oh, what an oversight, my LORD CHAMBERLAIN!

MOTTO FOR A VINTNER.—"Keep up your spirits."

A CAUTION TO LITTLE BOYS AT THIS FESTIVE SEASON.

Mamma. "WHY, MY DEAREST ALBERT, WHAT ARE YOU CRYING FOR?—SO GOOD, TOO, AS YOU HAVE BEEN ALL DAY!"
Spoiled Little Boy. "BOO-HOO! I'VE EATEN SO—M-MUCH BE-EEF AND T-TURKEY, THAT I CAN'T EAT ANY P-P-PLUM P-P-PUDDING!"
[*Oh, what a very greedy little fellow!*

AUSTRIAN HOSPITALITIES.

A CONSIDERATION which he has never before entertained will be forced upon the mind of MR. JOHN BULL, by the treatment which the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* has experienced in Austria. For simply writing to his paper *in a tone* unpleasant to the Austrian Government, it appears that this gentleman was seized by order of GENERAL KEMPEN and thrown into a dungeon full of filth and vermin, his ears being regaled, whilst in that place and that company, by a serenade of shrieks performed by somebody outside the grating and under the lash. Besides these outrages, his papers were seized, and all his love letters, if he had any, read—over and above the violation of the rest of his private correspondence. What next? Why, somebody at Vienna, supposed to represent *Punch*, will be similarly served, because we sometimes make jokes which the Austrian Government cannot laugh at.

It is getting quite the fashion in the Austrian dominions to maltreat Englishmen. We are continually hearing of some one or other of our countrymen who has been incarcerated, or beaten, or sabred, for nothing at all, in those barbarous regions. Such intelligence will soon be as plentiful as blackberries, or as reports of murders from Ireland. Now, the consideration that will be forced upon MR. JOHN BULL is, whether he may not begin to consider himself horsewhipped and kicked by authority in Austria: literally kicked and horsewhipped, indeed, by representative and proxy. And then it will be for MR. BULL to consider whether he will stand this, and whether the subjects of QUEEN VICTORIA are, if they go to Austria, to be made, instead, the subjects of false imprisonment, assault and battery, and cutting and wounding with intent.

On Six Lord Chancellors.

(*Slightly altered from* BURNS *by his Countryman, the Premier.*)

LORD LYNDHURST'S a buck, LORD CAWMELL has luck,
ST. LEONARD'S kens muckle, WILDE little, o' law;
There's nane that can huff 'em like bonnie auld BRUFFAM,
But CRANWORTH'S the jewel for me of 'em 'a.

Singular Petrifaction.

THE newspapers lately contained an account of a feat imposed upon a pony, and accomplished by the animal, of performing the journey to London from Oxford and back again in twenty hours. The weight of the driver was stated to be 14 stone. A considerable proportion of the stone must have been formed by the heart of the fellow who could commit such an act of "Cruelty to Animals."

SACRED INVECTIVE.

IN allusion to the union between the Whig leader and the Peelites, a correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, signing himself W. H. PETERS—any descendant of the famous HUGH of that surname?—suggests a comparison, which is decidedly odious. We subjoin the words of his wisdom:—

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL has already signified to his constituents his intention of further dechristianising the British legislature; does not such a coalition of pro-Popish and Jewish legislators of the most opposite politics and opinions foreshadow much danger to our Protestant institutions, and remind us of the account given in Scripture of Pilate and Herod, who, being enemies, became reconciled to each other in order to carry out the crucifixion of our Lord?"

We wonder if MR. PETERS seriously considers LORD JOHN RUSSELL to be such a monster as PONTIUS PILATE, or thinks that MR. GLADSTONE is as great a brute and tyrant as HEROD. If he is only joking, *Punch* must tell him that jokes that consist simply in calling names cannot, with any degree of correctness, be classed amongst things said in fun. Politicians of the class of MR. PETERS seem very prone to asperse their opponents with scriptural abuse: we recollect how they used to speak of SIR ROBERT PEEL as JUDAS ISCARIOT. Either political affairs are more sacred, or biblical matters less so than they are generally supposed to be, if this freedom of reference is allowable. But if such allusions are meant for wit, we can only regard them as examples of a very ponderous levity.

WHITE (AND RED) LIES.

WE really think it is high time to exclude from the list of Latin proverbs that venerable humbug which has been so long suffered to exist under the title of *In vino veritas*. Our reason for urging the abolition of this phrase is obvious, or, at all events, it will be so when we qualify our demand by proposing that the term should, henceforth, be limited to wine in the cask; for, how is it possible to talk of *In vino veritas*, with reference to wine in bottles, not one of which is true to its denomination of either pint or quart. Perhaps the origin of the saying, *Magna est veritas*, may be traced to the fact, that the only chance of finding truth in a wine-bottle is to endeavour to meet with it in its Magnum-ised form. We can only say, that if there is any truth in an ordinary bottle of wine, it is not the whole truth, for there is invariably about a third short.

FREE TRADE IN PARTIES.

THE present Ministers seem, on the true Free Trade principle, to have made a good bargain with one another; for they have mutually come to terms, and agreed to split the difference.

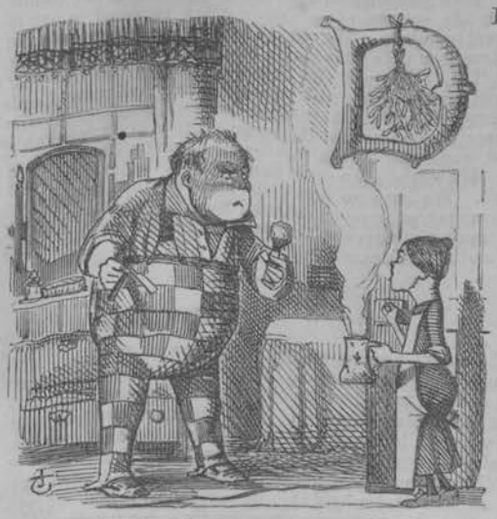
Well then he shall have some more, he shall have four Thousand four hundred and seventy five pounds more.
I want more good things I want all.
£4,475.
£695
165
50

MOTHER CHURCH'S GREEDY BOY.

"The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have agreed to give ARCHDEACON CROFT £9,475 for his interest on certain livings," &c. &c.—*See "Times."*

JANUARY 8, 1853.

IT IS LUCKY THAT CHRISTMAS DOES COME BUT ONCE A YEAR.



DEAR PUNCH,—I live in lodgings. I am one of those poor unfortunate helpless beings, called Bachelors, who are dependent for their wants and comforts upon the services of others. If I want the mustard, I have to ring half-a-dozen times for it; if I am waiting for my shaving water, I have to wander up and down the room for at least a quarter of an hour, with a soaped chin, before it makes its appearance.

"But this system of delay, this extreme backwardness in attending to one's simplest calls, is invariably shown a thousand times more backward about Christmas time.

"I am afraid to tell you what I have endured this Christmas. My persecutions have been such as to almost make me wish that Christmas were blotted out of the Calendar altogether.

"I have never been called in the morning at the proper time. My breakfast has always been served an hour later than usual—and as for dinner, it has been with difficulty that I have been able to procure any at all!

"This invasion of one's habits and comforts is most heart-rending; and the only excuse I have been able to receive to my repeated remonstrances has been, 'Oh, Sir, you must really make some allowances; pray recollect, it is Christmas time.'

"Last week I invited some friends to spend the evening with me—but I could give them neither tea, nor hot grog, nor supper, nor anything—because, 'Please, Sir, the servant has gone to the Pantomime—she 's always allowed to go at Christmas time.'

"Hang this Christmas time! My canary died this morning. Upon inquiry I found that it had not had any seed or water for three days, 'Every one was so busy at this time of the year.' It was lucky, I thought, that I had some more expressive means of making my wants known than my poor starved canary, or else I should have shared its unhappy fate a week ago.

"A day or two before Christmas Day my dress boots burst, and I sent them to be mended, with a pressing request that they might be sent home immediately. Well, Sir, from that day to this, I have never seen my dress boots. The only explanation I get to my frequent inquiries is, 'Very sorry, Sir, but it is impossible, Sir, to get the men to work at this time of the year.' It has been the same with a dress coat, which was split down the back. The tailor informs me, with a face as long as his pattern-book and containing nearly as many colours, that 'he regrets it extremely—but every one of his workmen have been drunk since Christmas Day—they always do so at this period of the year.' What has been the consequence, Sir? Why, I have only one pair of dress-boots, one dress-coat—I am not ashamed to confess I cannot afford more—and the consequence has been, that I have not been able to accept many pleasant Christmas invitations, because I had not the proper attire to go in to them! Instead of amusing myself and others elsewhere, I have been obliged to mope at home over a sickly fire, expiring by inches for the want of a few nourishing coals, and without even a drop of hot water to make myself a comforting glass of grog. Servants, it would seem, have a time-honoured privilege to go out and do just as they please at Christmas time!

"I suffered cold, incipient rheumatism, and violent tooth-ache, for three sleepless nights, because there was a broken window in my bedroom. I stamped, I swore, I rung the bell like a madman, but not a person could I get to put in a fresh pane for me. No: 'It was Christmas time, and the men wouldn't work, to please anybody.'

"The worst yet remains. As I was out walking, a coalheaver knocked against me. He then abused me, and because I complained rather warmly, he bonnetted me, and ultimately knocked me down. I have still the marks of his brutality on both my eyes. Yet, Sir, will you believe it, this savage met me the following morning in Court; his wife was with him, and she said, half-crying, 'Her husband was very sorry, and so was she; but the fact was, he had taken a little drop too much, but she hoped I would excuse it—it was Christmas time.' Pretty compensation this to a man who has received a couple of black eyes!

"Now, Sir, it seems to me, from the above grievances, (and I have not enumerated one half of them), that Christmas is, with a certain class of people, a privileged period of the year to commit all sorts of excesses, to evade their usual duties, and to jump altogether out of their customary avocations into others the very opposite of them. For myself, I am extremely glad that Christmas does come but once a-year. I know I shall go, next December, to Constantinople, or Jerusalem, or the Minories, or some place where the savage customs I have described do not exist; for I would not endure another Christmas in England for any amount of holly, plum-pudding, or Christmas-boxes in the world.

"I have the misfortune to remain, *Mr. Punch*,

"Your much-persecuted Servant,

"AN OLD BACHELOR."

THE NEW YEAR'S CHIMES.

WHILE, in thousand belfries swinging,
Midnight bells are loudly ringing
In the new-born Year a-bringing,

By the Yule log's last faint ember,
At the death-bed of December,
Let us sit, and there remember—

Veiling reverent our faces—
All that memory retraces
Of the Old Year's griefs and graces.

Well may all men's hearts be shaken
With the mingled thoughts that waken
Of all it brought us or hath taken:

One, the pillar of our nation,
It hath stricken from his station
'Midst a people's lamentation.

Low lieth the grey head we knew so well,
Weaponless is the hand we most did trust,
Chief captain and chief counsellor—he fell
Laden with years well spent, and honours just.

And, as our WELLINGTON's great sun was setting
Below the verge from England's sorrowing glance,
The Old Year saw the ominous up-getting
Of that red star that rules the fate of France—

Which many worship in its lurid splendour,
And call on us to worship by their side;
But unto which he that doth homage render
Bows to blood-guiltiness with fraud allied.

We will not have the politicians' measure
Still shifting as the tides of interest run,
Declaring black is white, white black at pleasure,
And ever calling "Peace" where peace is none.

Truth shall be truth for us, and lying, lying;
Who breaks his oath a perjurer still shall be;
We will not call wrong right, though the denying
Bring the wrong-doer o'er our Channel sea.

If in the womb of the New Year be hidden
(Which Heaven avert!) the bloody brood of war,
Strong in our good cause we will flock, unbidden,
To build a living wall around our shore.

But hark! to notes of war and woe succeeding,
What grand glad music on the wind is borne?
It is the Song of Peace, free Commerce leading
Over her prostrate foes, up to her throne;

And shifty senators, in forced submission,
Sing palinodes around her flag unfurled,
And celebrate, perforce, her manumission—
Their slave no more, but mistress of the world.

The Arts are at her side, Love stoops to bless her,
Bowed Industry looks hopeful from her toil,
And with new life doth to her work address her,
And Rapine at her feet lays down his spoil.

The Year that hence its rapid flight is winging
Takes with it ripe renown and ancient wrong;
The New Year good and evil may be bringing,
But evil shall be short, and good is long.

A Very Melancholy Con.

OUR new Cabinet may be considered a case of fusion. We hope that no little difference of opinion among themselves, or between them and their country, may ever oblige us to prefix the syllable *con* to the word fusion.

AFTER THE PANTOMIME.

Mary. "Oh! how I should like to be a beautiful Columbine, and ride about in a Gold Car drawn by White Doves!"

Augustus. "And how I should like to be a Harlequin and change whole streets into Realms of Dazzling Delight!"

Tom (*a rude boy*). "And how I should like to be the old Clown, and make Butter Slides on the pavement to upset old Ladies and Gentlemen!"

A VALUABLE LESSON.

That the character of the Minister, no less than that of the man, is formed in the nursery, may be denied by a few, but has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all candid minds by the success of an article which appeared in one of our recent numbers. Mr. Gladstone had objected to the isolated merit of poor Disraeli's budget, a scheme for a juster Income Tax. We took the liberty of pointing out his error to him in words of one and two syllables. And now Lord Aberdeen, with Mr. Gladstone for his Chancellor of the Exchequer, announces that the Income Tax is to be equitably adjusted, according to the dictates of Common Sense and of *Punch*. We might say a great deal more on this subject; but we won't. We have no desire to blow our own trumpet—penny trumpet, as some maliciously say—though it is a three-penny trumpet, fourpence stamped, to be had at 85, Fleet Street, and at all Booksellers.

A GUELPH IN TROUBLE.

In the list of persons against whom proclamation of outlawry was made the other day at the Sheriff's Court, occurs no less a name, or roll of names, than Charles Frederick Augustus William Guelph! That outlawry should be compatible with the blood of a Guelph; that a genuine cousin—well beloved or not—of Her Majesty should stand in so totally different a relationship to the Queen as that of an outlaw, is an idea that would fill us with horror, did we not consider that the gentleman thus legally excommunicated at the suit of Moses or Aaron—we forget which—may in fact be a pretender to the Royal surname, and no better, if not a great deal worse, than a Lambert Simnel, or a Perkin Warbeck.

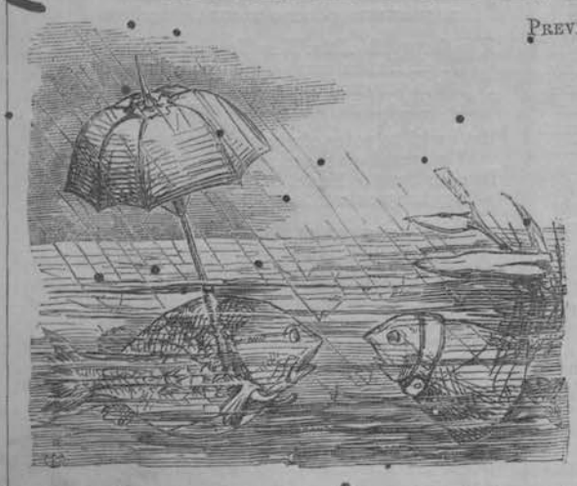
French Mastered.

An advertisement has long pretended to teach "French without a Master;"—a way of learning that language that could only have been managed by going to France, and picking it up amongst the natives; but, under the Empire, to learn French without a Master will be quite impossible.

RATHER TOO NICE.

A strict teetotaller of our acquaintance lately refused a most eligible match, on the ground that the young lady had such an amazing flow of animal spirits.

THE NATIVITY OF THE NEW MINISTRY.



Previous to casting the Nativity of the Ministry, we ought perhaps to have ascertained the exact moment of its coming into existence; but we could not make the inquiry as to when it was born, lest we should put it in the power of any one to say that we had asked for a berth from the Government. The precise period at which the new Cabinet was born may, however, be fixed at that particular moment when the late Administration could be borne no longer.

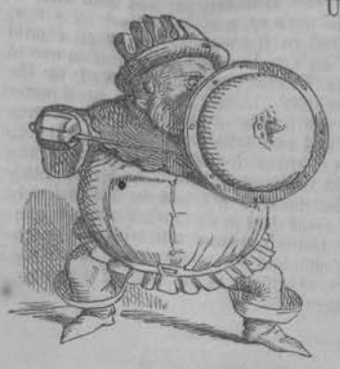
The appearance of the political skies may be described as favourable, and the fact of Taurus and Leo being in the ascending degree, shows that John Bull and the British Lion are gradually on the rise together. The great luminaries are in close conjunction, and are no longer in opposition, but have crossed over by a right line to Pallas, where the signs are favourable. The rapid passage of Mercury to and fro denotes much negotiation; and the writhing of Scorpio beyond the parallel shows unparalleled rage and disappointment among the stars that have lately fallen.

In considering whether the native will be long-lived, we see no reason for apprehension; for though Mars has a threatening aspect, should the position of Libra continue favourable, and a good balance be kept in hand, Mars may be either avoided or met without danger. The native will be subjected to some violent attacks, but internal disagreement is most to be feared; and Pisces, or the little fishes, may occasion some difficulty by their power of attraction, which may lead some of the lesser luminaries out of the sphere, and into irregular latitudes. As courtship and marriage are important points in every nativity, we may predict that the native will court popularity by honourable means, but will not be wedded to it, unless the alliance promises to be happy and respectable. The native will not fix its affection upon any object that does not stand high, is not upright, and has not a complexion so fair as to carry a good recommendation on the face of it. On looking further we see some indications about the Quartile, which may refer to the quart bottle as a measure to be taken in hand by the native, and the position of Sagittarius leads us to expect that the general aim of the native will be worthy of approbation.

How to Cure Fainting.

There are various remedies. A glass of cold water is effective. Burnt feathers have their charms. Pinching is not without its effect. Cutting the stays have been known to succeed, especially when the stays have been a new pair—but there is nothing like a glass of vinegar; in every case of a velvet or a silk dress, the effect is instantaneous.

THE PRESS AND THE PLAY.



UR clever comedian and manager, MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS, has an old-standing quarrel with the writer of the theatrical criticisms in the *Morning Chronicle*. He considers that gentleman has criticised unfairly certain pieces produced at the Lyceum Theatre. Irritated at this, MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS (to use his own words) "deprived the paper of its privilege of writing two orders nightly to the theatre."

The proprietors of the *Morning Chronicle*, although thus deprived of their "privilege" of writing orders, manage somehow to pay for the admission of their critic to the theatre. He continues to write criticisms, none the more sympathetic or hearty probably, for the previous passages between him and MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS.

Boxing night comes, and with it the Christmas pieces. Pre-eminent among them, as usual, for the brilliancy of its scenery, the taste of its dresses, and the propriety and splendour of its *mise en scène*, comes *The Good Woman in the Wood*, at the Lyceum. The critic of the *Morning Chronicle* writes a notice of it, which, after calling the piece "cold and heavy" (which it is), goes on to describe the scenery as "faded and dingy," (which it is not.) MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS reprints this notice conspicuously in his playbills, prefixing to it an account of the previous passages of arms between himself and the *Morning Chronicle*, in which he names the obnoxious critic, says he has thrown off "the character of an anonymous enemy," calls him "a writer of calumnies," hints that he has no friends, and insinuates that he is not likely to pay for admission to the Lyceum Theatre. If this were a mere quarrel between a manager and a dramatic critic, it would ill become *Punch* to come between them, especially as he has not any personal sympathy with either of the combatants. But the public, as well as the managers and the press, are all really concerned in the matter; and it is as their friend and adviser that *Mr. Punch* intrudes into the quarrel, with a few words of comment and suggestion.

It seems to him that the mischievous and much-abused system of newspaper orders is at the bottom of this discreditable "Appeal to the Public," about the folly and bad taste of which there can only be one opinion. MR. MATTHEWS seems to have been entirely led astray by the system. He regards the writing of these orders as "a privilege," subjecting the unfortunate critics of the newspapers who receive them to the duty of praising what they see.

But this is simply ridiculous. There are newspapers, no doubt, to which the nightly orders are a means of propitiating advertisers—and this, we apprehend, is the only use, besides that of occasionally obliging friends or acquaintances, to which this "privilege" is ever put. In this sense the "privilege" is neither more nor less than the most insignificant and dirty form of a bribe conceivable.

But if newspaper proprietors are mean enough to accept such bribuncles, it is very important that the public should be guarded, or at least warned, against the consequences, if the "privilege" of the proprietors is to involve the praise of the critic. MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS can hardly have weighed this consequence. If only critics who praise are to be privileged, what becomes of the value of criticism? How can you expect the public to swallow MR. FLASHY'S sugary puffs for independent judgments, after yourself telling us that you regard MR. FLASHY as "privileged" only for the purpose of concocting these unwholesome articles?

And what do you think of the critics, MR. MATTHEWS? Are they, as a whole, the style of men to be cajoled into saying what they *don't* think by a nightly order, or to be deterred from saying what they *do* think by the threat of not being allowed to come into your theatre for nothing, or even by that still more awful one of not being allowed to pay for admission?

Is it such a privilege to be admitted, even for nothing, to your theatre, that I am to sacrifice my eyes, ears, taste, and judgment for it? Am I to be thought so stage-ridden, so enamoured of your own unquestionable powers as an actor, or MR. BEVERLEY'S beautiful scenery, that I will write what I don't think, lest, for telling unpleasant truths, I should be compelled to pay admission-money at your doors?

Is it I who am so poor a creature as this, or is it my proprietor? Is your privilege a bait to me, or to him? It would be well the Public should be enabled to answer the question, that it may know what its Press is. We say nothing in all this of the particular offence out of which the appeal of MR. MATTHEWS has arisen. MR. MATTHEWS is, probably, as much ashamed of it by this time as his friends are. But the reason of it is the important matter. That reason is in the newspaper-order system; and the remedy for such things is to abandon that system. Managers are too great cowards to do it, though they groan under it. The best part of the Press can, and ought, to break it down for the sake of their independence, which is incompatible with the order-system as interpreted by MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS and other managers who might be mentioned.

Let all the respectable journals, daily and weekly, combine to renounce the "privilege" of writing orders, and let them signify as much to the managers. When the respectable journals have once done this, managers will perhaps better appreciate the value of a "privilege" which only the strugglers, sharpers, and outsiders—the smallest of the small newspaper fry—will condescend to accept.

The public should press this, as far as it can, for it is interested in having criticisms which are in no way influenced by the advertising profits of newspaper proprietors, or by the temptation of free admissions to the critic, if there be a critic susceptible of such temptation. Managers of theatres should press it, to rid themselves of a nightly influx of non-paying, and by no means ornamental visitors to their upper boxes, and to put themselves beyond temptation to commit such an egregious act of bad taste as MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS has been guilty of.

And the critics are, more than all, interested in getting rid of this "privilege;" for they would thus recover that proud right of finding fault which no man can exercise freely and fully unless he has paid his money; and which has, unfortunately, been all but utterly renounced by our theatrical Rhadamanthuses. How one longs for a dash of good wholesome bitters now and then, in the eternal dribble of mawkish, sugar-and-watery commonplace, which is called theatrical criticism!

Our ancestors had energy to damn pieces they didn't like. We have not vigour to damn anything now, and the worst of it is that the vapid tolerance of the Press has invaded the Pit. People who can't stand twaddle, or coarseness, or flatness, stay away from the theatre. If they go, they see these offences tolerated so meekly and uncomplainingly, that they go away with an impression that theatre-goers are not as other men are—that their standards of taste are different—that they have learnt to see with other eyes, to hear with other ears; and this is true in a great measure, and mainly for want of a reasonable amount of honest, truth-seeing, truth-speaking criticism of actors and pieces.

And just as the sense of his "privilege" may cripple the critic, so it must deaden and kill the audience. Do you think that there is any comparison between the advertiser in the upper boxes—admitted by order—and the public in the pit who have paid their money? How should the former be very anxious about the quality of a thing which costs him nothing—or very free in his judgment of that which he is admitted to see as a favour?

We should apologise for the length of this paper—but it really is worth while to speak some truth on the subject of the theatre, because it is an amusement, the love of which is born with us, because it is an art illustrated by a SHAKSPEARE, because its arena has been trodden by BETTERTON, and KEMBLE, and SIDDONS, and KEAN, and because it is a haunt of the people, which might be at once their academy of taste, their school of manners, their lecture-room and music-hall, and their gallery of painting and sculpture.

Mr. Punch feels a double sympathy: as a street performer, with the managers; as a journalist, with the critics. He considers himself, therefore, to stand in a favourable position to tell both certain truths, which have long needed telling, and which MR. ALBERT SMITH has been the first public exhibitor bold enough to avow, in a letter in which he announces to newspaper proprietors his intention of abolishing altogether the "privilege" of writing orders to his entertainment of Mont Blanc. Managers, the Public, Newspaper Proprietors and Critics should be alike obliged to MR. ALBERT SMITH, for he has done good service to all worthy members of these classes, in thus making the first attack on a degrading, misleading, much-abused, and in every way mischievous system.

A Cannonical Saint.

It appears that the artillery in France has a patron Saint, rejoicing, with peculiar felicity, in the name of SAINT BARBARA. To be sure, bombs and bullets might rather be supposed to belong more properly to the province of SAINT ZAMIEL, or some other saint of the inferior calendar; and in presiding over shot, SAINT BARBARA, one would think, must feel conscious of poaching on the manor of the Wild Huntsman. In France, you perceive, the Saints do not limit their patronage to the canons of the Church.

BEER MEASURE.

ONE pint of Brewer's beer *makes* one pot of Publican's *ditto*.
One glass of the latter generally *makes* one ill.

WIT THAT WANTS A TERMINUS.

A CORRESPONDENT has written to us to inquire whether, "if it is illegal for cabs to stand at a Railway Terminus, except under Police regulations, it is lawful for a bookseller, at a station, to have *Uncle Tom's Cab-in?*

THE NEW REGULATION.

Lieutenant Blazer (of the Plungers). "GOOD GWACIOUS! HERE'S A HORWIBLE GO! THE INFANTWY'S GOING TO GWOW A MOUSTACHE!"

Cornet Fluffey. "YAW DON'T MEAN THAT! WELL! THERE'S ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE FOR US. WE MUST SHAVE!!"

MINISTERIAL PERQUISITES.

IT is rather hard upon some of the late Ministers who have given up a snug little business at the bar, that since they have stood at the bar of public opinion to be tried as Members of a Government, it is against *etiquette* that they should return to their former employment. There are two or three ex-officials in this unpleasant predicament, whose ministerial professions and practice having become distasteful to the country at large, has caused them to be dismissed from the public service, without having their old profession and practice to fall back upon. The LORD CHANCELLOR is the only fortunate one of the party; for though in his dismissal from the woolsack, he may be said to receive the sack, he is allowed to retain the wool in the shape of a handsome pension, by way of perquisite.

A MINE OF WEALTH.

THE last intelligence from the Mining districts informs us, that there is no difficulty in finding plenty of quartz. We wish some enterprising individual would convert the quartz into wine bottles, which are, at present, little better than pints.

Imperial Gambols.

THE *Moniteur* has denied officially the report, "that the Imperial Government intended to authorize gaming houses, and to re-establish the lottery." The *Moniteur* might have added, that the Government has no necessity to authorize any other gaming establishment than the *Bourse*, or to extend the privilege of gambling to any but such companies as the *Société Générale du Credit Mobilier*, and others of the same class to which the Empire gives its patronage.

A NEW WORD FOR THE DICTIONARY.—The opposite of "realization"—DISRAELIZATION.

MY OWN NEW BROOM.

Song to the Ministry.

My own new Broom, my pretty new Broom,
I hope you will make a clear place of the room;
'Tis large enough, and abounds in stuff,
Which you should sweep up, and the flames consume.

You 've Chancery laws, and legal flaws,
And quibbles awaiting their final doom—
Old rubbish, such as has 'scaped the touch
(No fault of his) of an older BROUGHAM.

A thorough clean out, to put to rout
The spiders which there ply their ruinous loom,
Is one good lot of work you 've got
In the Patent Office to do, my Broom.

The Arches Court, which save on Port
A judgment should never to give presume,
Sweep wholly clear, my sweet, my dear,
My pretty, my elegant brand-new Broom.

And then the Church, my bunch of birch,
Though Bishops may fret, and Deans may fume,
Of pluralist rust and MOORE-ish dust,
Oh, rid me for ever, my nice new Broom!

The Susceptibilities of Foreigners.

ALL the clowns have been strictly prohibited from making use in any of the pantomimes of the familiar exclamation of "Somebody's coming," for fear it might be construed into an allusion to the probability of an invasion of England by a celebrated personage with an Imperial, on the other side of the Channel.

SEASONABLE COMPARISON.

SPECULATIONS are like snap-dragons. A cool hand may sometimes pick up a plum, where a hasty one but burns his fingers.

CORRUPTION OF THE OLD MASTERS.

THROUGH the organ pipe of the *Times*, "CÆLEBS IN SEARCH OF A LAUNDRESS" trumpets to the universe that in the Temple there at present exists a grievous lack of Old Women for Laundresses. We can tell CÆLEBS "the reason why" he has to complain of this extraordinary dearth of washerwomen. They are all absorbed by the demand of the picture-cleaners at the National Gallery for persons to help them to rub and scrub, and scour the works of Art there. It would be well if those gentlemen's anile accomplices restricted their labours to legitimate friction with soap and water: but they seem to have also resorted to pumice-stone, in combination with those corrosive substances with which they are accustomed to ruin our linen. In cleaning the coats of ancient artists, they make holes in them, just as they do in our under-waistcoats. They, moreover, have carried their professional proceedings so far, that the portal of the Institution might justly be surmounted with the inscription "Mangling Done Here."

From the appearance presented by old masters, when their things come home from the wash, has resulted a necessity for seriously modifying the names of some of those whose works have been submitted to the old women's operations. Henceforth, that his paintings may be described correctly, RUBENS will have to be converted into RUBBINGS; SALVATOR ROSA, for the same reason, into TABULA RASA; whilst CARACCI, if our abrasive friends ever get a scratch at him, will assume the name, together with the nature, of SCRATCHY.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their [illegible] Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY January 8th, 1853.

HABERDASHERY, TRASHERY, AND SMASHERY.

ONE of the most melancholy features of an "alarming failure" in the linendrapery trade is that we never seem to hear the last of it. A "frightful sacrifice" is rendered still more frightful by the protracted period during which the "sacrifice" is dinned into the public ear, and by the efforts that are made to lure fresh victims to "assist" at it. The well-known bankruptcy of a celebrated Regent Street house, though it happened several months ago, is still kept up as a standing advertisement by a variety of gangs in all quarters of the town, who have been "finally clearing out" and disposing of "the last portion" of the "valuable stock," almost ever since the failure of the firm in question was notified. A well-known "bankrupt's stock" is an inexhaustible bottle to these charlatans, who, after "clearing out" and "selling off" during several months in succession, have always remaining, in some odd corner, a few thousand Paris cashmeres, which they are willing to "relinquish" at only five pounds each, though the "value" of every one of them is twenty guineas.

We have now before us a catalogue to which attention is invited by an envelope inscribed with the words "FROM THE COMMISSIONERS," and intimating that "nine thousand embroidered robes (Lyons)" are to be "abandoned" at eight and ninepence—the worth being five-and-twenty shillings. In another line we are informed that "about 3600 Carmelite and French Merino robes," the same that were "so much admired in the Exhibition," are to be "surrendered" at fifteen and sixpence, the price being one hundred francs to the party who paid for them. Now, if these things cost one hundred francs when paid for, are we to presume that they may be sold at fifteen and sixpence because they are not paid for?—and if we buy what is not paid for, are we not doing something very like possessing ourselves of stolen articles?

Such would really be the case if the announcements of these dishonest puffers happened to be true; but every one, except the greenest goose, is perfectly well aware that of the thousands of articles advertised at the low prices named, not one is to be had when application is made at the puffing establishment. The last of the "9000 embroidered robes, at 8*s.* 6*d.*" has just been parted with, should any one be weak enough to ask for the article advertised; and the "last hundred dozen French cambric handkerchiefs," out of the "6000 dozen at half-a-crown" has been sent home to the DUCHESS OF OTHERLAND just as the lady stepped in who would like to have had a few of them.

We warn these impostors not to send their circulars to us, for we will not give to their swindling establishments the benefit of notoriety, even, by naming them for the purpose of exposing their falsehood and dishonesty. We shall content ourselves with pointing out to the public the alternative presented to all who visit these swindling "emporiums," "commission rooms," or whatever else their temporary occupants may call the scenes of their iniquity.

In becoming a purchaser at one of these places, you either buy goods which are reduced in price by somebody having been defrauded of his property, or, what is far more likely—and the argument is, unfortunately, much more calculated to produce an impression on the female "shopping" mind—the thing you purchase is rubbish, worth not one quarter of what you have given, under the idea that you were obtaining it at one tenth of its value. We attach every credit to the announcement of an "alarming sacrifice," but the victims to the sacrifice are, probably, the landlord of the premises who is cheated of his rent; possibly, the manufacturer or trader who is robbed of his goods; but most probably, and indeed almost certainly, the buyer, who is swindled out of his money.

OUR HONEYMOON.

SATURDAY, MAY 3, 18—

A MORE lovely morning than yesterday! And yet when I told JOSEPHINE that we were going out, she hoped, she said, I would wrap up well—for she was sure, if she knew anything of the weather—that it would snow. The gardener of the hotel had told her, it *would* snow. That girl *is* a creature of ice.

FREDERICK—having gone on the beach just to look at the weather, as he said—I am left alone to thank goodness for *such a husband!*

And that thought—as if it ever left me!—brings me again to Venus and dear MARY, and the Rajah and sweet MARGARET. Both dog and cockatoo—much as I *did* and *do* love 'em—*shall* go. Our higher duties are—as good MR. WINESOP, the dear good creature that *made us one*—our higher duties, as that good man beautifully said, when he proposed *our* health and happiness on Thursday—our higher duties should ever be our *first thought.*

—And now, JOSEPHINE comes in with a nosegay of wallflowers, and says they're from the landlady, with her compliments; that the season is so backward, she can't do any better.

JOSEPHINE *will* hang about and want to know, if I'm *determined* to go out? *She* doesn't think her master means to go out. Ask her how *she* presumes to know what *her master* means? She'll allow me to *mean for him*—and *that* I told her; and it was the first thought of ill-temper that I have had since I don't know when—which made me the more angry that it was so.

The sky *is* overcast; and JOSEPHINE, with a real look of interest in her face, says she's so sorry I didn't bring my furs with me. But then—as the girl discreetly enough remarked—*who* was to expect to want fur in May? The poor thing has, I believe, a *real* regard for me.

The sky *is* darker, and the wind *is* rising. JOSEPHINE, with a shudder, declares it's *terrific, horrid* weather—and is bound for it that it's ten times warmer at home. I desire her, as a young woman and particularly in her situation, not to make use of strong words—language that does not become her. (Indeed, what is a waiting-maid to know of *terrific* and *horrid?*)

JOSEPHINE—she *is* a droll girl, makes me laugh!—JOSEPHINE begs my pardon; says she was only thinking if May's been like this in London, what a shocking season the chimney-sweepers must have had!

After all—I can't but say to myself—what *is* weather? And what poor, unhappy things we must be, when we cannot make *our own weather!* Yes—when we cannot glow in the *sunshine of the heart?* I am sure *we* always shall. And then, how *summer* may always *reign at the hearth! Always*, whatever rages *without.*

JOSEPHINE says that the gardener tells her there'll never have been—since he was an inhabitant—such a year for fruit. All the things cut to *the hearts.* And not a peach—no, not so much as a cherry for love or money. And what, ma'am—asks that *odd* girl—what ma'am, are we to do *then?* she says—we can't *make* cherries. At which I laugh to myself. (*Love*—when money *can't*—may make even cherries.)

The sky gets really black, and the wind rises, and how the waves tumble. (JOSEPHINE says they're beginning to rear up on their hind legs like *white horses!* What a strange creature!)

Well, it *is* weather for May! Where can FREDERICK be? JOSEPHINE, the cruel girl, says—looking *so odd*—she trusts master's not gone to bathe? Hopes she's not offending me, but begs to know if, in case of anything, master can swim?

I know it's foolish, but feel such a cold twitch of the heart, and a faintness that—that makes me call her a silly girl. And then I bid her bring me the telescope (it sweeps the beach, as dear FREDERICK says), that I may just look out—just a peep.

She goes away, and it's an age until she comes back. And then she comes, and tells me that the old gentleman above insists upon keeping the glass, as he's watching a lugger—I think she says—in the offing, and with his compliments the lady shall have the telescope as soon as she goes entirely to pieces.

With all the wife in my bosom, I am about to rush for my bonnet—when the landlady runs in with the glass. Says she has all but snatched it from the old gentleman, as she knows what a young wife's feelings must be. The woman is really a kind creature—and looking so motherly. How foolish, very often, are first impressions!

I look out, above and below, and there is no FREDERICK. Perhaps, says the cruel JOSEPHINE—perhaps he's swimming, and begs me to take comfort and look again. He is *not* swimming; the mere idea is of course ridiculous; but as far as the telescope can sweep, he is *not* swimming!

The telescope begins to tremble in my hand—but it's very ridiculous. I can't see the least signs of a human being. Yes—there's something turns the corner of the cliff. Something; and JOSEPHINE asks if it's

something alive? I look and look—it is but a speck, and yet it *is*—my heart tells me so—it *is* my own FREDERICK!

The speck increases; and now—I can see the very curls of his hair. He sees me and waves his hand—and now he runs, and how beautifully, how gracefully he does run!

I put down the telescope, and just look in the glass. And now, the sky clears up again—for a bit of blue, like a blue eye looks out and—

FREDERICK runs into the room. He never *did* look so beautiful! With such a glow—such a sparkling look—such a—but it's no use; words seem *to faint away* at some things.

And now the landlady comes and says the luncheon's ready if we're ready. Dear FREDERICK cries *Let's have it*—and then says to me, he's *so hungry*, he could eat *a live Cupid*. And then I call him—and he laughs—quite a *cannibal*.

I never did see him eat, and—indeed, *my* appetite is improved with the sea air—but I never did see him devour so. Quite *shocking*.

The weather clears up, and as we had such a very little walk yesterday—just down to the beach and no more—FREDERICK says if I'll *brave the elements*, we'll walk and look at the church. (The spire looks so pretty from the bed-room window, that I'm sure, it's quite *a little dove* of a church, nestled among the trees.)

Well, we go out. Dear fellow! he will put on my upper shoes himself, looking as I *couldn't* help observing, looking a little anxious at the *thinness of the soles*, which he says he *shall reform*—pulling on my over shoes, and tightening my shawl so about me, that I ask him if he thinks he's *rolling up a mummy*—and he says *no; quite the reverse;* and so with a deal of—no, I won't call it nonsense, though I want a word—we find ourselves in the garden, and through the *other* gate into the meadow that leads—the landlady told me—the prettiest *lover's walk* in the world, to the church.

And it *is* beautiful! (I find that I'm writing all this—and it seems *more real*—all as if at the very minute, and I had my *pen and ink and paper in one hand*, and my other in FREDERICK'S arm, though—to be sure—I don't know how that could be!) But it *is* beautiful; for the sky is quite blue again, and the clouds have rolled themselves off, and heaped themselves into *mountains of snow*, and all is as blue between—as FREDERICK says—as *somebody's eyes*.

How green the grass is! And how beautiful the sheep are! I never *did* see such sheep. So elegant of shape, so meek of face, so white in wool—quite like sheep in Arcadia! And so I remark to FREDERICK, and he says I am quite right. The real Southdowns all come from Arcadia. And then *the sheep-bell!* I am sure I shall think of *that sheep-bell*, think of it, when I've as much *silver in my hair*—if it ever comes to that—as there *is sweet silver* in its sound. What beautiful music! And I must have heard it a thousand times, and never heard it sound so before. What dull ears I must have had! For now, with these green meadows so quiet all around us; with the dear graceful sheep, and the sound of the sheep-bell, it seems to me music for the hedge flower-buds to *open their little mouths to*, and drink up the music in the silver drops that run down to their dear—dear little hearts. Now, what nonsense I *can't* help writing!

With what a gush comes the perfume of the May that, bad as they say the season is, loads the hedges! What lumps of blossom! I bid FREDERICK pluck a piece—one piece—for my flower diary of this month—this *happy, happy, happy* month! (Yesterday,—I forgot to put that down—yesterday I marked with a wild heartsease.)

Was there ever anything so pretty? anything so charming? Whilst FREDERICK is plucking the hawthorn, a wedding, a country wedding comes through the gate. They are coming back from church! The bride—such a sweet *little wild-rose* of a thing—and the bridegroom so *brown* and *handsome!* I can't tell how it is, but when I look in the happy bride's innocent happy face, the tears come to my eyes, and I feel for the moment towards her *like a sister*. I kiss my hand to her, and she stops and makes the prettiest curtsey; and FREDERICK—well, I never was so proud of him—as though he felt even through his arm what was passing in my mind—FREDERICK, in his frank way, goes up to the bridegroom and shakes his hand, and wishes him all happiness.

And so we both go our way; we towards the church, and the *young married folks* home to their wedding dinner. *God bless them!* I *must* write that.

How beautiful are the meadows! So swelling—so rich. And we walk, but still the church is a little further than FREDERICK thought. And now the clouds gather thick and black again, and the wind rises, and—without thinking of it—I *do* shiver. It is as far to go back as to go on. The wind howls—and, as if discharged from *twenty thousand guns*, as FREDERICK says—and without any warning, showers of hail.

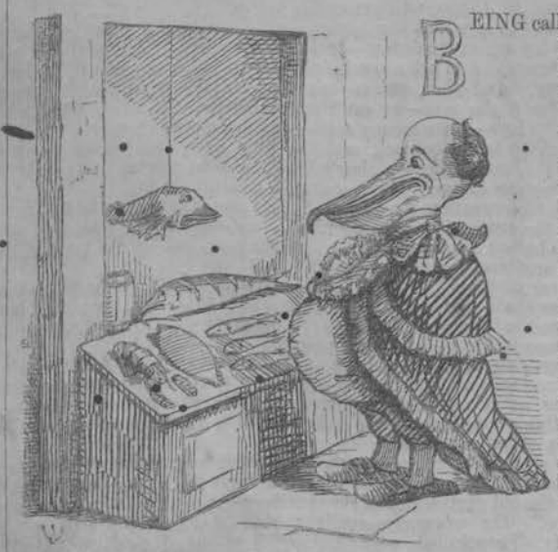
FREDERICK lifts me up—for all the world *like a baby*, I laughing all the time—and runs with me under a large tree. He *will* take off his over-coat, and wrap about me. And still the hail comes down, cutting even through the leaves, and *bounding and jumping* about us. FREDERICK looks just as sorry as if—dear fellow!—he could help it.

I'm smothered with hail-stones, but I laugh and call 'em sugar-plums. To humour me, he says they *are* sugar-plums. Wonders *how they'll taste!* And then, with his *very lips*, takes one, or perhaps two or three of them from between my throat and my collar.

We hear a cart—yes, a covered cart—in the road. And we get home—that is to the White Hart—red, and rumpled, and happy.

TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

SUGGESTED BY A SUFFERER.



BEING called out to Bow Street at Four o'clock, A.M. to bail a "fast" acquaintance who has been "out on the loose."

Having a host of country appetites, in the shape of country cousins, dropping regularly in to dinner every day in the Cattle Show week.

Being recognised in a Police Court by the gentleman "of fashionable exterior" in the dock, whom you remember to have met at Boulogne last autumn, and to have noted in your journal as "a very entertaining and agreeable companion."

Happening, in a moment of weakness, to boast that you "know a thing or two" about the Turf, and being perpetually consulted by your sporting friends in consequence.

Knowing an amateur dramatic author who will insist on making you the audience of his rejected "heavies."

Being lugged out "sight-seeing," by all your country visitors because you "know the way about so much better than they do."

Being recognised at a Watering Place by your own green-grocer, while you are in the act of talking *Peerage* with your "exclusive" friends, the DRAWLINGTONS.

And, lastly, knowing one of those artistic ogres, who entrap unwary friends into their *studios*, and then make "models" of them.

OUR OWN NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR THOMAS CHILBLAIN has obtained Admiralty leave, having been taken in toe by the clipper gout, to be laid up in ordinary till the end of the winter.

SECOND LIEUTENANT OLDBOY gave a dinner on board the *Evergreen*, on the completion of his eightieth year of service. He is expected to be promoted to the First Lieutenancy when the present occupant of that position, who happens to be just now bed-ridden, shall be sufficiently recovered to get hoisted on board the *Blunderer*.

The newly built screw steamer *Rattleshake*, which left the harbour last week with troops for India, has just returned with her screw loose. Every effort has been made by means of a screw-driver to repair the injury, but it is expected that some months will elapse before the *Rattleshake* can proceed on her voyage. HER MAJESTY'S steam-frigate *Impracticable*—built in 1851, when, being found too small for her boilers, she was converted into a sailing vessel, and cut down in 1852 without any material improvement—is ordered in 1853 to be cut up—for firewood.

A LESSON FROM THE SKY.

THE clouds have been setting an example to the Legislature, by giving us an uninterrmittent supply of water.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

OF all the "tricks of trade," perhaps the most deceitful are the Bottle tricks.

MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

WE hear the theatrical critics in the newspapers continually impressing upon their readers the melancholy fact that the Drama has declined. It seems to me past dispute, that whatever the Drama may have done in that way, a great portion of the Public have declined the Drama. Many reasons are given. Some say it is cheap concerts. There may be something in this.

Young MAGGS the stockbroker—whose father, Old MAGGS, was a great playgoer, and whose favourite talk now of a night is MRS. SIDDONS and JOHN KEMBLE; and how he once stood for five hours in a crush in Vinegar Yard, and was finally carried into the two-shilling gallery in a state of insensibility, and with no skirts to his coat—young MAGGS has grown decidedly musical, I admit, and entertains his friends at classical quartette parties, where everybody but the four performers appears dreadfully bored. He has, certainly, cut the theatre, which he considers low. But, after all, I don't think MAGGS's friends, as a class, are of his way of thinking, though they do tolerate his classical chamber concerts for the sake of the cold suppers. And, after all, the MAGGSES constitute an inconsiderable fraction of the London Public.

Neither do I think that the decline of the Drama is to be accounted for by late hours. At all events, if seven o'clock dinners are incompatible with seven o'clock dramas, the difficulty does not seem past getting over exactly, as I hope to convince you, by and bye. Again, middle class London has certainly taken to living out of town a good deal. The City is a desert after eight o'clock, and the West End is gradually extending to Brentford and Ealing. But still I don't think *that* is quite a sufficient explanation; or else why are the Promenade Concerts so full, and the suburban gardens in the summer, and the lecture-rooms, and Institutions, and similar places of resort?

No. I don't think if we reckon up all the out-of-door causes that are commonly alleged for the decline of the Drama, we shall get at the true explanation. It appears to me, in fact, that we must go into the theatre to find why so many people now-a-days stay out of it. This has been simmering in my mind a long time. I satisfied myself for a while with such reasons as I have given. But finding that it was none of these reasons which prevented me from going to the theatre, and yet that I am every day finding myself less and less inclined to go there, I set myself seriously to answer the question—"What is the reason *you* don't patronize the Drama?" Because, thought I, ten to one that the reasons which prevent you are the reasons which prevent others who, like you, are neither music-mad, nor lecture-mad, nor suburban-residence mad, nor late-dinner mad, nor fashion-mad, but lovers of the theatre, and yet not frequenters of it.

And it has occurred to me, it might be worth while to give my reasons, as well as I have been able to make them out.

It seems to me then, that *the* cause why people don't go to theatres, is simply that everybody about those singular places seems in a conspiracy to keep the public out. I suppose those who manage theatres have a profound conviction that people can't help going into them, and that to prevent the most intolerable annoyance of overcrowded benches, and plethoric treasuries, it is necessary to hedge round their houses with every conceivable kind of impediment and difficulty.

Before one gets into the theatre, now, there is the Box-office, where you take places.

One would suppose that managers would be anxious to induce people to take places beforehand—that they would rather hold out a reward to me if, on my way to the City, I turn aside and lose half-an-hour of my office day by calling at the Box-office and securing a couple of front seats for myself and *Mrs. P.* On the contrary, if I do this, I find that I am called upon to pay a shilling over and above the price of my place, and that too, though I am annually reminded (by a neat card announcing the benefit of MR. POTTER, the Box book-keeper) that, besides my shillings, the urbane gentleman inside the pigeon-hole considers he has a claim, for some reason or other, to my patronage at his benefit. Has MR. POTTER any conscience? Has MR. POTTER any salary? Does MR. POTTER, or MR. POTTER's manager, consider that MR. POTTER is insufficiently remunerated with a shilling for writing my name on two cards, wrapping them up in a play-bill, and pushing them to me through the aforesaid pigeon-hole?

I declare I never take a place of MR. POTTER but I inwardly protest against that shilling, and vow never to take another place as long as I live—and I wouldn't, only *Mrs. P.* insists on it. Depend upon it, that Box book-keeper's unaccountable shilling keeps many a crown out of the house.

But suppose that I have paid MR. POTTER and secured my places.

Then comes the getting to the theatre. Now, I am not a late diner—but still, business is not over in the City till close on six—and, though I don't live *far* out of town, I have my box at Bayswater (semi-detached); so that it is a physical impossibility for me to get home there, snatch a hasty dinner, wait for *Mrs. P.'s* finishing touches to her cap, and be in the house by seven, when the play begins. Why don't they begin at eight? I know what you are going to say, my dear MR. PUMPKIN (of the T. R., Long Acre). It has never been done. I am quite aware that when people gave up business at four, and dined at five, the play began when it does now. But what I want to know is, why the practice should be continued, now that we leave our offices at half-past-five and dine at half-past six? Why am I obliged to purchase the opening scene of *Macbeth* with an indigestion? Why must I forfeit my two glasses of post-prandial Port, unless I am content to begin the *Rivals* at Act. II., Scene 3?

Suppose, for once, you broke in on the canonical hour, and accommodated your arrangements, at least in this point, to the altered habits of the day?

I am quite aware of the sacredness of theatrical traditions. I feel profoundly convinced that when Conservatism is expelled from the breast of SIR ROBERT INGLIS, it will still have a stronghold in the theatre. You have taught me, by all I see both in front of the lamps and behind them, that what the great GAGGER (A.D. 1740) did in the part of *Hamlet*, the little GAGGERS (A.D. 1852) are bound to go on doing. But I don't think the law of the Dramatic Medes and Persians should extend to hours. In fact, you must admit managers *have* made some change. In SHAKSPEARE's day, the play began at three; in CHARLES THE SECOND's time (I speak *pace* PEPYS) at four. But then middle class people dined at twelve and one.

I really think it would be worth your while to try the experiment of raising the green curtain an hour later, or—suppose the immutability of stage usage forbids this—why should you not play a short piece to begin with, and keep your strong attraction—your three acts, or five acts, if you *will* have five acts—for the second course of the night's entertainment?

I am quite aware that you do not admit the force of French example (except as to pieces). But I really think that you might take a hint from those who have furnished you with so many new and original works, and give us a "*lever de rideau*"—a curtain raiser—as they call the little second-rate or used up *vaudevilles* with which they open the performance. In this way I might, at least, escape a strong dose of MR. BROADGRIN's low comedy, which would very likely please the early-comers, and I should be able to sit out the rest of the entertainment, and see your strong piece unmutilated, which you will own is important.

Suppose, however, I have got to the theatre, and in time for the first piece, if you please. Let us see next, what encounters me on my arrival.

A Pretty Game of Forfeits.

THE Portuguese Government has been playing this Christmas a nice little game of forfeits—the forfeits on this occasion consisting of two-fifths off the accounts of those who have lawful claims upon the Public Funds, besides various other "pretty little things," the owners of which, we will be bound, never expected to see them in the lap of DONA MARIA DA GLORIA. However, we hope that England, or some superior power, will make the Portuguese Government give up what was entrusted to them in confidence, telling them very plainly that forfeits are never kept back, but are invariably returned to their respective owners as soon as the game is over.

Extraordinary Rationality in a Lady.

WE are enabled to state as a fact, which, though apparently incredible, may be entirely depended upon, that a lady, being offered a new bonnet by her husband, positively declined the present, on the ground that *she did not want it*. Hence, it appears that there is not, in all cases without exception, unqualified and absolute truth in the complaint of married men that women are always wanting new bonnets.

FINE CRUSTED ADMIRALS.—Almost all our Admirals may be regarded as Port Admirals; their principal qualification appearing to consist in having been laid down many years, like Port.

Query.—Will the Board of Directors of the Amalgamated Railways be stigmatised as a Collision Government?

DISTRESSING RESULT OF EMIGRATION.

Lady. "YES, MY DEAR. JOHN LEFT US WITHOUT ANY WARNING, AND WE CAN'T MATCH THE OTHER FOOTMAN, BECAUSE ALL THE TALL MEN ARE GONE TO AUSTRALIA."

OXFORD LINGO.

AT the nomination of the Candidates for the University of Oxford, some of the parties to the proceedings spoke in Latin, and, considering the very un-English character of the opposition to MR. GLADSTONE, we think the renunciation of the English language—as unsuited to the occasion—was quite allowable. It seems rather odd that Alma Mater should object to the mother tongue; but as ordinary doctors write their prescriptions and clothe their nauseous drugs in Latin, it may be permitted to University Doctors to wrap up their speeches, which are often not over-nice, in the mystery of a dead language.

As we fear that some of the University men to whom the speeches are addressed may have forgotten a little of their Latin, we have much pleasure in presenting them with a specimen of a vocabulary which will include some of the words most likely to be in familiar use on such occasions as that of the unseemly contest now in progress at Oxford. It is true that our interpretations are not of the highest classical authority; but on an occasion when the learned pundits are quarrelling like cat and dog, a little dog Latin may be found exactly the sort of thing that is required.

Regularis custos niger.—A regular blackguard.'
Lætus lapis in eternum.—GLADSTONE for ever.
Infrà cum hoste ecclesiæ.—Down with the enemy of the Church.'
Currite ad polum.—Run to the poll.
Via cum galericulis.—Away with the W(h)igs.
Stabimus nullas ineptias.—We will stand no nonsense.
Lætus lapis non potest esse semilater.—GLADSTONE can't be half a brick.

A Brace of Bores.

IN every society you will find a person who will talk, and a person who will interrupt. The worst is, the one is not a corrective of the other: for the talkative Bore invariably talks when he is not wanted to talk, and the interruptative Bore will interrupt at the very period when he is least wanted to interrupt.

THE NEW FANATICO *PER LA MUSICA.*

THE *Daily News* says, that the EARL OF WESTMORELAND is employing his time—that is, the time of his nation—at Vienna, by composing fugues and chorals, and superintending the rehearsals of those compositions, for the service of the Roman Catholic Church. For this mode of performing his diplomatic functions, LORD WESTMORELAND'S obvious excuse is, that he is thereby doing his best for the promotion of harmony; the old plea: the old pun. Replying in the same spirit, we might suggest that his lordship's business is to represent the interests of the British Public, instead of attending to those of the Romish Masses; that if NERO fiddled while Rome was burning, that is no reason why WESTMORELAND should fiddle while Rome is not burning, but would be burning could she only command the faith, the fire, and the faggots, and the power, to burn. We may add, that this same fiddling of LORD WESTMORELAND'S is eminently calculated to confirm the popular feeling, that diplomacy is all fiddlestick.

Endurance Abroad.

A "TRAVELLER" writing to the *Chronicle* on the outrage committed on its Austrian correspondent, says—"there is the endurance of the martyr at the stake: there is also the endurance of the ox and the ass."

And he might have added—"there is also the endurance of the EARL OF WESTMORELAND." It is said, however, that our new Foreign Secretary, with a graceful appreciation of the noble EARL'S musical tastes, has recalled him in a significant, but most melodious way. LORD JOHN has simply sent to the EARL a copy of the song—"*Home, sweet Home!*" His Lordship has merely written in the margin—"in quick time."

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE.—For the last few years a noisy Commonw(h)eal, that no sooner completed one Revolution but it made another!

P—LM—STON. R—SS—LL.

"PLEDGING."

"HALLO! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT O' SEEING YOU HERE?"

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

BY OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

THE leading artists secured for the approaching season have availed themselves of the closing of the house to make "starring" tours into the provinces. According to the local prints, they have, generally speaking, been well received. In some places, however, the audiences, unaccustomed to the drawing-room tone of good society, have raised the vulgar cry of "Speak out!" and have evinced some dissatisfaction that the actors have chosen to husband their forces for the coming campaign. MR. RUSSELL has been appearing at the City of London Theatre, where he is a favourite, and has sustained his well-known *rôle* of *Dauntless* in *Taking a Constitutional*, in which, though too declamatory, he offers a good type of what the old school deem legitimate acting. MR. WOOD has been at Halifax, where a cabal, it appears, was got up against him and he was hissed a good deal, but his final success was complete. A great opportunity is in preparation for him, we hear, in a piece called *The Charter*, the scene of which is laid in India, and we hope he will be able to do it justice, and astonish the natives. MR. PALMERSTON has been at Tiverton, and has come out in his old part of *Jaunty*; the local critics say he manifested far more care than usual, and seemed apprehensive of saying more than was set down for him, a new thing with this free and easy artist. He made a speech, however, and especially complimented the ladies of Tiverton on what they had done for his benefit. MR. COCKBURN is, or was, at Southampton, and has been very successful; an opposition attraction, a MR. COCHRANE, who was engaged to compete with him, having made a ludicrous *fiasco*. We have some recollection of this individual: he used to play—and by no means to the dissatisfaction of the laughter-loving world—*Gobemouche* to MR. PALMERSTON'S *Gibe*, in *Foreign Affairs*, but he is not a very intellectual artist.

The Oxford Theatre appears to have been the scene of one of those discreditable intrigues which we had hoped the good feeling of the day had finally condemned. MR. GLADSTONE had been engaged, and was to have appeared as *Easy*, in *Walking the Course*. But it seems that a *clique* had determined that he should not come out in that character, and organised a systematic opposition, placarding the streets, and bringing in persons whose habits are of the blackest description, to prevent the performance. Some treachery, too, seems to have been at work, some of the parties implicated having taken pains to assure MR. GLADSTONE that he should not be annoyed; and, as soon as he had left town, having sent to devise means of attack. An individual named LEMPRIERE is stated to be at the head of this. We do not know him, but if he be the author of the Classical Dictionary, we are not aware of any person so capable of accumulating falsehoods. The result has been that MR. GLADSTONE was hindered from taking the part he had expected to perform, and has been compelled to study a new one—that of *Caustic*, in *Retaliation*, in which we have no doubt he will come out dashingly. STOWELL—not the informer, and indeed a person whose information is of a sadly limited order—is mixed up in the matter, and so is a mysterious person known as MRS. GAMP, who was lately kicked out of doors by MR. FORBES MACKENZIE, for having unlawful possession of an article manufactured by himself and partners. We are far from saying that we like everything GLADSTONE does, but that such an artist should be driven from the Oxford theatre is disgraceful to everybody except himself. A stick called PERCEVAL is, it seems, thrust forward under the patronage of MR. GLADSTONE'S assailants; but MR. PERCEVAL is, we imagine, only qualified for playing such parts as *Crack*, though we have heard that he is singularly faithful and natural as *Dogberry*, when stating what he has been called, and wishes to be "written down."

We hear that great complaints are being made as to the system of admission to the Westminster Theatre. It is alleged that though the public may be told that every seat is occupied, any person who will pay his money, in a way which amounts to actual bribery, can always get in. The managers are said to have received already no less than 124 complaints from persons who declare themselves ready to prove the existence of the system, which is kept on foot for the benefit of certain agency offices and public-houses. It is high time that this should be looked to, and if a dishonest cheque-taker (especially in the upper circle) were made an example of, the practice would be done away. "First come, first served," is a good rule, which, in the present case, we would make absolute to the effect that the first who should come anything of this kind should be first served with a writ, and then served out with a vengeance.

THE CRUIZE OF THE OLD ADMIRAL.

How crazily, how lazily,
We creep along the sea;
Our upper works are straining,
Our hull is rolling free;
Our lower ports they baffle
Attempts to caulk 'em tight,
Like scuppers, through whose leaky seams
The water runs outright!
E'en coal-brigs o'er us triumph,
Smart yachts about us sweep;
GREEN'S ships come up to look at us—
The slow-coach of the deep!
In their wake, like any servant,
We sail from day to dark;
Oh, proud must be our Admiralty Lords of such a barque!

And proud must be our Admiral
(He's seventy-four to-day)
Of turning out on duty,
Whate'er the doctors say;
He has fought with them and conquered,
Although 'twas mad, they swore,
To go to sea, when he should have
Been laid up snug on shore.
Oh, if I were an Admiral
I wouldn't be on board,
I'd stay in London, if I could,
And be made a Junior Lord;
I'd write to the Prime Minister,
"Just find a place for me,
For a sheer hulk lies TOM BOWLING,
No longer fit for sea!"

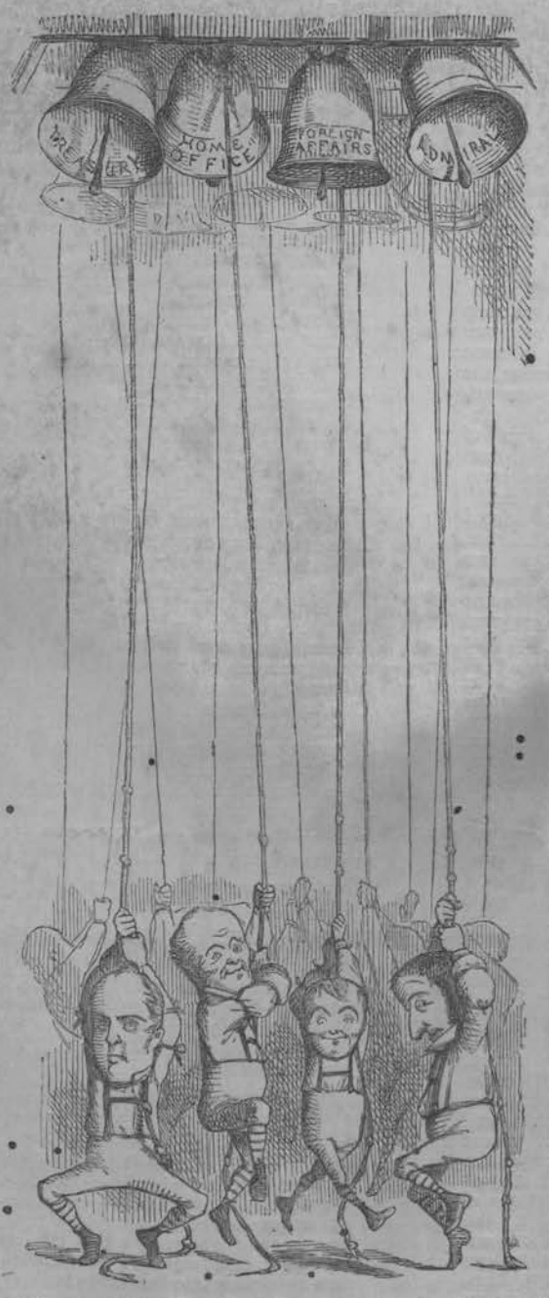
Our Admiral grew paler,
And bluer and more blue,
'Midst the sniggers of the officers,
And the broad grins of the crew;
For at sixes and at sevens
His stomach well might be,
'Twas so long, the poor old creature!
Since he had been at sea.
He heaved—'twas but an instant—
For the old sailor's pride
Succeeded in the effort
His nausea to hide.
So he mopped his poor old forehead,
And held hard his wheezy breath;
And, like a steamboat passenger,
Sat, looking grim as death!

That night the surgeon's whisper
Went round the mess to say,
That our poor old used-up Admiral
Was in a dreadful way:
Next day we beat to quarters,
In a Bath-chair wheeled was he,
With a Welsh wig, and his legs
Wrapped in fleecy hosiery!
That night a glass of toddy
Sent him cozily to sleep,
And next morning into harbour
The old ship made shift to creep,
And never from that moment,
(Lest again he sick might be)
Excepting in fine weather,
Did we venture out to sea.

Very Early Art.

A BOOKSELLER'S list of Christmas Presents, lately issued, advertises "Eighteen Portraits, forming a second series of the Bible Gallery," under the title of "*The Women of the Bible*."

To what artist did these ladies sit for their portraits? He surely was a *very* old master. The project of publishing portraits of personages of such very great antiquity is a speculation that must have been got up by the Wandering Jew.



RINGING THE NEW YEAR IN AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

NEW WRITS.

MR. SLOMAN moved for a New Writ against a Hon. M.P., with leave to take him if he could but catch him, during the recess.

MR. LEVI moved for six New Writs to arrest six Hon. Members, (five of them Irish, and all thoroughly Insolvent), who had accepted thousands of his, but wouldn't take the Chiltern Hundreds. He also begged to move for a return of all the monies those Hon. Gentlemen owed him; and, in exchange, he would give the House all the bills he (MR. LEVI) held in his possession belonging to them.

Both motions refused on the score of "Parliamentary Privilege"—which seems to be not a bad "score" for Members who exercise their Parliamentary Privilege of running into debt.

FRENCH USHERS AT FAULT.

FRANCE has been accustomed to set copies to Europe; but she will hardly be able to do so now—with no Pen, but only a Ruler.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS.

No. 2.

As I strolled this afternoon with CHARLEY CODLINGS in Trinity Meadow and showed him the lions, I found that old RAILTON was not the only fossil that remained as a relic of by-gone times. One of the very first men I met was poor SWISHER, the schoolmaster, who came up to a Hall (I will not say which, for I would not hurt his feelings for the world), in the vain hope of getting a degree, and thereby strengthening his connexion in the country. Such a contrast to the bravery of the boys who thronged that promenade, with their hairy coats, and gold chains, and adventurous trowsers, and other gallantries! Quite a dull spot was SWISHER in the midst of the splendid crowd, who almost sneered at his coat, which certainly was very badly made, and his large boots; by the way, I wish somebody would write to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or the *Notes and Queries*, if it is still going on, and ask how it is that directly a man is poor his feet seem to grow to such an awful size. Well! SWISHER comes up every year, invested with the *prestige* of failure, and fails as before, though he is the most pains-taking fellow possible. They say (of course it is a wicked joke, and nothing more,) that his little girl habitually runs into the house and cries "Mamma, Mamma, Pa's plucked again!" The last time he went in he was completely stumped out by the Latin prose—one of those horrid bits from the *Spectator* about WILL HONEYCOMB—and he passed a slip of paper to his neighbour, containing this touching request: "Pray, Sir, for Heaven's sake, tell a married man, with three small children, the Latin for Fleet Street;" but no aid could save him, he is hopelessly, helplessly stupid. I never could understand what he does with those few sheep in the wilderness when he is away; or, in fact, what he does with them when he isn't. Poor fellow! If I had my will he should be turned out a double first and Doctor of Divinity, or Grand Compounder and Classical Tripos, or whatever he wants. His perseverance is heroic, and he is a worthy, honest man, although he *cannot* tell the Latin for Fleet Street, or Charing Cross, or Piccadilly. And his little wife, so humble, and kind, and good, is worth all the Dons' ladies put together, with their silks, and satins, and underbred insolence.

And here, my dear CHARLEY, let me advise you always to shirk a Don's party if you can do so decently. I am not speaking of College tutors—they are irreproachable, especially your men at Margaret's—but of the great guns, the old fellows who wear the very swell gowns on Sundays, and keep dismal houses and vulgar wives. They sometimes let in a few undergraduates to the awful conclave, and expect them to worship in silence. You will find the women stuck up against the wall in a row, as if they were for sale; and, if you have the audacity to speak to one of them you *will* catch it, and no mistake. Why, I remember, when I was a youngster, being put on in lecture every day for a whole term by RICKARDS, our Senior Tutor, because I asked his daughter if she did not think University parties very slow, and she went and told him. I always hated RICKARDS afterwards. Now, you know they will ask you, because your father has lots of tin; but catch them asking SWISHER, who is as well-born as most of them, and twice as well-bred. What if he *is* stupid and ignorant? They are civil enough to GRUBBS, the son of the railway contractor, who can't write a sentence of English, and have him to dinner, though he eats and drinks like a cannibal, and swallows his knife like a juggler. And they almost fall down before PINCUSHION, because he is the son of a lord, and will be a lord himself if he lives long enough, and he is the next thing to an idiot. And I should like to know what old CADMION, for instance, has learned since he got his fellowship at Christopher's. He was elected forty years ago, in the good old times that RAILTON is so fond of, because he came from Stokehampton parish in Wessex. You may say there is some merit in that, for the district only includes fifty houses, and he has certainly been of use to his College as a judge of Port wine. Besides, to give him his due, he can play quadrille, or take a hand at whist. But what else can he do? Mind, I don't object to his coming up to town, although he is a parson, and visiting the Palladium—that exclusive and fashionable place of resort—in a blue coat and great white buckskin gloves; but what right has he, when he reads nothing but the *Morning Herald*, and forms his opinions from the leading articles, to an endowment founded for the encouragement of learning? Do you suppose *he* would not be plucked as often as my poor friend, the schoolmaster, whom he snubs so disdainfully. Why, I would back SWISHER against him now, even in Latin grammar.

Beware!

YOU are requested not to be enraged if I ask you—

Why is MRS. BRIEFLESS'S one dinner a season like solitude?—Because there is no second party.

CLOSE REASONERS.—The retailers of beer have the best of the argument about the quantity that ought to be contained in a quart bottle, inasmuch as they stick to the pint.

THE PICTURES' PETITION.

To the R. A.'s, the Fine Art Commission, and Trustees of the National Gallery,
Especially to him who is called our keeper—though that must be raillery—
We apostles and saints of the Church, who confessed and were afterwards martyred,
And drawn by great painters, and then in your gallery hung up and quartered—
(Till we're better housed from the surplus that's left by the Great Exhibition,)
Do hereby, in our grievous quandary, present this our humble petition:
Whereas, in our lifetimes, we suffered from various heathen tormenters
Divers severe operations, some broiled, and some hung upon tenters
Head or feet down, others boiled, others carded, and several roasted,
Others impaled, others skewered with arrows, or spitted and toasted,
Crushed beneath millstones or anvils, or whate'er came handy to burke us,
Quartered alive, disembowelled, or torn by wild beasts in the circus—
In short, to use newspaper phrase and yet keep within limits of charity,
"Were murdered with every refinement of studied and wanton barbarity;"
So that we think we may say, from the highest to the most humble,
That at *any* common ill-treatment we're not very likely to grumble;
Still we feel really impelled to put forth this our mild protestation
Against what we've recently suffered by way of what's called "restoration."
Carding and teasing is nothing, and flaying alive before frying
Isn't so bad when, like eels, you are used to that manner of dying;
But having gone through these processes once, that is, while in the flesh, Sirs,
We feel it's a little too bad, on the canvas to go through 't afresh, Sirs.
If LUCIA's eyes *were* put out—why, her martyr's crown was the meed on 't;
But why MR. SEGUIER should do it again, we don't see the need on 't.
Poor old SAINT LAWRENCE declares the hot gridiron left him quite placid,
Compared with the scorching and searing of FARRER's Wardour Street acid;
While SAINT SEBASTIAN complains that the arrows of stern DIOCLETIAN
Made no such holes in his skin, as your hands in his glazings Venetian.
And even your patron, SAINT GEORGE, though he didn't mind being beheaded,
Can't stand being bath-bricked, as he says he may next be black-leaded.
"Wasn't it quite bad enough to be boiled," asks PELAGIA the martyr,
"But I must give my face now to scrubbing-brush and hot water?"
"Think you," says DENIS, "I carried my head, after decapitation,
Full two miles to surrender't to UWIN's fierce manipulation?"
And we haven't one female Confessor—(though saints, still, of course, they are ladies)—
But of ruined complexion and colour, at your cruel hands, she afraid is.
Even Saint CATHERINE—little as *she* cares for such worldly vanities—
Declares if you lay hands on *her*, in your scrubbing and scouring profanities,
That the sweet pretty violets and crimsons, in which our friend RAFFAELLE has dressed her,
Will come out so staring and raw, that each painter who sees will detest her.
So if no feeling for Art or Religion give force to our strictures,
Do have a little respect for the sex, and abstain from their pictures;
We've seen a great deal of late in the Blue Books, and read in the papers,
How much you fear for us from the fogs and the blacks and the vapours;
But we'd rather endure all the blacks that e'er came out of UNCLE TOM'S Cabin,
Than stand your sand-pap'ring and scraping and scouring and scrubbing and swabbin'.
If it's for this you would send us to Kensington ever so far, Sirs,
Don't put yourselves to the trouble, we'd much rather stay where we are, Sirs.
So against our tormentors, ere scrubbed, scoured, and bath-bricked away,
Begging your aid we your picture-petitioners humbly do pray.

Here follow the signatures.

Putting the Shoe on the Right Foot.

THE shabby proceedings, relating to the Oxford University contest, render it no longer matter of surprise to us that Oxonians should rank as meanly as highlows; for, looking at the recent conduct of some of the Oxonians, we should think it a degradation to walk in their shoes.

REFORM YOUR DOCTORS' BILLS.

How to pay honestly and fairly for medical advice may have been a problem to a few of our readers, most of whom, being entirely constitutional, have had few dealings with the doctor. A help towards the solution thereof has been furnished in an extract from a letter in the *Morning Herald*, the writer of which, speaking of Californian practice, says that "for three 'ahems!' and a 'ha!' he paid in August last twenty-seven dollars." Hence may be derived a scheme for the reformation of doctors' bills. To charge a shilling or eighteenpence for a draught, consisting of an infusion of rose holding a neutral salt in solution, value one penny, would be a monstrosity, did we not know that the practitioner's education, knowledge, and abilities, are supposed to be dissolved along with the *Magnes. Sulph.* in the *Infus. Rosæ*. But this is merely a supposition. You can't dissolve medical science and skill, either in *Infus. Rosæ*, or *Mist. Camphoræ*, or *Aqua Pura*, or *Aqua Pump*. Why, then, should not medical practitioners follow out the Californian notion, and charge for their opinions, as expressed in their interjections? As, for instance—

	s.	d.
Humph!	2	6
Ha!	1	6
Oho!	3	0
Indeed!	4	6
Well, well!	5	0

The idea might be extended, so that the scale of fees should rise proportionably with the elongation of the professional utterances: as thus:—

	s.	d.
Put out your Tongue	6	8
Let me feel your Pulse	13	6

But here we forbear; considering that our recommendation to charge—addressed to doctors—must appear to patients rather like the exhortation, "Up, guards, and at them!"

NEDDIES FROM THE NORTH.

WE find in the *Eastern Counties' Herald* the following extraordinary paragraph:—

"THE MORMONS. — Three hundred Mormons, from Norway and Denmark, arrived per *Lion* from Hamburgh on Tuesday night, and were forwarded by MR. R. J. CURTIS, the agent, to Liverpool, *en route* for New Orleans and the Salt Lake. Two Missionaries from America have converted 2000 persons; the remaining 1700 follow in the spring."

We thought that Norway and Denmark were much too far north to furnish so many dupes to the imposture of JOE SMITH. We should think, that after the departure of 2000 of such cattle from those countries, there will be a considerable rise in the price of Asses.

To the above remarks we may append the reflection, that the fact of two Mormonite Missionaries having "converted" 2000 persons, shows that, if according to the proverb, one fool makes many, two individuals of the same description make many more.

The Expenses of Diplomacy.

THERE have lately been published some accounts of the expenses of American Embassies in the principal capitals of Europe. We should be afraid to ask the cost of some of our own embassies abroad, lest we should be compelled to publish the fact, that some of them have been sustained at the expense of our national honour, and at the cost of the liberties of some of our own countrymen. The MATHER case, and a few others, may be taken as some criterion of the sacrifice entailed by our present embassies in addition to the mere pecuniary tax we have to pay for them.

NAVAL ECONOMY.

IF Government seriously wishes to improve the screw steamers of the British Navy, it should render the screw wholly subservient to the progress of the vessel, by taking it entirely off the sailors' wages.

POT-LUCK.—The luck of finding a quart bottle that will hold a pint.

THE NEW COOK.

Missis. "WHY, MY GOODNESS, COOK! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN ABOUT! IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK, AND THAT HARE NOT PUT DOWN YET!"

Artiste. "CAN'T HELP IT, MARM. I NEVER KNEW ANYTHINK TAKE SUCH A TIME TO 'PLUCK' IN MY LIFE!"

"THE BAKER."

Who is it, in an idle hour,
Grinds up some beans both cheap and sour,
To mix them with his wheaten flour?
The Baker!

Who if a trifling rise in price
Occurs in corn, will not be nice,
But in the bread will charge it twice?
The Baker!

Who when the corn is "down again,"
Is such a thorough rogue in grain,
The rise in bread still to maintain?
The Baker!

Who is it, when we send a pie,
Will child-like take a straw and try
To suck it of the syrup dry?
The Baker!

Who is it, when we trust some ribs
Of beef to bake, a portion cribs,
And hides the fault by wicked fibs?
The Baker!

Who, if we miss a piece of fat,
Has always got an answer pat,
And lays it on a neighbour's cat?
The Baker!

Who from rice pudding, with a cup,
Extracts the custard—every sup—
And says the fire has dried it up?
The Baker!

Who, the unpleasant truth to state,
Cheats us at such a fearful rate
That every loaf is short in weight?
The Baker

THE MOST RESPONSIBLE OFFICER OF THE CROWN.

WE hope the new CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will mind what he is about; for on the Minister who has to concoct the Budget, depends the fate of Millions.

MOTTO FOR A STEP-FATHER.—"*C'est le Premier Pa qui coûte.*"

A PUFF FOR THE BLUE BOOKS.

THE Commons have been discussing the possibility of pushing the circulation of their Blue Books, which have hitherto been looked upon as so many blue pills by the public, who have shown no particular eagerness to swallow them. They have, in fact, been considered as somewhat of a drug in the trade, and have been to be found chiefly on the shelves of the second-hand book-stalls. We admit that there is often a good thing to be met with in a Parliamentary Blue Book, and we should be glad of some more reputable mode of putting them forward than the present practice, by which the principal agents for their publication and sale are the waste-paper dealers and the buttermen. The ordinary mode through which an occasional glimpse of the Blue Book literature is obtained by ordinary people, is usually an investment in a rasher of bacon or a quarter of a pound of Dorset, which will in all probability be enveloped in a leaf relative to Harbours of Refuge, the Nabob of Oude, Local Taxation, or some other subject which may—or may not—repay perusal.

Parliamentary reports are not always very light reading, but there is no doubt that, if skilfully edited, they might be made more attractive than they are, and a few illustrations would certainly help them off amazingly. For example, the massive report on "The Debts of the Nabob," which led to a commission for the purpose of paying them, might have been rendered very "taking" by a coloured etching representing the Nabob running away with all his creditors after him. The report on local taxation would have given fine scope to an artist happy in depicting still life, and willing to illustrate the book with sketches of tax-gatherers under various circumstances waiting for payment. Of course we do not presume to expect that the course proposed by us will be adopted; but if the Legislature really wish to get the Blue Books read, we trust a trial will be given to the plan we have recommended.

Mildness of the Season.

SUCH has been the extraordinary mildness of the season, that one of our Admirals on active service was enabled to leave his cabin for the open air, in which he remained during a quarter of an hour on deck. The gallant veteran, though a little shaken, was enabled by the aid of a respirator to inhale some genuine sea-air; under the invigorating effect of which, he piped all hands in a falsetto of much clearness—all things considered.

THOUGHT FOR THE TRAIN.

ACCORDING to law, the survivors of railway accidents can recover. Their recovery may be safe enough as a matter of law; we wish it were equally sure as a matter of fact.

A QUESTION FOR UNIVERSITY MEN.

WE should be glad if any correspondent, who is "up to snuff," would tell us if there is any material difference between that which is commonly called "blackguard" and the "Oxford mixture."

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Irritated Swell. "RING! YES, OF COURSE I RUNG! HOW THE DEUCE DO YOU SUPPOSE I'M TO DO MY BACK HAIR WITH ONLY ONE CANDLE?"

THE BLACK JOB OF THE CITY.

WE always begin to burn with indignation, when we think of our coals and the tax we have to pay for them to the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen of London. They frequently tax our patience by their obtuseness, and our gravity by their absurdity, but why they should tax our coals we cannot tell, unless it is that they feel a sort of right to place upon illumination or enlightenment as much restriction as possible. The tax was originally confined to coals coming to London by the Thames, it being thought, probably, that the right of bringing combustibles by the river might interfere with the old privilege of "setting the Thames on fire," which is supposed to be vested in the LORD MAYOR and Aldermen. The subject is now boldly grasped, and coal is being taken in hand, with a view to a thorough sifting. Those who have had the fingering of coal for so many years cannot come out of the affair with clean hands, but the sooner the dirty affair is got rid of, the better it will be for the character of the Corporation, and the pockets of the public.

THE RELEASE OF MADIAI!

ANOTHER brand upon the brow of Rome!
Another murder to the papal score!
Where HUSS and JEROME were inscribed before,
Oh now, Recording Angel! in thy tome
Write MADIAI, though his lips no foam
Of felon's death-pang whitened, and his gore
Made red no scaffold; glowing pincers tore
Not his quick flesh; nor did the martyrdom
Of fiery torment his fell butchers glut.
But him did LEOPOLD, the dastard tool
Of Popery, in a loathsome dungeon shut,
So that he died. "Freedom of Action," Fool,
Would'st thou grant Romish bigots? Freedom, but
Freedom of prate and antics: NONE of RULE.

A SHORT THEATRICAL CATECHISM.

Q. What order do the Press Orders belong to?
A. The Order of the Fleece.

OUR HONEYMOON.

SUNDAY, MAY 4, 18—

WEATHER beautiful! I may say, quite Sabbath weather. Somehow, afraid to be a little late at church; and so, really, as I told FREDERICK, don't half dress myself, going out *quite a figure*. Wonder what the people will think? In his grave, sly way, FRED. tells me to *calm my anguish;* and that as we're going to church, he has the liveliest hope that the congregation will charitably construe my bonnet, and undergo my gown with Christian resignation. He assures me that people *don't* think; that people don't trouble their heads with people; and that even were I to go to church the *greatest fright* that could be, people would know nothing of the matter; would eat their dinners; and at bedtime positively go to sleep as if *nothing had happened*. And all this long speech he made, looking in my eyes in his sly way—all this long speech, because I merely wondered—when I was putting on my bonnet at the glass, *what* people would think? What an odd *love of a creature he is!*

How lovely the walk to church! The grass and hedges all so fresh, all as if they'd drunk their fill of the rain, that still glitters in *millions of diamond drops!* Such a freshness from the earth, as though it took and breathed a *hearty breath!* And the church-bell rings so cheerfully, as if it called all people to come and hear blessed tidings—as, indeed, it does. And on we walk, and the sheep—those dear sheep—look at us with their meek faces, and there is one dear little lamb that FREDERICK vows has leapt out of the frame and trotted all the way from Rome—where he once saw it, when he travelled—out of the frame of one of RAPHAEL'S pictures—it has such a sweet speaking little face. I tell FREDERICK that I should like so much to take it Home with us—(*that word Home!* if it doesn't seem to get *sweeter and sweeter* every time I speak it!)—it would be so pretty always to have a dear pet lamb. But FREDERICK answers that lambs have a habit of becoming sheep; and he is afraid that sheep, pet them as we may, do awaken in the contemplative mind emotions bordering on turnips. He is an odd creature!

It is beautiful to see the people. The young so fresh and rosy—country girls with such bright blood in their faces, and such brown and white complexions, and such big sloe-black eyes (FREDERICK prefers them blue; but that, I fear—no, I don't *fear* it—that is out of compliment to a *certain person*)—sloe-black and sky blue when bluest and brightest, and all looking so sweet and fresh as though they'd always been washed *in May morning dew*.

And young and old, we see them *dotting the fields* in all directions, moving towards the church. And it *is* the prettiest of churches. So old! Yet with such a pleasant aspect. A small grey church built of rugged stones—and with such a peaceful, cheerful look; like an old, old man that had lived through a long, long stormy life, and yet in his old age kept a cheerful, hopeful face, as though still looking, not onward, but upward.

We enter the church, and we are shown towards a pew. Of course, I am going in, when FREDERICK takes my arm in his hand, and with a gentle firmness sways me on one side, and passes me by him, seating me—and then seating himself—yes, seating me in the middle of the church, *on the open seats*, and in *no pew at all*. I *was* astonished. I am afraid I was *more* than astonished. I felt, yes—positively angry: and tried to *give him a look*: but I might just as well have looked at *one of the stone cherubim* on the wall—*he wouldn't see it*.

But I *had* cause to be angry! For just beside me—yes, positively *next to me*—there was an old dame, I *do* think nothing more than a *labourer's wife*, in a red cloak, and next to her her husband, *quite a peasant*—and I did feel my face as red as that cloak, and was quite in a twitter. I *do* think I should have left the church if I could have gone out—but FREDERICK—the provoking creature—as if he had foreseen *that*, sat *like a rock* before me. Well, to mend the matter, and to put me *almost in a passion*, who should come in—in *such a shawl and bonnet*, yes, a bonnet, too, with staring corn-flowers and poppies in it—as if anybody wore corn-flowers and poppies *in May*—but who should come into the church, and like her impudence! sit herself down immediately behind me but—JOSEPHINE? I nudged FREDERICK—but as if he knew what I was going to say—he took no more notice of me than if I'd been *the strangest stranger*. I nudged him again when—opening his prayer-book—he gave it to me with a manner that seemed to say—Attend to *that*.

Well, the service began—or begins, for my pen will get back to the *present*. The service begins; and by degrees I get calmer, though not so tranquil—I feel *that*—as I ought to be. And I do catch myself looking round at the pews—and positively *do* see in one of them the landlady of our house, of the White Hart; who—and this *does* astonish me—doesn't seem surprised to see *me* where I am. Indeed, *not a single person* in any of the pews appears to think *the least of the matter!*

The service continues, and the clergyman—a mild, sweet-voiced old man!—at length begins the sermon. The text is—"*And when the devil left* HIM, *angels came and ministered unto* HIM."

Such a beautiful discourse! The dear good man's words fall like soft, refreshing rain. "And so it is, my brethren"—he says—"so it is with us in the world; with every one of us. We are rewarded for every triumph we make over temptation. I will suppose that there are among us many who have struggled against the vanity of vain pleasures; many who have put down evil thoughts with a strong will; many who, after a long, and it may be, an uncertain conflict with the seduction of the world, at length have triumphed. I will put it to them—to answer in the sanctity of their own consciences—whether, when they have combated and so prevailed against the Evil, compelling and driving it into utter darkness from them—I put it to them, whether their hearts have not softened and melted within them; whether they have not felt in their bosoms a seraphic influence. They have so felt; it cannot be otherwise. And so it will ever be. Yes, my friends; no sooner shall you have driven from you the tempting demon of pride, of vanity, of anger—no sooner shall the devil have left you, than angels will come and minister unto you."

The tears roll down my face; and I feel so happy and *so humbled;* and so ashamed that I had shrunk—and couldn't help it—shrunk from the very touch of the dear old soul's scarlet cloak as though there had been the scarlet fever in it. But now, I felt so happy—and the happier the more I wept; and I felt the pressure of FREDERICK's arm as though *his* heart was at that moment—hearing me sob—at that moment growing towards me. The service is over, and the people leave the church. Again in the church-yard, it is pretty—beautiful—to see knots of people in threes and fours—married children from distant villages greeting father and mother—grandchildren—here and there the tiniest baby—kissed and danced by granny and grandsire!

Without a word, but with the same consent, we wander about the churchyard, and—in a few minutes—we are alone in it. What a beautiful spot! What a place—as FREDERICK afterwards said—what a place for the inevitable sleep!

We wander about, and without saying a word, read the tomb-stones. "This is very sad; worse than sad!" says FREDERICK. "Here we are required to ponder the vanities of life, remembering that he who lies below—he, who in the fulness of health and hope, was snatched from life at twenty-three—is now a prey to the devouring worm. This is very foolish."

"Foolish!" I cry, surprised.

"Foolish, my love," said FREDERICK; "very, very foolish, and very, very untrue. What has the worm to do with him, more than had the moth that may have eaten into his cast-off-coat? What was put here, but his coat of flesh and bone—his garment of earth? No, no; let the cheerful hope that is the vitality of our faith write *my* epitaph. No worms for me."

I can't say a word—not a word. So we pass from grave to grave, and I give a look homewards; and we are about to go thither, when we both together stop at a tombstone. It bears this word—these verses, and no more:—

"Lucy."

"Poor child of grief, by faithless vows betray'd,
At length from sin and sorrow thou art free;
Thy debt to nature, it is truly paid,
And wounded pity pays her debt to thee."

"The heart that is now a clod below us"—said FREDERICK, at the same time seating himself upon the grassy grave—"the poor heart, it is plain—bitterly plain—broke in the trial."

I couldn't say a word. I sat down beside him. I thought of my vanity, my worldliness, my pride in the church. The grave I sat upon seemed to reproach, yet kindly teach me. I gathered a daisy—it was the only one—from LUCY's grave; and in remembrance of the cheerfulness, the humility, the constancy it should teach me—for is not the daisy an emblem of all these?—marked my first wedded Sabbath.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 3.

I BELIEVE I am dreadfully wanting in decision of character. Here is our election going on, and I can't bring myself to join either side. Every one seems to have made up his mind, except myself. Each party is clear that it is the original and only genuine champion of the Protestant Religion and the House of Brunswick, which long live the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT. The other side are Jesuits, Papists in disguise, Dissenters, Absolutists, Radicals, Socialists, unscrupulous place-hunters, disappointed bigots, renegades and traitors. What nonsense! It isn't so. They know it isn't so. Take BROWN, for instance, who is on the RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN DOE'S Committee. BROWN supports his mother and sisters by hard work at the Bar, and some years ago gave up a Fellowship because he thought such an endowment unfit for a man who could manage to live without it. And FITCH calls this man dishonest, simply because he is High Church. Why, FITCH himself would trust him with an untold bushel of bank-notes, if he had them, this very day. Then FITCH catches it from the other side. FITCH is an active partisan of MR. ROE, and in consequence no name is bad enough to throw at him. Far-sighted and deliberate schemes of self-aggrandisement are attributed to that honest fellow, worthy of CESAR BORGIA, or LOUIS NAPOLEON. And yet he is a perfect boy. He looks forward to the end of Term and getting a shot at a snipe, or a day or two's salmon-fishing, as eagerly as he did when he was fifteen. But then he has some unintelligible crotchet about the 17th Article, and therefore is capable of any baseness. I hate these religious controversies: they make men so bitter and unreasonable. Here are gentlemen of education and position who talk of each other as if they were so many pickpockets. Pray, my brothers, leave rancour and calumny to more congenial spirits, to Metropolitan Vestry Meetings, and such like. *Your* learned hands were never made to tear each other's eyes. Let the Morning Cur bark and bite, and the True Blue growl and fight, for 'tis *their* nature to. If you can't be unanimous, vote in silence, and don't call names.

By Jove! what a lot of the old fellows are up. I have shaken hands with thirty men in five minutes. Every master's gown in the city must have been hired for the occasion. Why there's SCORESBY, of all men in the world, like the priest all shaven and shorn, in the very stiffest white choker, and the highest black silk waistcoat I ever beheld. And did you ever see such an apostolic coat? He might be a dean or an archbishop. I remember SCORESBY with whiskers curling down almost into his lap, a wonderful smoker and whist-player, with an extraordinary talent for drinking beer. He was sent down for painting the Provost's door pea-green; and now he is bringing out an edition of "CYPRIAN," to be followed by the rest of the African Fathers. Gad, he looks as if he hadn't dined for a week.

Here comes a stately swell with a blond moustache. That's THORNTON; he is in the Heavies, and I should have thought much too great a man to be interested in politics. He seems rather uneasy in his cap and gown. The pale youth with him is his cousin, the HON. AND REV. SPENCER THORNTON, so well known at Exeter Hall in the month of May. He is rather shy of visiting the University, where his particular kind of humbug is at a discount. He has a great flow of words, but a very bad memory, and makes the most tremendous blunders in his historical allusions. So he is never quite comfortable except among women, who idolize him, and are always giving him cambric handkerchiefs.

Here comes a detachment of barristers from London. They all vote for DOE and have a great contempt for the other side, the strength of which lies among the country parsons. It is very amusing in the Common-room after dinner, to hear one of these shrewd, perhaps not over-modest, gentlemen set the mild residents to rights, and explain to them how ignorant they are of the world.

I heard young JAWKINS, who has just got his first brief, chaffing poor BOWSER, the tutor, in the most unmerciful manner about College bigotry and intolerance; and it is barely four years since the boy looked on that venerable man, and heard his words with awe and admiration. BOWSER said privately, afterwards, "When JAWKINS grows older, he will *know less.*" Here, at all events, is one man who is not changed. How are you, SIDNEY, old boy? He wears the same hunting scarf, neat black riding coat and tight drab trowsers, and has his boots cleaned as incomparably as ever. His face is as weatherbeaten and jolly, and, I doubt not, his heart is as warm as when we were undergraduates together. He is a country gentleman, and, I fear, rather wedded to obsolete economical theories, the abolition of which certainly relieved him of five hundred a-year. He is a great man with the Ditchley hunt, and a dead shot, and keeps up his place in Northamptonshire with traditional state and hospitality. He has come up to vote for ROE, whom he identifies with Protestantism and our ancient institutions. He is never haunted by a doubt or scruple in his politics. He has a maxim which never fails him. "My dear fellow, I always go with my friends."

THE ACTOR'S ORTHOGRAPHY.

WE have heard that there is a sort of enchantment in the profession of the actor, but whether there is or no, we are quite sure that there is a peculiar spell about the stage, which is only to be met with in the pronunciation of those who appear before a theatrical audience. We should like to ask—and would ask if there were any chance of our getting a satisfactory answer—why it is that the orthography of real life is abandoned on the other side of the foot-lights, which seems to be the boundary of a region where MAYOR is unknown, and where CARPENTER exists in his mechanical form alone, without any of those lexicographical attributes with which his name is identified?

We would ask why the letter *t* can't be followed in the same word by the letter *r* without the intrusion of an impertinent vowel to disturb the union? Why, in fact, is "retribution" always "rete-ribution" in the mouth of the tragedian? and why cannot he utter the word "truth" without putting into it so many eece's as to make it a matter of much difficulty, and no ease at all to follow him? The letter *r* altogether seems to be marked out for persecution on the stage, as even at the beginning or the end of a word it is not allowed to have its natural force, without an attempt to tack something extraneous on to it. For example, "revenge" is sure to become "a-a-revenge" in the ordinary actor's mouth, and "terror" is amplified into "terror-a" by the lips of the "leading man" at a melo-dramatic establishment.

The treatment of the vowels is often no less cruel than that of the consonants, and a system of substitution is practised with no other apparent motive than to make speaking on the stage as unlike speaking anywhere else as possible. The "pestilence" of MAYOR becomes "pest-a-lence," when mentioned by an actor in his part; the "clear sky" is deprived of all its clearness, by being tortured into "skeyie;" and the "transparent blue" is hardly to be seen through from the intensity of the "blee-you" that is thrown into it. "Terrible" is converted into "terra-bul;" a "crime" is rendered far more atrocious by being extended into a "cer-r-r-r-ime;" and the actor generally makes an injudicious display of his love of letters, by dragging as many letters as he can into every syllable he utters. We hear occasionally of youth having been driven to the theatre by certain aspirations, and, indeed, those aspirations have often been manifest to the audience; though they have been sadly misplaced, for what can justify the aspiration which converts "action" into "haction," and treats "every hope of earthly happiness" as nothing better than "hevery ope of hearthly appiness." We should be very glad to break the disenchantment of the sort of spell that hovers about the atmosphere of the stage; and, if we have spoken plainly, it is only with the hope that the actors may attempt to follow the example, by trying to speak for the future as plainly as we have done.

TALK OF THE WEATHER.

A LEARNED discussion has lately been going on with reference to the causes of rain; and, really, after the very wet weather we have had during so many months, it is refreshing to get hold of a thoroughly dry subject. We shall be delighted if the gentlemen who have kindly taken the cause of rain in hand will effectually clear it up, to the satisfaction of all parties. One learned writer attributes it to the "rapid union of two or more volumes of air;" and considering the rapidity with which several volumes of airy nothings are continually issuing from the Press, we cannot be surprised at the dampness of the atmosphere. He adds that "winds are the agents by which these volumes are distributed;" an assertion we verily believe, for it is astonishing how many volumes can be carried off by the agency of puffing. Another authority insists that "vapour condenses into rain;" and we ourselves can testify that there is a great deal of mere vapouring, which, when condensed into its due proportions, falls to the ground with amazing rapidity.

With every respect for the elaborate inquiry into the subject of where the rain has come from, we must confess that "where it has all gone to" is a point on which we are quite as much puzzled.

Windfalls for the Church.

THE *Morning Post* states that 291 Clergymen have died during the past year, causing the transference of ecclesiastical revenues to the amount of £101,449; but as several of them were pluralists with two, three, or four appointments, the distinct benefices may be reckoned at about 350; by which computation the Church has gained more in livings than it has lost in deaths.

THE NESTOR OF THE NAVY.

OH, the days when I was young!
In GEORGE THE THIRD'S old precious time,
When, all his jolly dogs among,
The PRINCE OF WALES was in his prime.
I recollect DUNDAS and PITT,
How FOX was famous for his tongue,
And SHERIDAN renowned for wit,
All in the days when I was young.

Oh, the days when I was young!
I oft saw MRS. JORDAN play,
And rogues and vagabonds were hung,
For petty stealing, every day.
Then men could drink their bottles three;
And then the war with France up sprung;
And then did I first go to sea,
All in the days when I was young.

Oh, the days when I was young!
Beneath old HOWE'S and VINCENT'S flag,
I often to the topmast clung,—
A thing of which I needn't brag.
And under COLLINGWOOD I served,
Long ere this leg was swathed and slung;
And my promotion I deserved,
All in the days when I was young.

Oh, the days when I was young!
I helped LORD NELSON win the Nile,
Whilst DIBDIN'S songs our seamen sung;
And now I am a grey old file!
I also fought at Trafalgar,
Then down my arms in honour flung;
Since then I've seen no more of war—
None, since the days when I was young.

Oh, the days when I was young,
That art and science could restore!
At least this old hulk caulk and bung,
That rates above a Seventy-Four.
For I'm appointed to command,
All battered, shattered, and unstrung;
Oh, gouty foot! oh, shaky hand!
And, oh the days when I was young!

ENGLAND'S BEST DEFENCES.

IF the whole length of the coast were defended by a good line of railway, with trains running at all hours, and garrisoned with an efficient corps of signalmen and guardsmen, picked from our worst-managed Railway Companies, we are confident that LOUIS NAPOLEON would at once abandon all ambitious idea of invading England, for to land an army on the coast in the teeth of such strong defences would be only to expose it to certain death. Once set the trains running, and not a Frenchman would be found to face the fearful danger, more especially, if a set of time-tables were published, "by Authority" at the same period. The only difficulty is, with the many contending claims, on what Chairman or Committee-man of our numerous railway companies we should confer the proud honour of being appointed Commander-in-Chief of these most important fortifications. All claims, however, fairly considered, we think the preference should be given to the Oxford and Buckingham Line. Under its signal care, or rather the want of it, England may be safely pronounced to be impregnable!

The destructive powers of railway engines have been sufficiently tried upon Englishmen, and it is time now that those same engines of destruction should be turned a little against our foes. We will pay the damages of the next railway accident, if, with such defences on our coast to receive an invading army, a man of it leaves the island alive!

MAXIM FOR THE ADMIRALTY.—You may take a ship to the water, but you can't make it swim.

PROBABLE RESULT OF THE POULTRY MANIA.

A TRIFLE FROM SCOTLAND TO THE EMPEROR!

In our excellent contemporary, far north, the *Inverness Courier*, we find these glad tidings:

"Eagle for the Emperor of France.—A fine golden eagle, taken in Strathglass, is at present in this town, with a view to its being sent to Paris as a present to the Emperor of France. A number of rabbits have been sent as food for the eagle during its journey."

This is very handsome of the good folks—whoever they may be—of Scotland. A golden eagle, too! Truly this makes the offering more magnificent. We are moreover delighted to find that the eagle has been sufficiently provided with food, so that he may appear in the best feather before his new owner. And yet a doubt comes over us. Rabbits! Are they rabbits in the fur, or merely Welch rabbits?

Any way, it is very charming to know that Scotland has so gracefully renewed her ancient alliance with the kingdom of France. Can she not still further strengthen it? Napoleon wants a wife. As Scotland has sent him an eagle, could she not provide him with a dove—a ring-dove?

We are as surprised as charmed with the enthusiasm of even three or four Scotchmen—perhaps, too, the number may swell to half-a-dozen, or it may subside to one—who can thus touchingly illustrate an admiration for patriotism, generosity, munificence and magnanimity, and twenty other virtues, all as resplendent in the Emperor as are the golden plumes of the imperial bird. How will the eagle be received? Will all Scotchmen residing in Paris form a tail to "our cousin" the Duke of Hamilton, to be preceded by a piper blowing and screeching, and marching like a lunatic peacock, to the Tuileries? We hope so. When Scotland parts with so much gold as a golden eagle—and to such a man—it is impossible to make too much of the donation.

We would not goad liberality, nevertheless we must suggest an addition to the golden gift. The Emperor is about to be crowned and robed. Well, there are, we have heard, sleek, beautiful, wild creatures to be found among the hills of Scotland. We think, if we mistake not, they are called wild-cats. Yes; wild-cats *is* the name. They are playful and innocent in their habits, never carrying off so much as a head of cattle—not even lifting a single stag. Now and then, it is said, they have been known to sit upon their hind legs, and lick their lips and mew to full-uddered cows for a drop of milk. Well, we propose that a few of these cats be snared, killed, and skinned,—and their furs, duly prepared, sent to Napoleon the Third, to decorate his coronation robe. The nine lives popularly bestowed upon a cat might, in catskin, be interpreted as the aspiration of Scotland—"May the Emperor live for ever!"

As we were about to go to press, a letter—of which the following is the postscript—was received by the well-known Scotch house—Macthistle, Macwhistle, and Macbristle:—

"*Inverness, Jan.* 19.

"You will not be surprised to learn that our golden eagle, intended as a present to the Emperor of France, has not yet quitted us. Some say that the bird is not well enough to take so distant a journey. Some say it has got the pip: but—a word in your lug—*I* think it's the awful decline in the French funds.

"Yours, Archibald Macsiller."

The Reins of Power.

Some umbrellas are being advertised, of a colour called Napoleon Blue. Napoleon is rather aptly associated with an umbrella just now, for the old saying, "it never rains but it pours," was never more thoroughly illustrated than in the case of Louis Bonaparte. How he may be able to weather the storm, should it really set in, is a rather difficult question, and the umbrella, as well as the Emperor, may then find less magic in the name of Napoleon than some seem to anticipate.

Conscience Money.—Mr. Charles Matthews begs to acknowledge the receipt of four shillings, being the price of admission to the boxes, which have been sent to him by a most honourable individual, who signs himself (though somewhat at length) as "One of the 100,000 persons who have been the cause, by going in with orders during the last five years, of keeping £25,000 out of the Lyceum Treasury, and who hopes the remaining 99,999 persons will do the same." Mr. Charles Matthews hopes, in the name of conscience, those honourable gentlemen will do the same, and he doesn't mind on this occasion sinking the manager, and acting for the first time as Money-taker.

A Legal Conveyance.—The Prison Van.

THE NEW CREW.

"NOW, GENTLEMEN—PULL TOGETHER THIS TIME, IF YOU PLEASE."

JANUARY 22, 1853.

THE POULTRY EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition of fowls has been drawing such numbers, that the throng in Baker Street has been sufficient to remind one of the crowd in the Poultry. The anxiety to see these animals and their various plumage shows how the public taste can be tickled by a feather, and, indeed, during every day of the exhibition, the place appropriated to the fowl has resembled a fair. The display has somewhat shaken our faith in the old saying that "birds of a feather flock together," for we have never seen so many birds of different feathers as we have recently found flocking together in Baker Street. The prices fetched at the sale have been almost fabulous, and among others a certain duck—which must have been a regular "duck of ducks"—was valued at one hundred pounds sterling. Two of the pens of Polish fowls are estimated at one thousand pounds—a circumstance which ought to make the literary market look up, for if so much can be obtained by a pen, the author's fortune may be one on which he has a right to plume himself. We are not in the habit of taking our own pen into the market, but we should like to ask, if a pen at Baker Street—Polish though it be—is worth one thousand pounds, what is the value of the pen of *Punch*, which is all polish, and point of the most brilliant order?

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE GRAND UNITED GOLD AND DIAMOND DUST COMPANY.

An Act is already in existence—the Insolvent Act—to limit the liability of the Shareholders.

CAPITAL, £100,000 in Shares of £1.

To show the confidence felt in the undertaking on the spot, it is respectfully announced, that 50,000 Shares are reserved for the locality where the dust exists, or, in other words, for the dusthole.

The names of the Directors, if announced, would be recognised in the market as guarantees for very large amounts, and every one of them is extensively associated with the stamp or stamps of credit.

This Company is formed for the purpose of working the rich deposits supposed to be embedded in the various Banks of an extensive district. The Directors are in treaty for the lease of an extensive river in the Brazils, the tide of which is supposed to lead on to fortune.

They hope, by getting into the right current, to be able to stir up the sources of wealth already alluded to, when they may anticipate that the numerous flats on all sides will yield an abundance of the precious ore they are in search of. Should these means of profit become exhausted, the Directors have the satisfaction of feeling that the adjacent plantations will enable them to take advantage of the numerous plants, and the gold being used up, they can cut their sticks immediately.

The Directors propose to take further powers for pocket-smelting, and otherwise reducing the quantities of auriferous matter that remain unappropriated, on account of the imperfect manner in which the process of extracting gold from any place in which it exists, has been hitherto carried on in this country.

Notwithstanding the numerous arts that have been employed, the Directors flatter themselves they are in possession of a machinery by which gold can be squeezed out from quarters where it has, until now, remained so tightly held as to have been regarded as utterly unattainable. The process is one of refinement, but it would be obviously imprudent to say more on this point in a public advertisement.

The Directors hope that enough money for their purpose will be obtained at once, and they anticipate no further calls, but the Subscribers will have the right of making as many calls as they please—for the recovery of their money—at the office of the Company, should the undertaking be un-remunerative to the Shareholders.

Applications for Shares, in the usual form, may be made forthwith to the Secretary *pro tem.*, who will be happy to throw samples of the Dust immediately into the eye of any applicant.

PRECIOUS POULTRY.—Hens rear ducklings; but the price of Cochin China fowls is so enormous, that their chickens can only be reared by geese.

SISTERS AND SLAVERY.

AFFECTIONATE REPROOF

BY THE LADIES BULL.

DEAREST Sisters, we implore you
To receive our fond caress,
Whilst we meekly lay before you
An affectionate address;
Do not think we mean to blame you
By a single thing we say,
Or desire at all to shame you
In the slightest kind of way.

But by such a sense of duty
To this course we are impelled,
From publicity though Beauty—
We 're aware—should keep withheld,
That we must call your attention
To a tender point, we know,
You will guess it when we mention
MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Sisters, daughters, wives, and mothers,
Ah! our feelings how it racks,
That your sons, sires, husbands, brothers,
Should so badly use their blacks!
Oh! we speak with hearts sincerest,
All with love and pity rent;
But why don't you, Sisters dearest,
Make your relatives repent?

ENDEARING RECRIMINATION

BY THE LADIES JONATHAN.

Sisters, darlings, sweetest creatures,
Of a common faith and stock,
Not a word to cloud your features,
Or your gentle bosoms shock,
For a moment would we utter,
For all California's gold,
But now we've churned all that butter,
You must let the truth be told.

You have slaves far worse than niggers,
That in ignorance are sunk,
Who no letters know, nor figures,
Vicious, destitute, and drunk:
Have them taught to read their Bibles,
And repeat their A B C,
Better this than writing libels
On the Nation of the Free.

Go, exhort each male relation,
We would earnestly implore,
To relieve the dire starvation
Which is lying at your door;
'Tis with deepest pain, that others
Of their faults we 're forced to tell,
Whilst forbearance gently smothers
Hearts each gushing like a well!

SEASONABLE INTERFERENCE

BY AN IMPARTIAL ARBITRATOR.

Ladies, ladies, soft and fairly
Interchange your loving raps,
Or you 'll 'scape a quarrel barely,
If not come to pulling caps.
Both have grounds for accusation,
But on one side there's a flaw:
Slaves for *want of Legislation*
Are not quite like *slaves by Law*.

A Dead Certainty.

MR. NASMYTH has been promising to endow England with a new "Destructive Engine." We doubt if it can be half so destructive as the Railway engines England has already got.

Mamma. "My dear Frederick, do, pray, take your Hands out of your Pockets!"

Frederick. "Couldn't do it, Mamma dear; all our Men at Cambridge wear their hands in their pockets, and I couldn't Disgrace my College by taking mine out!!"

THE SWEEP AND MANY FRIENDS.

A sweep has just been having what may be called a brush with the Post-Office. The "honest fellow" happens to find the Newcastle mail bag lying in Coppice Row, when instead of sacking the bag, he asks the assistance of a policeman to carry it to the Post-Office. The "honest fellow" naturally expects a reward, and on being offered ten shillings, he writes to the *Times* to say that acting under the advice of "his friends," he has refused the gratuity. We do not exactly understand the principle on which the sweep, as advised by his "friends in council," has declined taking the money. Is it considered that ten shillings is not enough for carrying a bag to the nearest police station—to which the mail was conveyed by the help of a constable—or does "the honest fellow," as advised by his friends, adopt the respectable maxim that "honesty is its own reward," and that any thing extra may therefore be rejected as surplusage? When questioned by the policeman who met him carrying the bag, the sweep certainly appeared to come out of the matter with clean hands, and indeed he only expressed a wish to wash his hands of the bag altogether.

As a remuneration for his labours, we think ten shillings must pay the sweep tolerably well for a short morning's work, but if his friends think he ought to charge for his honesty, we should find it difficult to estimate the value of that article in a man who is induced to haggle about the worth of it. Suppose the sweep were offered five pounds, would his friends advise him to accept that amount as the sum representing the price of his integrity? Walpole—not the late Home Secretary—said that "every man has his price." We wish we could see a regular tariff drawn up, as a guide in such cases as that of the sweep, who has evidently consulted his friends for the purpose of obtaining satisfaction.

A Youthful Party.

Six Admirals dined together last week at Portsmouth, and their united ages amounted to 556 years. The youngest of the party, who was not more than 73, is anxiously waiting for his turn to be called into active exercise. It is strongly feared by his friends, however, that his age will stand materially in his way, as he is considered far too young at present to be appointed to any responsible post. The other Admirals join their ships (gout permitting) in a few days.

PORTRAIT OF AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

"My dearest Punch,

"Mamma is what they call a strong-minded woman. She is always reading books about Progress, and Mind, and the Mission of Women, and all that sort of thing, especially American works. I lately happened to take up one of these; it was an Oration by a kind of clergyman of the name of Theodore Parker on the late Mr. Daniel Webster. As it was lying open on mamma's desk, I observed some passages in it which she had marked. They were descriptions of Mr. Webster's features and personal appearance. Mamma, I know, had marked them in admiration; but I am sure her taste is very different from mine, and I think you will agree with me that Mr. Parker's sketch is the portrait of a very plain man. Allow me, dear *Punch*, to present you with a few of his remarks on the *attractions* of the great President or Statesman, or whatever you call him. For instance:—

"'He was a great man—a man of the largest mould—*a great body and a great brain*; he seemed made to last 100 years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive huge.'

"What an advantage to have a massive huge head! How extremely like an elephant. Equally like Socrates, no doubt. I have been shown a bust of Socrates. The head is certainly a 'massive huge' one; as much so as Magog's; broad enough in front for two, with a wide, thick mouth, and a puggy, snubby nose. It can be no flattering likeness to anybody; and indeed I never saw anything more ugly, except the objects with such horrid faces that are carved in stone about old cathedrals, and which I am told the Puseyites worship.

"I do not wonder at what Mr. Parker says a little farther on:—

"'Men from the country, who knew him not, *stared at him* as he passed through our streets.'

I dare say they did. I believe I should have been rude enough to do so too. The boys must have run after him, if the girls did not. Nor am I surprised at who were his principal admirers.

"'The *coalheavers* and *porters* of London looked on him as one of the great *forces* of the globe; they recognised a native king.'

"Such a great, coarse, overgrown creature would naturally be the admired of all coalheavers, as well as the observed of all observers. A giant like that might be looked upon by them as equal to any force in the world—however inferior, in other eyes, to a *single* officer in a certain regiment. That the porters and coalheavers recognised him for a native king, too, is very likely. I dare say he did very much resemble the Sovereign of the Cannibal Islands. In fact, Mr. Parker says nearly as much:—

"'What a mouth he had! *It was a lion's mouth.*'

"However, though Mr. Webster had a lion's mouth, there were times, I conclude, when a Van Amburgh might have put his head in it. Because Mr. Parker continues:—

"'Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's softness when he would.'

"But I can't believe that *any* man could possibly display such softness as *that*—much less a being who, in a finishing touch, is painted as a perfect Ogre:—

"'What a brow it was! What *eyes!* like *charcoal fire* in the *bottom of a deep dark well.* His face was *rugged* with *volcanic fire, great passions,* and great thoughts!'

"Did you ever, *Mr. Punch*, read anything more terrible? Why, this is the description of a Monster. With two eyes like charcoal fire glaring in the dark, Mr. Webster must have been a greater hideosity than the giant I have read about, who had only one—the giant *called* Polyphemus, although he was a man: but I suppose that Polly could express a woman's softness, too. And then, only think of a face rugged with volcanic fire! A burning mountain of a man. I should call him Vesuvius—and I wonder who could ever have married him but Ætna: for, besides his face being in a state of fiery eruption, we are told it was inflamed with great passions, which *must* have proved fatal to domestic bliss. Who would ever dream of such a man?—though I am afraid *I* shall: and it will be the fault of the Rev. Mr. Parker for putting the idea of such a fright into my head.

"Angelina."

MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

CHAPTER II.

YOU left me at the theatre, which I had reached before the raising of the curtain, by dint of much hurrying of *Mrs. P.*, who, after all, declared I had brought her out not fit to be seen, and was, I must say, extremely short and disagreeable with me in the cab.

Suppose us, however, arrived and extricated from the pressing but unnecessary attentions of those impudently polite old men, of dilapidated appearance, who haunt the entrances of theatres, to open cab-doors which you have already opened, hand out ladies who jump down unaided, and in other ways make themselves generally useless, and expect to be paid for it. Already, on the threshold of the place, the abominable atmosphere of imposition hangs about one. In the vestibule, round about the cloak-women's den, it becomes thicker and thicker; till, inside the box-lobbies, "you could cut it with a knife," as the saying is.

It is very trying to the temper to run the gauntlet of linkman, cloak-woman, and box-keeper, and puts one in a frame of mind no way suited to the enjoyment of MR. BROADGRIN'S rich humour, or MR. SWITCHER'S elegant light comedy.

The insolent servility of those cloak-women! Their manner of hanging *Mrs. P.'s* cloak in one place, and my paletot in another, that they may secure two fees instead of one! Their brassy way of waiting for the expected coin before they hand you the wraps which *Mrs. P.* is shivering for! Their harpy-like clutch of fourpenny pieces! All this, I must own, inspires me with feelings of positive hatred to the institution. I have no doubt I am extremely uncharitable to these poor women, who probably are very honest, hard-working creatures, very likely with pale-faced, heavy-eyed little children, training for the ballet, ready to be hung up by the waist, or the head, or the heels, as the case may be, to people the realms of bliss in a pantomime, or to heighten the blaze of triumph in the concluding tableau of a fairy piece. I ask your pardon, my good women, but I cannot look upon you in any other light than as robbers and enemies. If I pay your demand, it is with bitterness, and lest I should be accused of meanness, in the presence of the box company; I am sure the money you get does not do you any good. It is given savagely—no grace of kindliness or charity sanctifies it.

Let us say no more of this, but pass on—having paid toll to the SCYLLA of the Vestibule—to the CHARYBDIS of the Lobby.

Here comes upon me, heavier and more nauseous still, the same low, creeping, nauseating air of servile insolence, and mercenary civility. These box-keepers, who won't hear my call till they have eyed me and guaged my waistcoat pocket—their manner of fumbling at the door-handle—of obstructing the entrance and of not knowing whether there are places or not—of half entreating half ordering me to "take a bill"—in short, of baffling all my efforts after seats, till they have brought my hand to my pocket, and seen the coin between my fingers; and then, when the fee is pocketed and the bill bestowed, the sudden drop of all that fawning obsequiousness of a moment ago, and their dart away after a fresh "party" and a new prey! I say that all this inspires me with a feeling of hate of my species, of something that is above vexation and below contempt. I long to kick these men. I feel convinced I might kick them for a consideration. They seem to me the very essence of the lowest flunkeyism, the embodiment of civility at per sixpence, of mercenary courtesy, of shuffling, story-telling, hypocrisy and false pretence.

Now, I want to know why all this should be? I know, MR. PUMPKIN, you will quote to me the parallel case of waiters and inn-servants. But it is no defence of one abuse to show me another.

What I want to know is, why you do not have decent, sober, clean, and well-conducted servants to do these duties—people paid by you for their work, not paying you for permission to fleece me and make me savage and sulky, and badly disposed for the entertainment you provide me?

What I want is, that I may know the worst that having looked forward to pay eight shillings for the night's amusement of myself and *Mrs. P.* (cabs exclusive), I may not find myself subjected to an extra plunder of two shillings more.

No doubt you escape the payment of certain salaries by this; you may even put a share of the blackmail levied on your visitor into your own pocket. But I am sure you lose more than this gain by the numbers the present system keeps out of your theatre. The amount I am fleeced of is nothing; it is the temper and spirit that being fleeced at all engenders; it is the "take care of your pockets" frame of mind that is so dangerous to the popularity of your theatre.

But I have digested my wrath—I have reconciled myself to the two seats in the second row, which my sixpence has procured for myself and *Mrs. P.* I have settled down to the enjoyment of this delightful comedy of contemporary manners, in which the pretty waiting maid keeps up that perpetual fire of repartee with her mistress which so enlivens our drawing-rooms at home, while an old gentleman, in an irascible wig and gaiters (perpetually insulted by one of those comic servants who will be found in most families), carries out, through a series of the most probable blunders (as real old gentlemen so often do), his natural desire to marry his niece to a young gentleman he has never seen who turns out to be somebody else—and in which people, by the everyday practice of listening at doors, are perpetually finding out the most important secrets, which other people are constantly letting out by the equally common course of reading their letters aloud as they write them: in which, in short, the stage (as you are fond of quoting) is "holding the mirror up to nature, and showing the age and body of the time its form and pressure," as these have impressed themselves on your popular dramatist, MR. FIZGIG.

Great as is my enjoyment of this fine picture of real life, it would not be less had I a *leetle* more room for my legs, and were I not from time to time made aware by *Mrs. P.* that the stout gentleman on the other side will insist upon sitting on her: a practice which (though I cannot as a husband approve of it) I do not wonder at, considering how hard the seats are. Could you not so furnish your boxes, MR. PUMPKIN, that I—a man with the usual allowance of limbs, and the average breadth of base—might sit in them, without having my knees screwed into the back of the irritable gentleman in front—a necessity which, I feel, attaches also to the gentleman behind myself?

You will tell me, perhaps, that there are three more individuals in the box—who have paid money too at your door—than can possibly sit at their ease in it, and that you are therefore a gainer of 12*s.* by our discomfort. But do you think it likely that the irritable gentleman in front of me—I beg your pardon, Sir, but there really is no other place for my knees—will come again to your theatre in a hurry? I myself—strong as is the impression I shall carry away from your charming entertainment—will carry away a much stronger impression of the knees of the gentleman in my rear. I don't think my aching and cramped bones will leave me under a strong inducement to return to your theatre, unless *Mrs. P.* insist upon it, which I do not think her so likely to do as she was before the stout gentleman sat upon her. After all, people are a good deal guided in their choice of amusements by the accommodation secured to them. A tragedy, or a comedy, is not a whit the worse received when the audience is comfortably instead of uncomfortably seated. It seems to me probable that, by insisting on cramming six sitters into the room of four, you may run the risk of only having one to accommodate; and, I really think, matters have in many cases gone a good way towards this.

Ladies accustomed in their drawing-rooms and boudoirs to all the luxury of perfect cleanliness, at least, are apt to complain of unswept private boxes, with their greasy walls, dusty chairs, musty cotton velvet, and the pop visits of that obtrusive female, who cannot be disabused of her fixed idea that refreshments are necessary for your party in the intervals of the performance.

And all this time what a headache I am getting! Ouph! and *Mrs. P.* is growing purple in the face, too. Incipient congestion of the brain, I should think—partial asphyxia! Yes—help! I'm being suffocated! The pit—the hot, happy, merry crowded pit—is doing the work of a pan of lighted charcoal on us unfortunates up here. Where is your ventilation, MR. PUMPKIN?—where is your ventilation? Send for DR. REID—send for MR. GOLDSWORTHY GURNEY—send for MR. BARRY—send for somebody, anybody, to pump a supply of breathable air into this carbonic acid gas retort of yours, or I will not answer for the consequences.

At last, thank the fates, the blue and red fires are blazing, the glory of the *Orbs of stalactites in the magic hall of a million mirrors* is revolving, the fairies are standing on their toes, and the poor little children, hung up by wires wreathed with rose garlands—what a picture of life!—are waving their wands, and smiling as pleasantly as their slings and bands and terror will allow them.

The curtain falls. Weary and worn out in body and mind, my legs cramped with your narrow rows, my spine aching with your unbacked chairs, my eyes throbbing with your gas, my brain congested with your carbonic acid, my back sore with knees, my mind soured by fleecing, I drag *Mrs. P.* into your lobby—recover her wraps, pay my last fee to the cloakwoman, accompanied by a most unchristian senti-

ment, and an exclamation I had rather not print—and after a concluding combat with the linkman, find myself in the cab, *Mrs. P.* by my side, in a state of mind about as unlike what might be looked for in a man who has just come from a place of public entertainment, as can well be imagined.

Is this false? Is this exaggerated? Is it up to the truth, even? Fathers of families, husbands and wives, I appeal to you? And yet, MR. PUMPKIN, you keep talking about the decline of the drama, and do not see about the reform of any of these things. And as yet we have been before the curtain!

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

Bootmaker (with great feeling). "OH NO, SIR! DON'T HAVE NAPOLEONS; HAVE TOPS, SIR!—YOURS IS A BEAUTIFUL LEG FOR A TOP BOOT, SIR!—*(young Nimrod is immensely pleased)*—BEAUTIFUL LEG, SIR! SAME SIZE ALL THE WAY DOWN, SIR! *(young Nimrod is immensely disgusted.)*"

WHO'S TO BE "MY BROTHER?"

THE great continental question is set, and of course for ever, at rest. NAPOLEON THE THIRD at length knows his relatives and friends. Sad is it to think that the estimable creature has been so long in doubt. Perhaps it was somewhat his own fault. Why did he not advertise for his "brothers" in the *Times* or *Punch?* However, the Emperor has now received all the credentials of relationship; and the epithets of endearment that sweetened them have been so many *bon-bons* filled with cordials to the Royal stomach. Our friend the reader knows right well the pretty, the ingenuous, the affectionate phrases with which, in a very contest of tenderness and love, the governesses and nurses of GARGANTUA were wont to address their darling. The epithets are, for one thing, a little too numerous to be repeated in our page—enough is it, we have touched upon them; but merely in illustration of the lavish affection that has been bestowed, in so many different syllables, on the Imperial GARGANTUA at present studying in Paris. For reasons of State these endearing terms have, for the present, been suppressed; and colder and more ceremonial phrases supplied. There is, however, good reason for this. It is well known that NAPOLEON THE THIRD never so much as sneezes without good reason for it. Sagacious as an oyster, he is also—when he wills it—as silent; never blabbing a word of the pearl within him.

Punch, from his triumphant and inapproachable position, is enabled to give the very words—yes, the *ipsissima verba*—addressed to the Emperor by the Ambassadors of foreign Powers

Russia calls him—"My own black bear!"
Austria—"My eagle of the sun of Austerlitz!"
Prussia—"My lad of wax!"
England—"My jolly big nose!"
Bavaria—"My own bottle of beer!"
Holland—"My pickled herring!"
Spain—"My mild cigar!"
Sweden—"My real turnip!"
Turkey—"My sack—my bow-string!"
Naples—"My lucifer!"
Rome—"MY LAMBKIN!"

Here are names to go to bed with; names benign and beautiful. Nevertheless, such is the self-denial of the EMPEROR OF FRANCE, that—as we have said for state reasons—they will not as yet appear in the *Moniteur*. As JOHN MILTON says—"Silence is pleased."

Terms of the Theatre.

PLAYGOERS are recommended to attend to an important distinction between two words that are often confounded. They may pay only five shillings to be *admitted* in the boxes; but what with one shilling for booking, and another for the box-keeper, they will have to pay seven shillings in order to be completely *let in*.

NO MORE GREY HAIR!

IT was remarked that, under the penultimate Administration, among the persons employed in the public service there was a great excess of the GREYS. In one sense, the Aberdeen Cabinet will be less Greyish than its Whig predecessor; and let us hope that its proceedings, in another point of view, will cease to be too strongly characterised by the colour alluded to. Extremely grey veterans should not be appointed to important military and naval commands; and common sense requires that the whiteness, of which the Rear-Admiral of the White is the Rear-Admiral, should not necessarily be that of the hair, and suggests that a sufficiently Grey element in the British Army is constituted by the Scotch Greys.

A Harmonious Ambassador.

IT is said that the EARL OF WESTMORELAND—our ambassador at Vienna, and Austria's very humble servant—has, at length, proffered his kind offices in satisfaction of the *Morning Chronicle's* correspondent, so grossly outraged by the Austrian police. The noble Earl, to make everything pleasant, and to strike up harmony between the parties, with a full sympathy for the wrongs of the Englishman, has offered to set them to music.

EXPECTED REMOVAL.—It is said that LORD JOHN RUSSELL will shortly give up his rooms at the Foreign Office, it being his wish to leave it for the Clarendon.

THE MASTER OF THE HOT ROLLS.

THE *Court Circular*, last week, chronicled the first breakfast given, on the opening of Hilary Term, by the new LORD CHANCELLOR to the Judges and others. Our courtly contemporary informs us that the "entertainment" included the MASTER of the ROLLS, which, considering that it was a breakfast, we do not much wonder at. We do not know what may be the extent of this officer's jurisdiction at the breakfast-table, but should suppose it probable that the Mastership of the Rolls comprehends the direction and control of the muffins and crumpets.

No more Boiled Fowl.

THE chief merits of the birds at the Fowl Show seemed to consist in being "gold" and "silver pencilled," "white crested," and "double combed" in perfection. We have always preferred the flesh of a fowl to its feathers; but if that bird is to be bred for its plumage, it will soon become a subject for taxidermy instead of being stuffed with sage and parsley.

Missing Old Clothes.

LOST, at various periods within the last few months, in the NATIONAL GALLERY, a Quantity of Apparel, consisting of COATS, the property of Messrs. NICHOLAS POUSSIN, RUBENS, CLAUDE, and other ANCIENT ARTISTS of Eminence. Whoever will recover the same and restore them to the "PLAGUE OF ASHDOD," the "QUEEN OF SHEBA," and "ST. BAVON," shall receive an UNLIMITED REWARD. If the COATS have been Destroyed, as there is reason to suspect, any Person or Persons shall be also handsomely REWARDED, who will give such information as shall lead to the CONVICTION and PUNISHMENT of the OFFENDERS.

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THE GRANDEUR OF THE GRAND JURY.

ANY philosopher who wished for an example of the emptiness of grandeur, and its unsatisfactory effect upon the grand themselves, need look no further than the Grand Jury of Middlesex. This venerable body never assembles without being lectured on its "extreme antiquity," and its "utter uselessness," its "respectability," and its "superfluousness:" in fine upon its having attained to such a good old age, as to be of no good at all; its very age having caused it to lapse into surplus-age. "Gentlemen," says the presiding judge at the commencement of every sessions, "You are a most ancient body;"—by which he means "a very old-fashioned body," and a body that is behind the time, or, rather, should have been left behind long ago, but has been by some mistake brought on like a lot of old lumber, that is by no means worth the carriage.

The Grand Jury then retires to a private room, to look for some bills, which it finds, almost as a matter of course, and frequently very much in the dark; but the truest bill of all is that which the County finds it has to pay for keeping up this ancient institution, long after it has ceased to be comfortable to itself or useful to others. The presiding judge invariably dismisses the Grand Jury, at the close of the sessions, with the observation, "You may now go to your homes, gentlemen, and I am sorry you have been brought here. The County is much obliged to you"—a phrase equivalent to "thank you for nothing." The Grand Jury will usually, through its foreman, express its own sense of its own uselessness, and urge the expediency of its own abolition. Never was grandeur so little coveted as it is by the Grand Jury, whose position appears to be one of splendid misery; and the sooner, therefore, the Legislature interferes to put the complaining body out of its misery, the better it will be for the County rate-payers in particular, and the public in general.

Armour for Veterans.

A REGULATION has just been issued from the Horse Guards and the Admiralty, providing an addition to the uniform of general officers and naval commanders on active service. Over the full dress coat they are in future to wear a spencer. It has been considered that their advanced years render it necessary that they should have a more adequate protection than they have hitherto been furnished with against the enemy—that is to say, Lumbago.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—WE, CLAUDE, RUBENS, REMBRANDT, POUSSIN, and others, appeal to the Charitable Public for a coat or two, or a garment of some sort, to keep us warm at this inclement period of the year, for really, what with scrubbing and overcleaning, and long exposure to ridicule and cold, we have fallen away so dreadfully, that we are ashamed to show ourselves in public. We are so reduced, that we are confident no one would recognise us as the same beautiful pictures, or, in fact, as pictures at all, unless perchance it were "pictures of wretchedness and nakedness." Any charitable individual, doubtful of our statement, may convince himself with his own eyes of the truth of it by looking in at the National Gallery, where, until we drop off the hooks (which, with our shrunken frames, is not unlikely to occur every day), we are at present hanging out. Subscriptions to be sent in to the "Pictorial Baths and Washhouses," Trafalgar Square, addressed to the "Clothing Fund for the Relief of the Old Masters." N.B. A few light coats for the more delicate frames would be, also, extremely serviceable.

SIGNED (*for their Fellow-Sufferers*), { CLAUDE. SALVATOR ROSA.

APSLEY HOUSE.

THE iron gates set wide, let in the human tide
Of gentle and of simple, of wealthy and of poor,
That in numbers ever swelling it may flood the hero's dwelling,
See, it stands not in the court, and it stops not at the door.
Pass along!

It stays not in the hall to look around the wall,
At the range of busts all standing in a still and stately ring,
On—on the tide keeps flowing, nor pauses in its going
For soldier or for statesman, for Kaiser or for King.
Pass along.

Up the staircase let it flow, past that marble bulk below—
A colossus, seeming huger in that twilight dim and dun;
Who sceptred thus doth stand, globe and victory in hand?
'Tis the conqueror of all, the conquered but of one!
Pass along!

Through chambers gay and bright, with costly pictures dight,
Where LANDSEER'S strong beast-tamer his fierce creatures doth subdue,
Where WILKIE'S veterans listen, with eyes that glow and glisten,
To the record of his battle—the Gazette of Waterloo.
Pass along!

From saloon unto saloon let the tide sweep onward soon,
Till suddenly it slackens in a long and narrow hall,
Where MURILLO'S bright brown faces, and VELASQUEZ' knightly graces
And TITIAN'S golden sunlights are glowing on the wall—
Pass along!

Yet pause awhile—for here he welcomed year by year
The companions of his triumph, the men of Waterloo;
Mark, curious, the space where his chair they used to place:
Enough! it is enough—we have seen it, and swept through—
Pass along!

Through curious treasure-rooms, where are gathered great heir-looms,
The trophies of his triumphs, rich gifts of price untold,
In their cases locked and guarded: so great deeds should be rewarded—
But why dwell on gauds and jewels—on malachite and gold?
Pass along!—

What means the sudden hush that has checked the hasty rush
Of the crowd that still pressed onwards, in this chamber low and bare?
To what poor place have we come in this vast and stately home?
What's that table, and that deal box standing there?
Pass along!—

No, linger long, and learn how, Spartan-like and stern,
He wrote at that poor table and sat in that mean chair;
How, with secretary near, in close toil and severe
He laboured, nor his body nor his mind for age would spare.
Pause awhile!

'Twas on the unpolished face of that rough-hewn old deal case
He wrote from all his fields how the fight had chanced to fare,
From Oporto's triumph through to the day of Waterloo
It was with him, and his records of battle still did bear.
Pause awhile

In this room, where none have past since its master left it last—
Nought touched; the book he laid aside to take it up again;
See the letters of the day after reading laid away—
His open inkstand, and the ink scarce dry within his pen.
Pass along!

To where he slept his sleep—not in downy cushions deep—
Such his bed as soldier's bed should be, uncurtained, hard and plain;
Solemn and still we gaze, till the fancy seems to raise,
'Midst these relics of his life, the old warrior up again!
Pass along!

The Imperial Shorts.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* says—

"A grave deliberation yesterday took place in the Senate. The Emperor havin expressed a wish that knee-breeches sh uld be generally adopted by the senators o great occasion», it was carried by a majority of 16, so that on the occasion of the nex ball to be given to the Emperor on the 25th, all the members of the Senate should appear in shorts."

We are glad to find the Emperor making such a point of wearing the breeches. We hope that the determination which he evinces as a bachelor will be equally exhibited by him, when he has become a married man.

A STAINED WINDOW FOR ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

We have been favoured with the inspection of a design for a painted window to be put up in Rochester Cathedral at the expense of the Dean and Chapter.

When we say, at the expense of the Dean and Chapter, we do not mean to insinuate that the Dean and Chapter are going to pay for the window.

The design is divided into compartments, each representing, in the mediæval fashion, a "Fytte," in "Ye Gestes of Maister Robert Whyston ye Confessour."

In *Compartment* 1, at the left hand corner of the window, the Master of the Cathedral School, Whiston, is seen standing beside a lectern or reading desk, whereon lie some scrolls of parchment inscribed with black letter, which he is supposed to be reading; although, in accordance with the principles of ancient art, he is delineated fronting the spectator. His arms are averted sideways, with the hands uplifted, and the palms open. He rests on the points of his toes, and his cap is raised from his head on those of his hair, which is standing on end. The contorted mouth and goggle eyes express horror and astonishment. Beneath is written,

Maister Roberte Whistone Discouerynge How ye Cathedral Statutes were Ybroke.

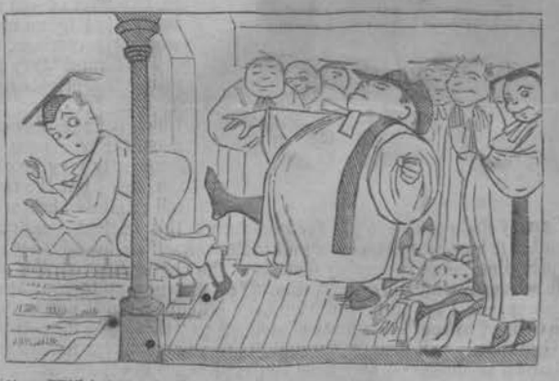
"In the next scene our hero appears pleading the cause of the Cathedral Scholars, in the Chapter-Room, before the Dean and his associates. With one hand (which is wide open) he extends the Statutes towards the capitular body; the other he stretches over the heads of a party of emaciated youths in academic costume, and angular postures, who are making dolorously wry faces, and have labels issuing from their mouths, inscribed with the legends, "Wee are Starving," "Gyv vs ovr Stypendes," and other appeals to pity and justice. "Ye Dene" is delineated in the centre of a number of fat fellows, who, seated at a table covered with great loaves of bread and large fishes, are thrusting their tongues out and poking one another in the ribs; whilst the Very Reverend Gentleman himself is responding to the appeal of Whiston by taking an energetic sight at him with both hands, the fingers of which are extended like spikes in a lateral direction from the decanal nose. This stage of the history is described, below, as

Maister Whyston hys Petycyon to ye Dene and Chapitre.

Division 3 represents the Rev. Mr. Whiston seated in his study, pen in hand, writhing, with dislocated limbs, in the agonies in composition. This effort of genius is described as meant to pourtray

Maistre Wyston wrytinge Cathedrall Crustes and theyr Fulfillmente.

The fourth picture exhibits in one view the interior and exterior of the Cathedral School. In the school-room are a number of figures, who are recognised by their corpulence and shovel hats as identical with the occupants of the Chapter-House before depicted. A figure of superior obesity to the rest, whom, as their Coryphæus, there is no mistaking, is kicking the Confessor Whiston out of doors; the others are joining their hands in what seems devotion, but is intended for applause. The emaciated scholars are here introduced as trampled on and sprawling beneath their feet. The title under-written is



Maister Whistonne thrust forth of his Schoole by ye Deane and Chappter.

Compartment Fifth displays the expelled Schoolmaster in his progress through the Courts of Law and Equity; the fat clerical figures already alluded to, aided by sundry monsters with tails and cloven feet, and wigs on their heads through which protrude horns, endeavouring to obstruct his progress with various legal instruments, labelled "Replycacyon," "Demmurrer," "Byll of Costes," and such like terms of Law. The denomination of this compartment is

Mayster Robt. Wyseton seekyth Justyce.

The succeeding division discovers our indomitable WHISTON having carried his case before the Bishop of the Diocese, who is pronouncing judgment to the effect of reinstating that ill-used clergyman in the Mastership of the Cathedral School. The mediæval style is here very appropriate, as strikingly expressive of the ill grace with which the prelate performs that act of tardy justice, namely, by thrusting the appellant down in an academic chair with his crozier, held between his wrists, whilst he exchanges mournful grimaces with the DEAN and CHAPTER. This representation is entitled,

Ye Bysschop restorynth Mastere Whistonn against ye Grayne.

The crowning scene is

Ye Dene and Chaptere eating Humbil Pye.

The defeated dignitaries are seated in the Chapter-House as before; but in lieu of the loaves and fishes, their fare now consists of a large pasty, on which is written the word RESTITUCYON. In the right hand corner stands the REV. MR. WHISTON hugging a folio, indicated as his book on Cathedral Trusts; in the left there is a Cathedral scholar dancing for joy.

In "storied windows richly dight" there are generally too many stories illustrated that are not strictly accurate; but it will be allowed that the paintings in the new window of Rochester Cathedral will embody a true story.

RAPSCALLIONISM.

THE subjoined advertisement from a morning paper might, not very long ago, have procured a very desirable investment in the Stocks —or Pillory:—

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION INVESTIGATED by the celebrated American Professors ROBERTS, at the house of any lady or gentleman, by appointment, at their own residence, daily from 11 to 3, and 6 to 10 o'clock, at &c., &c. Number at each meeting not to exceed 10.

If anybody wants spirits raised, he should have recourse to *Punch*, who will raise his own for him to the highest pitch; and should not go and waste his money on those who will raise no spirits at all, nor anything else, except the wind.

TURNING A PENNY.

AMONG the new inventions of the day is an article called a Revolving Till. We are not fully aware of the advantages of a Revolving Till, but one of its uses may probably be the reception of good round sums.

BOOK-KEEPING TAUGHT IN ONE LESSON.—Don't lend them!

THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

FROM OUR SLASHING CRITIC.

[*To Mr. Punch.* (*Private.*)

"SIR,

"THERE is nothing to say about the above theatre this week. And if there were——. But I do not want to be disrespectful. But Sir! *What* about these theatrical orders? Upon my word, Sir, I am placed in a most embarrassing position. What, Sir, is it expected that I am to do, or rather, not to do?

"There are to be no more theatrical orders, it seems. The *Times* is happy to give them up, and the *Illustrious News* is delighted to give them up, and the *Chronicle* is enchanted to give them up, and quotes your reasons for doing so, and *Mr. Albert de Mont Blanc* justly says that sauce and shirts shall not keep money out of his stalls, and *Mr. Affable Hawk* protests against two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, or some such sum—no matter for his figure—being kept away from his Treasury—and we are all to be virtuous and candid, and nothing is to be praised but what deserves it, and, in fact, Slashing Critics is looking up.

"Would you consider it vulgar, or would you think I spoke from rule, and RULE'S—talked like HAMBDEN to PIM—played KNIGHT'S gambit, or rather opening, if I ventured the colloquial critique—'very fine oysters!'

"How, Sir, do you propose that I should get into the above theatre, —that which you have placed under my charge?

"I am not aware, Sir, that you have ever found me shrink from or shirk my duty. I have been ordered by you to the Chiswick *fête*, when it has been wet, and I have gone. I have been sent when it was dry, and infinitely more dangerous, because eyes are even more fatal than ancles, and I have gone. I went for you to Exeter Hall, and heard MR. CANON BOANERGES denounce the Crystal Palace as transparently infidel, and I have been to the same place to a Temperance Meeting, and have reported how the Oracle of the Bottle—but why should I recapitulate my services? Sir, *Mr. Punch*, you know me, and that I never evade your commands. Nor will I now, but I think you should understand the question.

"There are four ways of getting into this theatre. First, you may get into a sort of 'slips,' by scraping acquaintance with an actor and being brought in by him. Secondly, you may get a ticket from one of the performers, and then you will be placed in a remote gallery. Thirdly, you may obtain an order signed by an official named CHARLES JAMES FOX RUSSELL, and then you have a very good place, in virtuous company, and close to the locality allotted to the ladies of the performers and their friends. Fourthly, you may talk to W. B., and his friend MR. FRAIL.

"Now, the first course would be degrading to one's dignity, and the last to one's decency. The second involves standing in a crowd, and sitting in a draught. Besides, you would not ask your critic to herd with people who can haunt such performances, unless compelled. The third course used to be a pleasant one. But, if orders are prohibited by you, this course is impracticable.

"The house will not take my money. Now, Sir, if a common minor theatre made this declaration, I would speedily bring the question to an issue. A theatrical manager has no more right to exclude a decently dressed person, who tenders legitimate coin, than the keeper of any other licensed place of entertainment. And after proper and witnessed preliminaries, if the ill-advised servants of such a theatre were to attempt to exclude me by assault, a police magistrate should arbitrate the case. But in the Westminster Theatre, the magistrate's authority is, I am sorry to say, unrespected. Whatever the Noes may be, the Beak is powerless. If—as I am quite prepared to do—I insist on admission, tendering money, the result will be a cell, and one not to be laughed at. *Mr. Affable Hawk* thinks it a 'privilege' to a critic, to allow him to sit in a vilely ventilated building, read ungrammatical bills, and hear dull jokes: so, exactly, think the Westminster managers, and they call it breach of 'privilege' if you speak out. And I know that if I comply with your instructions, and go in without an order, I shall find myself in the prison of the martyrs O'BRIEN, EDWARDS, and other victims.

"But I don't care, Sir. You are, I believe, a father—at least I think I have heard you speak furiously against school-bills. I am a father, and have occasion to speak furiously against most bills. I am also a husband. I shall, when the Westminster Theatre opens, force my way in, tendering five shillings at the Crown Office. I shall take the consequences, and the Serjeant will take me. My wife—if ever there was an angel! But that has no connexion with the subject. That woman and her nine hopeful, but helpless ones, reside at the address I enclose. The rest is in your hands.

"I am, Sir, your faithful and devoted

"*Hampstead Ponds.* "SLASHING CRITIC."

"P.S. Should I become a victim, our humble cellar—the top shelf of the broom closet—requires replenishing; it holds three bottles, with management. And my five younger boys' highlows.—But why should I dictate to your generosity?"

Stable-Keeper (*to little Gent*). "SET TO KICKING, AND THEN BOLTED INTO A SHOP! DID HE, NOW? AH! HE ALWAYS WAS A *LIGHT-HARTED* 'OSS."

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

"SIR, "*Sikhroom, Jan.* 20, 1853.

"I HAVE the honour to inform you of another victory, which has been gained without the loss of a drop of blood.

"An attack was yesterday made on GENERAL FOGAY'S flank by Rheumatism, in its acute form; but was speedily repulsed by the force which I have the honour to command.

"For this success I have been materially indebted to the activity and energy of Colchicum. I also derived valuable assistance from Blue Pill.

"The Lancets were in readiness, but it was not necessary to bring them into action.

"Should the attack be renewed, it will probably be on the extremities, in which case, I hope to record another triumph of the British arms—and legs.

"I date this letter from head-quarters, being the head of the bed; and from the very spot which may be regarded as the seat of war—the arm-chair.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"ARCHIBALD MAC KILLUMMORE, M.D.
"*Acting Assistant Surgeon in Attendance.*"

"TO MAJ.-GEN. SIR THOMAS PUNCH, K.C.B."
&c. &c. &c.

Gone, but not Going.

IT has been denied, "on authority," that there is any truth in the rumour of MR. DISRAELI being about to take a tour on the Continent. We certainly see no necessity for such a step after the tour he has so recently made from Protection to Free Trade. As to his going abroad, the idea is absurd, for he has had quite enough of being abroad during his Chancellorship of the Exchequer, and as he has now returned to opposition, he is sure to be found thoroughly at home.

THE CRY OF THE NEGLECTED HUSBAND.—Woman's affection is best proved by the care she takes of your linen.

A RECEIPT FOR "OXFORD MIXTURE."

(For the use of MR. PERCEVAL'S *supporters.)*

To some best Roman bitters, stewed under a trencher
For years in a college of celibate rooks,
Add of staunch *statu-quo*-ism all an old Bencher
In an old Inn of Court has condensed from old books;

Squeeze in gall of a sectary culled from the platform
Of Exeter Hall, or the Club (mis)called National;
('Twill be equally potent in this form or that form,
Though the latter, perhaps, is a trifle less rational;)

Beat up with some high-dried Erastianism—
(On the whole you'll find INGLIS'S strongest and best)—
Then season with all sorts of Anglican schism,
IRVING-ism, and DENISON-ism, and the rest.

DR. WYNTER, I 'm told, adds of LEMPRIÈRE a spice,
But this is a thing many people can't swallow,
And which must disagree with a stomach that's nice,
Though that *that's* an objection, in this case don't follow.

Dish up with Papistico-Romanist tropes,
And garnish with slices of STOWELL all hot,
(So to suit those who hate and who reverence Popes,
As you never can tell who at table you've got),

Then pour round Carlton sauce—so it's but "safe and good,"
(None is genuine, mind, unless signed "W. B.")
And serve up tied round tight with an old master's hood—
'Tis a dish for an Emperor—not an M.P.

LOVE OF THE SPANISH.—Some doubts have been thrown on the fortune of MADEMOISELLE DE MONTIJOS, the Empress—that is to be—of France. We are enabled to state that the young Spanish lady is in her own right the owner of several *Châteaux en Espagne*.

INTERNATIONAL POULTRY SHOW.

WE HAVE NOTHING OF THAT SORT, MR. PUNCH, BUT IF THERE SHOULD BE A LION SHOW, WE CAN SEND A SPECIMEN.

JANUARY 29, 1853.

VAGARIES UNDER BROAD-BRIMS.

MERRILY danced the Quaker's wife,
And merrily danced the Quaker;
She had been a preacher all her life,
And her spouse an Undertaker.
He made it his special pride and boast
At war to be a railer,
And couldn't tell which he hated most,
A soldier or a sailor.

Not that old BROADBRIM bore ill-will,
Or was actually malicious,
But anything which re-trench'd his bill
He held inexcusably vicious,
He call'd it the act of ruffian brutes
To die on the field of battle,
And pay no more for pall and mutes
Than so many slaughter'd cattle.

Yet he gave a new half-crown one day
To STEGGARS, the tall policeman,
And said, "Thou worthily earn'st thy pay
In guarding my home and peace, man."
A Quaker's saving instinct 's strong,
Like a snipe's, that lives by suction;
But the bird, it seems, has a head as long
At drawing a clear deduction.

And thus they all are freakish elves,
Doing things out of season,
For which no mortal but themselves
Can ever assign a reason.
On the burial day of our glorious chief
They open'd their shops at Gloucester,
And declared in print for their minds' relief,
The good old Duke an impostor.

They are harmless neighbours, on the whole,
Though rather close and selfish,
And have, I believe, a responsible soul,
Which isn't the case with shell-fish.
But it hurts their creed and pride to pay
Any regular Gospel teachers;
And ST. PAUL would be "struck all-a-heap" with dismay,
If he heard their female preachers.

A Quaker baby never was seen,
Or a Quaker boy a playing;
They never are born till turn'd eighteen,
And whether they suck, there 's no saying.
A Ranter can sow, a Baptist mow,
A Romanist build your dwelling,
But a Quaker's forte, as all men know,
Is the knack of buying and selling.

Friend FRY hath a deal of active zeal
As a Peace Society talker,
But I 'd rather consult, on the common weal,
Our old friend, HOOKEY WALKER.
The man who fights for his country's rights
He would coolly dub an unholy one,
And freely abjure, to make trade secure,
VICTORIA for NAPOLEON.

Sure they are the most eccentric race
That ever were born of ADAM;
They would wear their hats to HER MAJESTY'S face,
And refuse her the title of Madam.
But the world has room for every one,
And they don't require compassion;
So long may they live to enjoy their fun
In their own remarkable fashion.

"TAKE A RULE."

IN the new Rules and Orders in Bankruptcy, which came into operation on the 11th instant, the 41st Rule runs thus:—

"All proceedings in the Court shall be written, or printed, on parchment or paper, of one uniform size, that is to say, on sheets of *sixteen inches in length, and ten inches in breadth*, without unnecessary alterations or interlineations; and no erasures shall be permitted, except by leave of the Court on special cause shown, in which case any proceedings, though on paper or parchment not of the said size, may be received and filed."

The above Rule may be, for some hidden reasons, a very wise one, but we can imagine cases in which it would be very difficult of application. In fact we have been told of a case which recently occurred at Manchester, in which the difficulty was such that the Bench, at that moment occupied by an elderly Commissioner, was puzzled for a long time to know how to act. The printed forms, which were tendered to him in the usual way for signature before filing, were found to be *the eighth of an inch too small*, both in breadth and length. The sinning sheets were indignantly sent back to conform to the proper Parliamentary dimensions. With the help of some slips of paper and a little paste, the sheets soon grew to the requisite size, were handed up a second time, and were honoured, without further objection, with the Commissioner's valuable autograph.

But paper and paste are not always procurable! A needle and thread may not, upon all occasions, be at hand! Besides, some fastidious Commissioners may object to receive any such patched-up, or darned documents. They might declare it was a gross contempt of Court, and wreak vengeance upon the offenders. Again, how is a Commissioner to ascertain that the sheets are, to the fraction of an inch, of the proper legal size and stature? Is he to sit with a two-foot rule in his hand? or to have a yard-tape, hanging, tailor-fashion, round his neck, ready to take the measurement of any suit that may be handed up to him? If this be the case, every Commissioner will have to pass an apprenticeship in a linen-draper's shop, in order to learn the art of measuring. The figure of Justice—if justice ever figures in a Bankruptcy Court—will have also to be altered, for, instead of the customary scales, it will be necessary to put in her hand a yard-measure. However, it is so far consolatory to see this change, for whereas formerly they stretched matters as much as they pleased in our law courts, they are now growing particular, it seems, to the quarter of an inch.

METAL MOST ATTRACTIVE.

IT is not often that we trouble ourselves about the advertising department of our own work—for we are so absorbed in the higher purposes of *Punch*, that the advertising page is generally treated by us with that contempt which we are always prepared to pay to mere wealth in any shape whatever. Our eye has, however, been caught by an announcement that *Punch* is printed in a "copper-faced type," which may be a very useful sort of article, as far as we know, but to tell us to our face that we are "copper-faced," is so much like accusing us of being brazen-faced, that we cannot allow the imputation to pass without a protest. We may, however, add, that it is not altogether a bad idea to put a metal face of some sort upon that which is perhaps the greatest circulating medium ever known. Need we say that we allude to this periodical?

Fowl Dealings of Foreigners.

THE immense number of eggs imported into England is a great fact for farmers. How much longer will they endure this foreign yolk? There was a time when they defied the Gallic cock—surely they might compete with the Gallic hen. British Industry ought to turn its attention to poultry; and in the preceding remarks about eggs, we think we have said enough to egg it on.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR POCKETS.

SINCE the Government of Portugal has repudiated a portion of its debts, we recommend the well-known establishment in Portugal Street as the most appropriate spot for disposing of its liabilities.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

TWO men exert themselves to no purpose. One is the man who tries to have the last word with his wife; and the other is he who, having had the last word, tries to make her confess she was in the wrong.

QUITE THE REVERSE.—Formerly the fleets of our enemies were destroyed by one DRAKE—but now, if many of our elderly Admirals went to sea, they would play ducks and drakes, not with the enemies' ships, but more likely with our own.

A New Hunting Dress for the Present Season.

THOUGHTS ABOUT SNUFF.

BY ONE WHO NEVER TAKES IT.

It's curious how one snuff-taker will pick out another. Place two snuff-takers in the most crowded room, and before ten minutes are over they will have found out each other, and be in earnest conversation together.

A snuff-box is an opening for conversation between two persons, who, without it, would not probably have exchanged a single word.

The English, who are generally so punctilious about introductions, cheerfully dispense with the ceremony if a stranger only advances with a snuff-box in hand.

There is a Freemasonry in snuff-taking, not enjoyed by the worshippers of any other social vice. Gamblers are necessarily discontented, scowling, suspicious people. Smokers are generally dreamers, wandering amongst the clouds which they themselves have blown. Drinkers are surly, quarrelsome creatures, who fling insults and bottles about. But snuff-takers are invariably open, communicative souls who associate with one another all over the world. Put two foreigners together, and though they never saw each other before, and cannot speak a word of each other's language, still they become friendly, and bow, and smile, and show each other all manner of little civilities, directly a pinch of snuff has been exchanged between them. Besides, I am confident snuff-takers have signs, known only to themselves—like the Freemasons—or else how can you account for snuff-takers always huddling together in the same circle, exactly like corks in a pail?

A foreigner can travel with no better letter of introduction than a snuff-box.

Snuff, too, encourages liberality. A snuff-box, once opened, becomes at once a general box, into which every snuff-taker has a right to dip his fingers. I should call the snuff-taker who refused another a pinch of snuff "the meanest of mortals." But I doubt very much if such a specimen of meanness was ever known. If he ever did exist, every man's box and heart ought to have been closed against him, and he deserved that every pinch of snuff he took should have given him a conscientious pull of the nose.

Snuff, also, is the breeder of conversation. If you notice, snuff-takers are generally loquacious people, fond of argument, and fond of a joke, and who will go on talking as long as there is any snuff left, in the same way that a drunkard will go on drinking as long as there is anything left in the bottle.

I cannot imagine a silent snuff-taker, excepting he is by himself, and moreover I never knew a deaf and dumb person who took snuff. I never saw, either, two Quakers taking snuff together. All the snuff they take is in the colour of their suits.

Besides, snuff is the source of good feeling. It would be difficult to say how many prejudices and enmities have fallen to the ground with the remains of a pinch of snuff!

I have a belief, also, that many a quarrel might have been prevented, if, when the dispute was at its height, one of the disputants had had the good sense to offer his antagonist a pinch of snuff.

I don't admire or like a woman who takes snuff, any more than I like a woman who smokes, or drinks, or indulges in any other masculine vice. It seems to have a different effect upon her altogether to what it has upon a man; and, besides, she is loquacious enough without it. Moreover, I have remarked, that the woman who takes snuff is generally passionate, and has a red nose, which would seem to suggest drinking. I have a notion that Xantippe took snuff.

What would Kings and Emperors have done if there had been no such invention as snuff? They would have been puzzled what presents to make to singers, ambassadors, and others. Calculate all the snuff-boxes Nicholas has given away, and say, what could he have given in their stead? Besides, the snuff-box is an elegant excuse for the royal potentate to smuggle in his own portrait (with a diamond frame, of course) upon the lid. Ask Lablache—who, they say, has a different snuff-box for every day in the year—whether he would have liked diamond pins, or rings, in preference to snuff-boxes? He wouldn't have cared "the snuff of a candle" for presents like those, which he would have been obliged to bury in his drawer, and which, if he had carried about with him, could never have yielded him and others a fresh source of delight every time he opened it.

It is a question, however, if the handsome present of a snuff-box has not made many a person take snuff who never took snuff before.

Snuff is a great leveller. The poet who takes snuff out of a prince's snuff-box puts himself, for the moment, on the same footing.

There is a great deal of communism, also, in a snuff-box. I know of no other species of property that undergoes the same equal distribution without being followed by discontent or quarrelling. Snuff-takers seem to have adopted as their motto—"Share and share alike."

In fact, when I consider the good feeling, the perfect freedom and equality, amongst all persons who take snuff, I think there could not be a better inscription for a snuff-box than the oft-abused one of "*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.*"

The freedom of a town could not be presented, for the above reasons, in a better vehicle than a snuff-box. It says at once, you are free, and, wherever you present it, you will be well received and treated as an equal by all men.

I wonder that no monarch has ever thought of instituting the "Order of the Snuff-box," to which none but distinguished men, great poets, and philanthropists, should be admitted. Perhaps, however, the Order has been thought of, and condemned as being too liberal in its tendencies.

I do not take snuff myself, but I must say I envy those who do, from the never-failing pleasure it seems to yield them. But I suppose I can congratulate myself upon having a vice less than they have.

AGAINST BRIBERY.

How does the busy W. B.
Improve each voting hour,
And bags of money 'mongst the Free
And Independent, shower!

The Carlton Club I never will
Become the cad unto,
For Derby finds some mischief still
For dirty hands to do.

The Corporation Phœnix.

That celebrated bird, the Phœnix, has seldom, if ever, appeared in these pages. He must now, however, make an exhibition or exposure of himself. The City of London is a Phœnix that is renovated by springing out of its ashes—which are our coals.

THE PRINCIPLE OF PROMOTION.

John Bull may boast that he is not to be taken in; yet the age of the general officers appointed to the most important commands sufficiently shows how easy it is to come the old soldier over him.

The Warden of the Cinque Ports.

If the sinecure of the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports is to be filled up, may we suggest that the appointment be conferred upon the Quart Bottle, whose services for several years past eminently recommend it, not only to Cinque Ports, but to sink everything else that requires being properly filled up.

The Member for Oxford.—Mr. Perceval had no chance against Mr. Gladstone. Some bucolic gentleman should have been put up for Oxon.

A SNUG PARTY IN CHANCERY.

E now and then, in the course of the Concert Season, hear of a concerted piece being got up with unusual force for the purpose of bringing as many names as possible into the bill—and this principle seems occasionally to be adopted with regard to a Bill in Chancery. The prayer in *Moïse* is frequently the subject selected for the concentration of a galaxy of talent, and oddly enough it is the prayer of a petition before the Lords Justices of Appeal, that has recently been got up with a very powerful forensic cast, embracing a considerable portion of the strength of the Chancery company. We need only call the attention of the reader to the following brief report in order to illustrate our observation.

"(*Before the* LORDS JUSTICES *of* APPEAL.)

"PEACOCK *v.* STOCKFORD.

"This was an appeal from a decision of VICE-CHANCELLOR KISBOROUGH, the question arising upon the words of a very obscurely worded will. The facts are totally devoid of all but professional interest.

"The following counsel were engaged:—MR. SWANSTON, MR. BACON, MR. ROLT, MR. WIGRAM, MR. ELMSLEY, MR. BAILY, MR. J. V. PRIOR, MR. WELFORD, MR. EVANS, MR. BEAVAN, MR. W. W. COOPER, MR. BAGGALAY, MR. GIFFARD, MR. AMYOTT, and MR. HORMAN FISHER.

"Judgment was reserved."

There is something awfully imposing in the idea of fifteen barristers being engaged in giving further obscurity to the already obscure words of a will, for whatever confusion may have existed in the language of the testator must have been far worse confounded when the fifteen learned gentlemen had had a hand or rather a voice in it.

As PEACOCK and STOCKFORD are only two persons, we do not see the necessity of having fifteen counsel—seven and a half each—as their representatives. We dare say, however, that the two parties named are not the only parties to the suit, but that there is an infant or two that must be "before the Court;"—the part of "the infant" being represented by some seedy old junior in a rumpled old wig and a rusty old gown, with a brief endorsed "Two guineas," by virtue of which he bows a "consent" at the back of the Court to some arrangement that is muttered in the front row by the seniors. No wonder that after fifteen counsel had appeared, "judgment was reserved," and it will be necessary that, Zamiel-like, they shall all "appear" again and again before the judgment is delivered. Not a step, of course, can be taken without the whole batch of fifteen being dragged in to have a hand in the proceeding, which means nothing but a hand in the suitors' pockets.

Geology for the City.

AN interesting GRESHAM lecture was delivered the other evening at the Royal Exchange, on the Coal Formation of the City of London Basin. The Basin was shown to consist of porcelain or tureen clay, vitrified by heat, and containing organic remains of gigantic chelonians, or reptiles of the turtle family, supposed to have been left when their more digestible portions were swallowed in an aldermanic convulsion. Abundant fragmentary deposits of the haunch of the *cervus elaphus* were also found in the neighbourhood of the Basin; together with the bones of the capon, turkey, peacock, partridge, pheasant, and cygnet. The City of London Basin was demonstrated to rest on all the coal within twenty miles of London, and to be maintained, in a great measure, on that extremely productive stratum of carboniferous treasure.

The Dictionary at Fault.

ACCORDING to JOHNSON, "Election" is a synonyme for "choice." But this is clearly not the case with the Oxford Election, for we should hardly think that coming up at your own expense a hundred miles or so to vote, could in any light be viewed as a matter of choice.

TASTE FOR POULTRY.—Cochin China fowls are considered to resemble game. They are certainly very high.

RESTITUTION AT ROCHESTER.

OH, Rochester's Chapter! oh, Rochester's Dean!
What a triumph that wicked BOB WHISTON's has been!
Notwithstanding, I hope you are calm and serene.

I trust you feel peaceful, content, and resigned,
In a happy and gentle condition of mind,
And rather to bless MR. WHISTON inclined.

Because he has made you disgorge, there 's no doubt,
And you vainly endeavoured to turn the man out,
But his ruin exactly could not bring about.

So your students you've now raised to thirty pound ten
Instead of their five pounds, my reverend men,
Twenty scholars from two to sixteen odd, again.

From six pounds some shillings to fourteen or so
You've increased your six bedesmen; and now you will go
On paying, I hope, what you lawfully owe.

Precentor and sacrist at ten pound and six
In place of two pounds each, it seems you now fix:
May all Deans and Chapters abandon their tricks!

"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."

SOME Frenchman has been amusing himself in the fabrication of a new Hat, which is made entirely of leather. We don't know why a hat made of leather should not be as good and as handsome as any other hat, but somehow it would seem strange to us if we had to leave our hat with our boots outside the door to be cleaned every morning, and it would sound equally strange to hear any one calling down the kitchen stairs "Hallo! MARY, haven't you blacked my hat yet?" One good turn, however, these leather hats would certainly answer: in the event of a fire, every man would be able to convert his hat into a fire-bucket; and in France, where a fire-engine is as little known as at Vesuvius, such an invention may be of great practical benefit, considering that the Frenchmen generally stand in a long line, whenever there is a "Tremendous Conflagration," and pass the bucket on from one to another. These *chapeaux*, though a little *cuir*, perhaps, on other occasions, would unquestionably come off then with flowing honours, and must effectually swamp the ill-natured joke—supposing any one is weak enough to make it,—of calling that nation leather-headed that chooses to wear it.

THE TRADESMEN'S LITTLE WARBLER.

IN these days of universal harmony, when everybody appreciates a song, and nearly everybody can sing one, we think that every class should have a little warbler of its own, instead of having to choose from the general collections of naval, national, sentimental, or comic. We have much pleasure in presenting a specimen, which we offer to any musical butcher who fancies he has a voice, and has no objection to try it on the following ballad to the well-known air of

WOMAN'S HEART.

A hungry wight, whose hopes were bent
Upon a mutton chop,
Put on his coat, and forth he went
To seek a butcher's shop.
At every stall he made a call,
In every public mart;
But there was nothing left at all,
Excepting—Bullock's heart!

The hungry youth, still undismayed,
Determined not to flee;
Though, if the truth be told, afraid
That meat-less he might be.
"Oh! never be it said," he cried,
"I played DUKE HUMPHREY'S part!"
And, casting thoughts of chops aside,
He purchased Bullock's heart!

Bottled Beer Measure.

Two Sips *make* one "Pint."
Six Pints *make* one "Dozen."
One Dozen (when you come to pay for it) *makes* One Swear.

POLITICAL TRUISM.—If the present Ministers do not fall out, it is more than probable that they will keep in.

Objectionable Child. "LOR! PA, ARE YOU GOING TO SMOKE? MY EYE! WON'T YOU CATCH IT WHEN MA COMES HOME, FOR MAKING THE CURTAINS SMELL!"

"WHEN FOUND, *DON'T* MAKE A NOTE OF."

FEARLESSLY *Punch* hurls down the gauntlet of defiance, and challenges the wide universe of his inquiring-minded readers—

To find a third-class railway carriage without at least a dozen babies in it.

To find a Government steamer which will compete in speed with any common coal-barge.

To find a better school for *Accidence* than a Railway.

To find a picture of sufficient vital tenacity to survive the "restoration" process at the National Gallery.

To find the logician (out of Bedlam) who will undertake to prove the justice of the City coal-tax.

To find the philosopher's stone, or its equivalent in rarity—a stone of butcher's meat, which by your own scale weighs fourteen pounds.

To find the centre of a dress circle without a shilling to the boxkeeper.

To find a clairvoyant who, upon his own responsibility, will venture to foretell when the Beer Monopoly will end, or the Amelioration of Ireland begin.

To find a vegetarian so strictly adherent to his principles as to decline eating a kidney potato.

To find the husband who will submit with calmness to cold mutton, in consideration of the promised *sequitur* of "his favourite pudding."

To find the wife who will spontaneously give her husband the latch key, rather than herself sit up for him.

To find a British Admiral whom it is not a mockery to send on "active" service.

To find an individual of sufficiently homœopathic appetite to dine twice off a leg of mutton at a seaside lodging-house.

To find a betting-shop which pays—anybody but the man who keeps it.

To find the infant cockney who expects a sufficient longevity to see the Thames deodorized.

To find a Clapham omnibus that will not put you down within "a underd yards or so" of Kensington.

To find so "plain" a cook that not even a policeman will "make up" to her.

To find the man who ever lent his umbrella "for five minutes," and lived to see it back again.

The Diplomatic Key.

A DIPLOMATIC note, we understand, has been addressed by the EARL OF WESTMORELAND to the Government of Austria, on the subject of the ill usage which British subjects have lately experienced in that country. The note of the musical Ambassador was supposed to be A minor.

A TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED TALENT.

DISRAELI was certainly the head and front of the late Ministry. His colleagues were nothing without him, and if we had been asked to supply him with an appropriate motto, we should at once have exclaimed *Ex uno Dizzy omnes.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S COURTSHIP.

AIR—"*Barney Brallaghan.*"

'TWAS evening, noon, and night,
And afternoon and morning,
The French Imperial wight
All foreign courts were scorning.
He begg'd from door to door
A wife to share his glory,
His love tale he did pour,
And this was part of his story.
Only say,
You 'll your husband make me;
France shall pay
Whatever you charge to take me!

Oh, list to what I say,
Pretty Royal VENUS;
Name your price you may,
France we 'll share between us.
The country 's gone to sleep,
Void of sense and feeling,
Round about I creep,
All I long'd for stealing.
Only say, &c.

I 've got a set of tools,
I 've got the gold to glut them;
And if they 're obstinate fools,
In prison I can shut them.
Men without a coat—
If truly I describe them—
A moderate bank-note
Will any morning bribe them.
Only say, &c.

I 've got a little fame
By love of peace declaring;
I 've got my uncle's name,
A little the worse for wearing.
I 've got some gooseberry wine,
With sausages and pullets,
To make the soldiers mine
Whene'er I want their bullets.
Only say, &c.

I 've got a million pound,
(That 's what I 'm to be paid is)—
A sum so very round,
I 'm sure will charm the ladies.
I 've got the crown to wear,
And robes adorn'd with posies:
A bed—I 've got—to share,
Of not exactly roses.
Only say, &c.

I 've no one in my eye,
A wife alone I 'm needing,
Who 's got—what have not I—
The real Royal breeding.
I 've wealth! that all will own,
No matter how I get it;
I 've got, besides, a throne,
As long as they don't upset it.
Only say, &c.

For a wife—till death—
I 'll take the first will prize me;
But oh! I waste my breath,
You every one despise me.
I 'm just beginning to reign,
No wife I can discover
But that young girl from Spain—
So I 'll be her constant lover.
Only say, &c.

A Crest for the Carlton.

WE believe that the members of the Carlton Club are about to take the Rose as their crest: that flower, it is urged, being delicately suggestive of their way of doing business under it.

MOTTO FOR ONE-HALF OF OUR OLD ADMIRALS.

"*Chacun a son* GOUT."

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A VERY VULGAR SUBJECT.

William. "HERE'S WISHIN' YOU GOOD 'EALTH, JIM, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

James. "THANK'YE, BILL, THANK'YE. I HAD OUGHT TO BE A HAPPY COVE—FOR I'VE GOT A WIFE AS CAN THRASH ANY MAN OF HER WEIGHT—AND I'VE GOT A CHILD OF TWO YEARS AND A ARF AS CAN EAT TWO POUNDS O' BEEF-STEAK AT A SITTING—LET ALONE OWNIN' THE SMALLEST BLACK AND TAN TARRIER IN THE WORLD!"

OUR HONEYMOON.

MONDAY, MAY 5, 18—.

MORE rain; and JOSEPHINE—with quite a pert manner—wonders if there can be anything like such weather at home! Says, it will be *very dull*—don't I think it will—with such weather, to remain *shut up here*, a month? I make her no answer; but—cannot disguise it from myself that the weather *is* unpropitious. JOSEPHINE—with real impertinence—hopes when *her* time comes, *she* shall have better honeymoon weather. Nothing to look upon but the wet sea which is always the same. Poor thing! But then as FREDERICK says—we are not to expect to give people *sentiments* and *feelings*, because we give 'em *wages*. "Servants, my dear"—said FRED—"are not like *bride-cakes*; do what one will, they are not to be made to order." I am afraid he is right.

In spite of the rain, and—when I told him, I was sure he would get cold—FREDERICK *would* go out, walking the beach, and climbing the cliffs. I think he *might* have staid at home, when *I* asked him. There *is* sense in what JOSEPHINE says—but, then, how does she know that we shall stay here all the month? Why should we? Didn't FREDERICK—in his odd way—tell Mamma that we should take out *a roving commission?* Of course, we shall not *continue* here; I should feel really uncomfortable to think so.

I ought to write home, but somehow I cannot. It *was* hardly thoughtful of FRED to leave me all alone, and to go out *in such weather*, too, and only to pick up pebbles, and knock and chip at the rocks with that hammer which he always carries about with him, and which, as I almost told him this very morning, he seems now and then to think more of than *his own wife*. I felt my tongue *very nearly* saying so—only, somehow, my heart wouldn't let me.

But to be out in *such* weather! How can he escape a cold? If the rain pouring down, and steaming up as it does—if it doesn't positively hide the sea! I begin to feel it to be quite impossible—at least *very uncomfortable*—to have to endure a month of *this*. And at this very minute, he is in some hole of the rocks, some cavern, with that provoking hammer, for all the world like a smuggler or a buccaneer, when he might be so warm, and comfortable, with *his own wife*, at *his own fireside*. I am determined—when he comes home—to show that *I think so*. And now, I have nothing to do, and I ought to write home, but I am so restless, and do so feel my temper rising—and yet, by the sudden darkness, I am sure it will thunder. And *he* knows how *fearful* I am—indeed, it is almost my only weakness—how *really frightened* I am at thunder, and he is not here *to protect me*. Yes: I am determined—I *will* be *very* angry.

And feeling this, I feel a certain sort of satisfaction, that I shall be able to *show a spirit*. It is something to know this, and to do it.

And, at this minute, quite as I may say, *warm* with my temper, JOSEPHINE—a little abruptly, certainly, and I am about to scold her—JOSEPHINE brings in an old woman who, she says, has the privilege of the White Hart—an old woman with a basket full of nosegays. I am really in no humour to think of flowers, or to say a single word to old women.

Poor soul! if it isn't the very old woman whom I sat next to yesterday in the middle of the church! I can't say, if I don't feel humbled to see her. But why should I—when the landlady herself *says me*, and therefore knows *all about it*. And why can't I feel just as I felt in the *middle of the sermon* yesterday? Why should not Sunday feelings and Monday feelings towards *such people* be just the same? And yet they *are not*. No; I will not hide it from myself. I *don't* feel towards her, in her working-day darned and faded cloak, as I did yesterday, when both of us were *dressed for the Sabbath*. I'm afraid to confess it, but I *do* think FREDERICK's right: we are wont to dress our *hearts* for the Sunday, and undress them again when the *Sunday's over*. "Sunday's heart in church," says FREDERICK, "is, somehow, *not* Monday's heart in business." Why shouldn't it be?

And with this thought I turn to the poor old thing; and if her cloak isn't drenched through and through—and I have been sitting here in the midst of all sorts of comfort; and her basket—poor heart!—with just a few bunches of wall-flowers and polyanthuses—such a few!—to buy bread, and clothes, and home. And yet the old soul seems so happy—and the flowers so *bright, so balmy* through the rain-drops that hang about them—that they make me feel remorseful, yes, and something more, smiling so cheerfully, so sweetly *through their tears*.

And the poor old soul tells me that she is the grandmother of the pretty girl—the little bride—that FRED and I met coming from church: and she is so good, so industrious, so dutiful. I promise to go and see her—and so, the poor old woman goes her way, leaving me a nosegay, and wishing me *all sorts of things*, that I only hope I may be worthy a *tithe of them*.

And—while I have been talking to the old woman—the sky has cleared up, and there has been *no thunder after all*. What a deal of anxiety I have wasted—what a needless flutter I have been in, and *no thunder after all*.

Here is FREDERICK, close below—and walking as leisurely as—well, I *do* feel just a little of the rebel and—no, I'll put the tempter down—I will.

He comes into the room with his glowing, open, happy face, as if no storm had threatened—as if, indeed, nothing had occurred. And then, his coat 's as dry, and he seems as comfortable and, if I may use the word, cosey, that—in *such* weather, where could he have been?

I do feel a little hot and a little cold, and I can't help it. So without saying a word—but with a smile, though it *cost* me something, and a real smile *never does*—but with a smile, I leave the room—yes; I leave the room, *shutting the door* as I go out. Yes; I believe I *did shut the door*.

Half-an-hour, and I am again looking over FREDERICK, who sits with bits of rock and stones before him, which in his strange way, he calls the *great globe's register*, written in granite.

"I've been thinking"—said I, wanting to say something—"I've been thinking of that epitaph—the epitaph, my love, we read yesterday."

"What, since you left the room? Well, my dear, your manner of leaving it made me think of another epitaph—indeed, quite another sort—written by a loving widower upon his gentle wife—for the epitaph said everything for her—though, as you may think, in an odd fashion."

"What was it?" said I.

"Simply this," said FRED looking—he can't help it—a little mischievous. "After her name, age, and time of decease, there ran these lines: *She lived a wife for five-and-twenty years, and, in all that time,* SHE NEVER BANGED THE DOOR!"

I said nothing, but I felt the reproof. I then remembered how, when I left him, *how I* had shut the door. I wouldn't let him see my face, but *behind his chair*, and with my arms about his neck, I asked as carelessly as I could, "And where, dear FRED, did you see this?"

"Oh, in my travels, LOTTY," said he. "Many strange things I've heard of, seen—you may hear of them some day. But LOTTY, love, there is a world of meaning in that epitaph. A whole history of a life of gentleness. *'She never banged the door!'* Almost pathetic," said FRED, slyly—"affecting, for its household simplicity. *'She never banged the door!'* It ought to be set to music for family voices."

THE THEATRICAL FRANCHISE.

THE registration of a box costs as much as the registration of a vote, which makes the one privilege of a Briton as dear as the other.

Our Artist studies a rare work on "Equitation," and tries to do some "Capriolles sur les voltes, à main gauche" in Hyde Park.

LOGIC FOR THE LEGREES.

To Mrs. Legree, Mrs. Jonathan Jefferson Jackson Legree, *and the* Misses Legree.

My dear Ladies,

The more I think of your retort on our females about Slavery, the more I like it. Some have said it was not yours—no woman's work. But I had no doubt whose it was. Yes, yes: I think, we do know the sweet American hand.

Besides, your logic was too conclusive, your statements were too exact, for mere man.

Crime, poverty, and ignorance are as bad as slavery, of course. Ignorance, poverty, and crime are British institutions, just as slavery is an American one.

We let the Irish starve during the famine, without giving them a cent. In order to keep them in superstitious ignorance, regardless of the wishes of their enlightened priesthood, we established the Queen's Colleges upon a sectarian principle, judiciously condemned by the Synod of Thurles.

The wretchedness, the wickedness, the nescience of our people result from Acts of Parliament to such ends expressly made and provided. It is a legal and a social crime to educate the poor. No attempt is made to ameliorate their condition. We have no hospitals, no ragged schools, no baths and wash-houses.

If they attempt to escape from the slavery of circumstances to a better state—say to Australia—we drag them back again. A fugitive slave law for that very purpose was enacted last session.

My dear Sisters, fulfil your mission. Teach your husbands—fathers—brothers—sweethearts—true Christianity. Their nigger is not their neighbour; they have no duty to him. All argument to the contrary is an attempt to prove black white.

And if that point could be proved, it would follow that if the white Americans were justified in asserting their independence with the sword, the black negroes would be equally right in vindicating their freedom with the knife. That, dear ladies, is doubtless as clear to you as it is to

PUNCH.

The Teetotaller's Address to the Pump.—"Am I not a Man and a Brother?"

MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

CHAPTER III.

While we await the raising of the curtain, a polite gentleman near us has handed to *Mrs. P.* one of those very bills so affectionately and politely pressed upon us by the box-keeper. On running my eye over it I am struck by its peculiarities, not less as a literary performance, than as a theatrical announcement. As a literary performance it is remarkable for its enthusiastic tautology; and as an announcement, for its bold defiance of fact. In style and arrangement it has obviously been modelled on the programmes of another class of performances, usually given in yellow caravans, and enlivened by the music of gongs, cymbals, and speaking-trumpets. My early experience has accustomed me to the invitation to "Walk up, walk up, and witness the wonderful exhibition of the Spotted Boy"—and I am equally familiar with the assurance that the said spotted boy is "universally pronounced by the nobility, the faculty, and the public, to be the most wonderful phenomenon now travelling." The summons of the Circus clown to his benefit is also present to my mind, with its judicious hints to "come early," and so is the condescending advice of the magnificent lord in spangled tunic and yellow boots, who, from the parade of Richardson's, counsels me to "be in time—be in time!" for "the players, the players—the London performers!"

But it belonged to our own times to transfer these passionate and highly coloured modes of allocution from the caravan, the clown, and the booth platform, to the London theatre.

The bill before me is a rich example of the florid or decorated caravan order. Beginning with an ejaculatory outburst "Enormous Success! Blaze of Triumph!" it proceeds, without stooping to the aid of connectives—"Overflowing Houses! Magnificent Delineations of character!! Glorious scenery!!!"

And all this lavish expenditure of ornamental typography has been indulged in before I get to the name of the first piece, and its list of characters. It is, as it were, a gorgeous vestibule through which one arrives at a second-hand clothes shop.

I look around me, as soon as my mind has recovered itself from this *douche* of managerial exultation, to seek in the fact some illustration of the fancy printing. The "overflow" has not yet succeeded in swamping more than the front rows of the gallery, two-thirds of the pit, and a slender proportion of the boxes. It can't be said to pour yet. It rather dribbles. I suppose it is coming with Lord Maidstone's Deluge, and Mr. Disraeli's Future. It is, no doubt, "looming" in the neighbourhood.

As the Free List is entirely suspended, the public press only excepted, I wonder what all those rather seedy-looking parties, with those coloured bits of paper in their hands, *could* be doing as we came in, round about that pigeon-hole with Free List written over it? I suppose they were the Public Press.

I must own that to pass from the passionate magnificence of the bill to the slender and shabby reality of the house, is a good deal like the transition from the "wild Indian chief" of the show-cloth (who is massacreing three of a boat's crew, including a lieutenant in uniform, while other four are flying in a manner unworthy of British seamen,) to the battered, tattered, begrimmed, and besotted Lascar, in a chintz tunic, and with a curtain-ring through his nose, inside the ten feet by seven of the caravan. I am used to that contrast by this time—in the case of the caravan; but I must confess it annoys me in the theatre, which you have not yet succeeded in bringing down to the caravan level,—at least in my mind. Besides, I have a preference for fact over fiction, for truth over falsehood, in all announcements of things which I pay money to see. I would rather have the simple name of the play, and list of the characters and actors. I believe the great majority of your audience think as I do. I exceedingly doubt whether all your capitals, italics, notes of exclamation, abuse of superlatives, and misstatements of fact, draw a single person into your theatre. The trick is, so very stale by this time, that, I own, I cannot conceive a goose green enough to be entrapped by it. But if you *will* insist on this feature of booth and caravan practice, why not go the entire showman? Why not boldly throw out a platform to the street, take your stand on it, and blow your own trumpet? Why not put your band into beef-eaters' coats, and insist on your actors parading in costume, and executing a country dance before their "all-in-to-begin"? This would at least be new—and might, I have no doubt, collect a crowd outside your theatre.

Honestly now, my dear Sir, what possible good *can* come of all this puffing and story-telling? Do you not see that it is degrading to

those who do it, to those of whom it is done, and to those for whom (I presume) it is done? Are you aware that this absurd and extravagant falsehood of playbills has become a standing joke, and that the palm of fibbing has been transferred from bulletins and epitaphs to bills of the play? Did I not know the extraordinary ignorance in which you live of all things and thoughts out of the magic ring of your theatre, I should say it is impossible you should be ignorant of this. I own that, for my own part, I shall despair of your awaking to a sense of your true interest, until I see you reform your playbills!

If appeals to your good taste are in vain, only think of the saving on your printing account.

Mind, I am not under-rating the advantage, nay, the indispensableness of publicity. I respect the bill-sticker. I feel what a pleasant branch of street literature he opens to us all. You are welcome to all the hoards and blank walls—I have no objection to your even resorting to the arches of the bridges. I allow you the use of bright colours, monster posters, and gigantic lettering. Nay, I do not even share my friend SIBTHORP'S strong feeling against advertising vans. But do, in the name of good taste, truth, and common sense, confine yourself to simple announcements. Depend upon it that the fate of your theatre depends not on what you say in your bills, but on what your audience says of your performances. The public takes the showman's advice in this, and invariably "inquires the character of the exhibition from those who come out."

But the orchestra is rising in its last grand *crescendo*. The first mystic tap has been given—with the second rises the curtain—and now, having vented my feelings on your bill of fare, let me settle down to a serious judgment of the repast you mean to serve up to me. This, however, I must keep for next week.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 4.

CODLINGS tells me that SCAMP, formerly of his College, is up and winning money of the youngsters. SCAMP was expelled from Margaret's, and migrated to a Hall. No one exactly knows his present address, but he pays periodical visits to our beloved University, and makes an honest penny by billiards, horse-racing, and so on. Now I tell you what, CHARLEY, if I see you speaking to him I'll write home and tell your governor, I will, by JOVE. He is *too clever* for you, and will clean you out, if he gets a chance, as sure as you bear the ancient name of CODLINGS. I recollect the gentleman, perfectly. He can do a good many things, and do them well, too. He invariably wins a game of billiards by *two or three*, whoever he plays with, and says it was his luck. He can ride a flat race like a professional jock, but, somehow or other, he always drops a stirrup-iron if he is on the favourite. He runs uncommonly well, moreover, although he does look pale and thin; and will spar with any man of his weight—don't you put on the gloves with him. He sculls as well as BOB COOMBES, and men insist upon laying odds on him accordingly; but he is such an unlucky fellow in a race—when he is "rowing within himself," and looks like winning in a canter, he is sure to break his foot-strap, or his left arm "goes," or else he fouls the next boat, or suffers some other unfortunate casualty, which puts him out of it. Yes, and his backers use such dreadful language, and say such unkind things of him, as if he were not mortified enough already, and swear that he stands in with the winner. O SCAMP is a very clever man, indeed.

Then he is such a friendly, easy fellow, he will talk to every one on his own hobby. You might think him quite a saint, and too good for this world if you heard him with his uncle the Dean, but catch him among the watermen (who adore him) or over a pipe with Fibbing BILLY, the puggilist, as he calls himself, and you would form rather a different opinion of his morality. Young fellows, however, are his especial friends, and he delights in teaching them the simple theory of "*rouge et noir*, and otherwise enlarging their minds. When he finds one very green indeed, I believe he borrows money of him as if he were doing him a favour. I don't hear that he ever pays. In fact, no youngster ever got the better of him. CHARLEY CODLINGS, beware of that man; as you say of a horse—he is a "thorough bad 'un." I don't like his ways in London. Nobody knows him, he is always by himself, unless you see him in Jermyn Street talking to an Israelite of fashionable exterior. He is always to be seen late at night, as I am told, in one of those private institutions about St. James's, whose interiors I hope you will never have the curiosity to penetrate. But, he cannot get into a respectable club. He was even blackballed at the Portico, where they are not generally hard on a man.

Depend upon it he will come to grief before long. He has been hard hit at play lately, and has bought a thorough-bred screw to retrieve his losses. He intends to make a steeplechaser of her, and commit some robbery on the British public on the turf—but I never knew that answer. If he wins he won't be paid, and if he loses he will have to bolt. His brother "went" for a large stake last Derby; if *Hobbie Noble* had won, he would have cleared ten thousand; as it is, he is driving a coach in Wales. There's a pretty end for a gentleman "who has had the advantage of a University education." And now don't let me hear of your having anything to do with this man. If the mare does not break his neck when he is teaching her to jump, he will be a billiard-marker at San Francisco, take my word for it.

HUMOURS OF THE CARLOW ELECTION.

BY ONE OF THE CONSTITUENCY.

HEAR my narration of the botheration,
How we the recreant SADLEIR did unsate
At Carlow Election, where he met rejection,
A mighty victory and grand defate.

SADLEIR, the traitor, was the vindicator
Of Irish freedom in the Pope's brigade;
But foes deserting, and to friends reverting,
A base alliance with the Peelites made.

He joined the Cabinet, so mane and shabby,
Of ABERDEEN, with GLADSTONE, HERBERT, GRAHAM,
Tergiversating, and his pledges ating,
To mix himself with them that thinks the same.

Ne'er such a shindy 'mong the wars in Indy,
When our surviving troops was drowned in blood,
Aquall'd in compass the extinsive rumpus
When that true rinegade for Carlow stud.

There was PRIEST MURPHY against FATHER DURFY,
With both their crowns conspicuous through their hats,
And MICHAEL POWER continding with a shower
Of bad potatoes and departed cats.

MIKE knocked down TERENCE, to the interfarence
Of DENNIS and the other boys which led;
PHELIM bate TIM, and BRYAN larrup'd him,
BARNEY kilt DAN, and DAN broke DERMOT'S head.

Then, och, how candid the remarks we bandied!
For SADLIER BISHOP HALY durst to vote;
They called him booby—sure the fact is thrue, by
The Powers!—regardless of his holy coat.

But JOHN OF TUAM, that excels LORD BROUGHAM
In mathematics and the gift of spache,
Made clear to rason MISTER SADLEIR'S trason,
Which is a fact that no one can impache.

So out we kicked him, sound discretion's victim,
Sent him his big diminished head to hide,
And in our glory went and chose a Tory
To take his place upon the other side!

Breeches of Decorum.

WE are surprised at shorts having been adopted as the Court costume of the French Empire, for we always thought that Imperial measure and short measure were very different things.

CAB *v.* OMNIBUS.

PADDINGTON omnibusses now run nearly two miles for a penny. This fact being known, cab-drivers have determined to charge for every single mile one-and-sixpence.

THE CHAMBER OF MISREPRESENTATIVES.—A patriotic Frenchman (it seems there is one left) calls the French Senate the "*Senatus Insultum*."

A PICTURE.

Show-ing what Mas-ter Tom did af-ter See-ing a Pan-to-mime—But you would not do so—Oh, Dear no!—
Be-cause you are a good Boy.

A JUDGE'S JUDGMENT GONE BY DEFAULT.

THE morning papers of Thursday report the following little incident as having "come off" on the preceding day in the Bail Court.

"MR. JUSTICE CROMPTON, after having disposed of several undefended causes at *nisi prius*, proceeded to deliver judgment in a case which had been argued *in banco*, a most unusual proceeding, when, as was the case to-day, *nisi prius* sittings had been specially appointed. The consequence was that none of the officials *in banco* were present, nor even the parties to the cause, and the judgment was allowed to go off unheeded."

We do not quite understand this little matter, which seems to intimate that there has been a case of *quasi* spontaneous combustion, or premature "firing away" on the part of the learned judge alluded to, who appears to have gone off, like a pistol at half cock, before any one was prepared for what has taken place. The newspapers add that there were no officials present to treat the judgment with due respect, and "when found take a note of it;"—the parties concerned in the suit were absent, the reporters were not in their places, and the judgment consequently passed off like a *coup manqué*, or so much judicial firing in the air. It is all very well to say the proceeding was unusual, but, in our eyes, the blame rests rather with the absent officials, the missing parties, and the inattentive reporters, than with the learned judge, who, having a judgment to deliver, proceeded to deliver it when an opportunity offered.

An Electric Lady.

THE German papers give an account of an Austrian lady who is so charged with electricity, that sparks are constantly given out from her fingers' ends. It is seldom that a lady is found sending sparks away from her, though it is a common attribute of the sex to attract sparks, and even to twirl them round the finger with the utmost ease. We suspect that the account in the German papers is—like the electric lady herself—a little over-charged.

A BURNING SHAME.—The City of London Coal-tax.

LONG RANGE FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.

A SCHEME has been submitted to us for the pacific conquest of despotism throughout Europe.

This great victory over persecution and tyranny it is proposed to achieve by means of an intellectual Long Range.

Balloons are to be provided, each carrying a bale of books to be detached and dropped, at a certain distance, by means of a match calculated to burn accordingly. Each mass of information is to be connected with a parachute, that it may fall gently, and not break any of those heads it is destined to benefit.

The books shall consist of various enlightened periodicals—besides the principal one—newspapers, works on natural science, metaphysics, history, moral philosophy, and, in general, such volumes as are interdicted on the Continent on account of their truth—including Bibles.

To make sure of dropping the books in the right place, an extensive series of meteorological observations will be instituted to ascertain at any given time how the wind blows. The only difficulty likely to be encountered will consist in raising the wind.

It is hoped the Peace Society will patronize this grand project, whereby it is designed to reduce tyrants and bigots to reason, or bring them to book, by a peaceful bombardment with shells loaded with useful knowledge: exploding only to demolish falsehood and nonsense. If human liberty can be vindicated by such means, we so far agree with our friends above-mentioned, as to be inclined to resort to them in preference to ordinary bombs, and other appliances for sweeping oppressors from the face of the earth.

Appointments and Dis-Appointments.

EVEN the very best friends of LOUIS NAPOLEON are obliged to admit, since the appointment of his Cousin JEROME to the rank of a General of Division, that the EMPEROR shows himself not sufficiently particular when dealing in such Generals as the one lately made.

THE EAGLE IN LOVE.

OUT-HERALDING HERALDRY.

To the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF KINNOUL, *Lord Lyon, King of Arms, &c., &c., &c.*

"MY LORD,

"I ALWAYS thought Edinburgh was the Modern Athens, but it would seem to be the Scotch Gotham.

"Five philosophers of that celebrated city have, in a petition to your Lordship, committed a most unwarrantable outrage on your Lordship's humble servant. They have in the most gratuitous and uncalled for manner attacked me, with a view to dislodge me from a position which I have for centuries occupied unmolested in the Royal Arms of the United Kingdom. In appears to be their wish that I should cede that post of honour to an obsolete quadruped calling itself the Lion of Scotland.

"I am sure your Lordship has never heard of any Scotch Lion worthy of the least notice, since the Lion WALLACE; and will admit that one consolidated Lion is sufficient for the heraldry of Great Britain.

"My Lord, it has been erroneously reported that I am defunct. I apprehend that this is the supposition of 'JOHN GRANT, Esq., accountant;' 'JAMES MACNAB, Esq., writer;' 'STEWART WATSON, Esq., historical painter;' 'PATRICK EDWARD DOVE, Esq.;' and 'JAMES GRANT, Esq., architect.' They imagine me to be dead—and therefore have they lifted their heels against me.

"Will your Lordship have the kindness to inform them that I am alive and—kicking I might say, if I were like one of themselves, but no!—alive and 'passant.'

"Your Lordship will, perhaps, further oblige me by directing the attention of these extremely zealous sticklers for Scottish symbolism, to an emblem of nationality for which they may indulge their preference without objection. I mean the thistle. In conclusion, my Lord, I beg to say, that I hope your Lordship will not lend your ears to those whose own are too long already; and I have the honour to be, &c.,

"*Queen's Arms, Jan.*, 1853. "THE BRITISH LION."

THE PIG-HEADED PUBLIC.

THE Managers of the Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park deserve infinite praise for their energy in providing novelty for the "Zoological Recreations" of the public in general. We have had, in succession, a boa-constrictor—whose blanket-trick rendered him so great a favourite; the hippopotamus—who made a sort of splash for a short time by his well-known feat of the plunge bath; an elephant calf—whose infant elephantine gambols put him into everybody's mouth, and got him universally talked about; and now we have, as the star of the season, a Choiropotamos or river pig. This interesting brute is expected to win all hearts by his superior cleanliness, and by habits altogether unlike the porcine fraternity. We understand the new comer has been secured at considerable cost, for the Managers of the Zoological Society thought it worth while to go the whole hog in securing the river pig for their establishment, which is beginning to take its position as one of the lions of the season.

The Bishop of Cartridge.

THE VLADIKA OF MONTENEGRO, who is now occupying so prominent a position, is an odd fellow. He is a sort of Highland Chief, and also Bishop; a kind of episcopal RODERICK DHU. His mitre is supposed to be sabre-proof. He goes about with a dirk and several braces of pistols stuck in his girdle, and instead of a crosier he carries a rifle, with which he is the best shot in his own diocese. The charges of this prelate are peculiarly impressive, consisting as they do of powder and ball, and being delivered with unerring precision.

AN AFTER-DINNER CONUNDRUM.

Q. IF a Frenchman had been promised a Quart Bottle of Port, what would he exclaim when it was brought to him?

A. O! DIS-A-PINT-MEANT!!!" (*See "Police Report" next Monday.*)

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

(*Being the Old Ballad altered to suit the times.*)

WOULD you hear a Spanish ladye
How an Emperor she won?
Very marked attentions paid he,
But she was not to be done.
The belle of all the Tuileries balls was she,
And had a gross of titles and a mile of pedigree.

To be mistress of the Master
Of the Frenche she was too high;
CUPID's bonds did hold him faster
All the more that she foughte shy:
In her charming company was all his joy,
But to favour him in anything he found her coy.

Till at last he gave commandment
At Compiègne a hunt should be;
To chase the dear was his intention—
But not the one spelt double e.
Then said the ladye milde, "His game I see,
But mine is not a heart that 's caught so easilie."

"Gentle ladye, show some pitie;
I 'm an Emperor—no lesse!"
But the ladye was too wittie
To be caughte with chaffe, I guesse;
"There 's one way from my chains yourself to free,
My gallant Emperor—that is, to marry me."

"Aught I 'll swear, so thou but love me;
See, on marrow-bones I goe!"
"Sire, fair words no parsnips butter,
Swearing don't coste much, you knowe.
Some people I have known swear over nighte,
Who all their oaths next morning have forgotten quite.

"The Assemblie saw no reason
'Gainst your treading Gallic grounde:
Then all traitors and all treason
How you swore, Sire, to confounde!
But now the Assemblie you have overthrowne,
And in their place you sit, as Emperor, alone."

"Hold your tongue, free-spoken ladye,
Hold your tongue, you are a bore:
Of fair ladies there are plentie,
France doth yield a wondrous store;
Spaniards to their own fortunes may be blinde,
But the French ladies to my prayer will be more kinde.

"Yet forgive me, lovely Spaniard,
You alone possess my heart;
And with thee, if so it *must* be,
My Imperial crowne I 'll part.
With all the Royal houses to wedde I 've done my best,
But all decline the honor—the Coburgs 'mong the rest."

"I have neither golde or silver,
To maintain me in such place;
To be Empress is great charges,
As you know, in any case."
"My cash and jewels every one shall be thy owne,
The sums I 've made by dabbling in the Funds are quite unknowne."

"On French thrones are many changes
Quick they fall who quickly rise:
Then the way you 've been behaving—
Prisoning, shooting, telling lies!"
"A better man henceforth I mean to be,
And all the credit of the change they will set down to thee!"

"Then your friends, Sire, of both sexes,
Have a reputation sad;
LOUIS QUINZE had his DUBARRYS,
Other LOUIS are as bad."
"I 'll set them all a packing, whate'er age, sex, or claims,
Till your Court 's dull and decorous as that of sour St. James."

"Well, Sire, upon these conditions
I to share your throne consent;
Spanish ladies are no greenhorns,
With bare love to be content;
But Empress—though of such an Emperor—to be,
Is a chance I can't resist, though a true blue-blood grandee."

X. 42. "DID YOU CALL THE POLICE, SIR?"

Swell (who would perish rather than disturb his shirt-collar). "YA—AS, A—I'VE HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO DWOP MY UMBRELLAW, AND THERE ISN'T A BOY WITHIN A MILE TO PICK IT UP—A—WILL YOU HAVE THE GOODNESS?"

SHORTS AND SHINS AT THE TUILERIES.

A NOBLEMAN in France
Was invited to a ball;
He was a man of pleasure and a dandy oh!
But though he loved a Polka well,
He wouldn't go at all;
For his legs were most unquestionably bandy oh!

Now was this bandy nobleman
Obliged his legs to show?
With DUSAUTOY to make his trousers handy oh!
By the EMPEROR'S high command,
Velvet breeches were the go;
And the fashion did not suit this noble dandy oh!

He observed, 'Tis very jolly
For the fellows that have calves,
But I must have imbibed a deal of brandy oh!
To display such legs as these
Of callipers like halves,
Which—not to mince the matter—are so bandy oh!

Jam for Emigrants.

BY an Act to *amend* the laws respecting the carriage of passengers by sea, passed last year, it is prescribed that if the ship be intended to enter the tropics, 15 clear superficial feet, and a berth 6 feet long and 18 inches wide shall be allotted to each passenger. This Act did not contemplate the emigration of aldermen. Allotting but 18 inches width for a berth, it seems to have been based on the most narrow views. Its framers probably supposed that all emigrants must be starving, to entertain the idea of squeezing them into 18-inch grooves. Or, perhaps they were sleepily confounding the measure before them with an interment bill, and dreamt that they were regulating the dimensions of the "narrow home."

THEY "LIKE TO BE DESPISED."

LOUIS NAPOLEON boasts that all he has done has been sanctioned by the French nation. We must admit, that all his acts of the last year or two have been performed on the authority of what we understand in this country as "French leave."

ANTI-BIGOTRY UNREPORTED!

IT appears that the murder of FRANCESCO MADIAI is not quite accomplished. He still languishes in prison, but is "not dead—not yet quite dead." There is yet hope for the success of the energetic exertions which all denominations are making for the liberation of that poor fellow and his wife.

For are not *all* denominations making these exertions? Which is the exception? Is there one? Can it be possible that echo answers ONE? If so, that heathen nymph—that *lies* unseen—is surely in collusion with our heretical newspapers.

The whole Protestant press has evidently behaved with the most shameful disingenuousness in this matter. It daily relates the meetings of the public at large, at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, for the deliverance of the victims of Tuscan bigotry. But it records not one demonstration on the part of the Roman Catholic section of the community in deprecation of the intolerance which has incarcerated that unoffending pair for reading the Bible. It says not a word of the indignant harangues which, doubtless, are made by them at the Freemason's Tavern, at Highbury Barn, at every available place of meeting throughout the country, denouncing that flagrant violation, in their religion's name, of religious liberty. Not an extract does it quote from the numerous "pastorals" published—of course—by their "venerated prelates," warning the faithful, and all else whom it may concern, that such persecution is not warranted by their Church, but altogether abhorred, detested, condemned; and that they are to let any one who shall affirm otherwise be anathema. It mentions nothing of the requests that—cannot but—lie outside of all the Roman Catholic Chapels, addressed to the POPE, begging him to interfere, and use his influence to abate this scandal to their creed. Nor has it, up to the present time, taken the slightest notice of the novenas, masses, and other services to the same purpose, that—as certainly—are performed within the walls of those edifices. In fine, it has left us bursting in ignorance of the efforts of CARDINAL WISEMAN, DR. NEWMAN, ST. JOHN OF TUAM, and S. S. CAHILL and LUCAS, by sermons, preachings, pamphlets, leading articles, prayers, and fastings on this behalf. In consequence of the insidious reticence of our contemporaries, a very general idea is gaining ground that the liberality of Roman Catholicism is mere humbug; its profession of toleration a sham; its cry of "religious equality" a gross equivocation, meaning nothing more than "Universal Popery."

Accordingly, even the EARL OF CARLISLE, who, in regard to the Roman Church, like the *Mamma* in *Lord Bateman*, "never was heard to speak before," writes a letter to the *Leeds Mercury*, animadverting on the Tuscan persecutions, and declaring:

"I must repeat that upon the mode in which the Roman Catholic body at large treat these contemporary occurrences, their place in the estimation of their sincere well-wishers must depend."

The amiable nobleman whose words have just been quoted is, naturally enough, misled by the suppression of which our journals have been guilty. It is a great pity that the Roman Catholics do not contrive to undeceive the noble lord, and the rest of the nobility, gentry, and people in general, as touching their fancied supineness in regard to the MADIAI, and the other apparent victims of their Church, which, personified as a POPE, may, for aught we know better, be imagined grilling a heretic with one hand and presenting a petition for religious liberty with the other.

A Digested Code

THE *Times* tells us that

"On the re-assembling of the House of Commons, MR. PHILLIMORE, M.P., is to move an 'Address that HER MAJESTY will be pleased to appoint commissioners to *digest* the law of England into a code.'"

Remembering the old iron to be found in the laws, we suggest that among the commissioners there be appointed at least half a-dozen ostriches.

THE GREATEST WORK OF FICTION OF THE DAY.—BRADSHAW'S *Tales of the Trains.*

FRA DIAVOLO IN LONDON.

EAR PUNCH,—GOING recently to the barber, who shares with Father Time the task of thinning my hair, I found that he had been garrotted and robbed on the previous night; and heard from his afflicted wife all the pathetic lamentations which I have interwoven in the enclosed verses."

They say we live in peaceful days, and in a peaceful city, Sir,
But somehow we're surrounded by most bellicose banditti, Sir;
And really it would seem less safe for us to be benighted in
The streets of London than the glens which SCHILLER'S *Moor* delighted in.

I suppose that British industry spurred on by mad ambition, Sir,
With SCHINDERHANNES meditates an active competition, Sir;
That ladies of romantic minds, no longer forced to travel O,
May find the hero they desire in a native *Fra Diavolo*.

He does not wear a high-crowned hat, or live on maccaroni, Sir,
Or look as WALLACK used to look in playing *Massaroni*, Sir;
He 's not the stylish sort of thief SALVATOR ROSA painted, man,
And as for MRS. RADCLIFFE, if she 'd seen him, she 'd have fainted, man;
But though in shabby corduroys, pea-coat, and Blucher boots he goes,
And to a den in Monmouth Street instead of the Abruzzi goes,
And though his name is SMITH, or JONES, or BROWN, he takes your money, Sir,
As well as if 't were BRUNO BRUN, or MATTEO FALCONNE, Sir.

When *Massaroni* went abroad to serenade *Zitella*, Sir,
He left his wife at home to watch his kitchen and his cellar, Sir,
And *Leonora* stayed behind to mind *Rolando's* cookery,
But *our* Brigands have a better use for the ladies of the Rookery.
For when from opera or ball you plod along with weary knees,
Nor think to find on Holborn Hill the perils of the Pyrenees,
Some woman asks you, "What 's o'clock?" and while you are replying, Sir,
You find her partner round *your* neck *his* handkerchief is tying, Sir.

The other morning, as my hair to straggle was beginning, Sir,
I went to TONGS (a neat *artiste* for trimming or for thinning, Sir),
But I had scarcely passed the shop and reached the cutting-room, ere I
Saw MRS. TONGS in tears amid the brushes and perfumery.
"Where 's TONGS?" I said. "Oh, dear!" she sobbed, "As home last night he trotted, Sir,
From a friend's in Hupper Obin, he was robbed, Sir, and garrotted, Sir;
And when I see him brought home bruised and bleeding on a shutter, Sir,
By policemen, Sir, the turn I got no words of mine can utter, Sir.

"And I 'm quite without assistance, for it 's took us without warning, Sir,
And you 're the second ead of air I 've turned away this morning, Sir;
And MRS. TURNER, three doors off, in bed is forced a bit to wait,
As TONGS is quite unable yet her top and front to titiwate.
With plaisters and with vinegar I dress his cuts and bruises, Sir,
But who is fit to hold the tongs and scissors as he uses, Sir?
And there 's his children (here the dame began to sob and pout again),
He put their air in paper, Sir, BUT *who 's* to take it out again?"

I left the weeping MRS. TONGS, and thought if I had seen her, man,
In such a grief, for such a cause, at the inn of Terracina, man,
I had not marvelled at the case; but hearing such a story, Sir,
Of brigands living 'neath the nose of good SIR PETER LAURIE, Sir,
I 'd better hurry home at once, in urgent haste, and write of it
To *Punch*, that he may instantly inform the worthy knight of it,
And make him "put the fellows down," and use the utmost rigor o'
The law 'gainst those who thus have robbed my inoffensive Figaro.

WHY is PALMERSTON like the measles?—Because nearly every Administration has him once.

SCIENCE FOR SOFT HORNS.

WE have had much pleasure in hearing that some attention is about to be given, at Oxford and Cambridge, to the study of plants. Instruction is to be provided in that peculiar branch of botany that has reference to Botany Bay. Professorships are to be appointed at either University in order to teach the anatomy and physiology of the several *genera* of fraud. The lectures will elucidate the forms of swindling, and the classes and orders of roguery. The system of sells, the tissues of deceit, and the ramifications of imposture, will be demonstrated; and the peculiarities of design manifested in each, exposed.

Two experienced barristers of the Central Criminal Court have been selected to fill the respective chairs. They will rejoice in the title of Professors of Modern Hebrew. It is to be hoped that, through the lessons of these learned gentlemen, every young clergyman, however simple, will know better than to accept a bill, and trust an advertising rascal to get it discounted.

THE FINE OLD ENGLISH ADMIRAL.

AIR.—"*Obvious.*"

I'LL sing you a new song, on a theme much stirred of late,
Of a fine old English Admiral, grown rather out of date,
Who, tho' in second childhood and a very helpless state,
Is still on "active" service, commanding a "First-rate"—
Like a fine Old English Admiral, one of the present time.

His cabin is well stored around with powders, draughts, and pills,
And pretty nearly half his pay is spent in doctors' bills;
Cramp, ague, cough, and rheumatism count among his foes,
With now and then a touch of gout, to warm his good old toes—
Like a fine Old English Admiral, one of the present time.

He seldom ventures up on deck, save just to take the air,
With a respirator round his chin, and in an easy chair;
But o'er his nightly gruel a stave he 'll often sing
Of battles fought in his hot youth, when GEORGE THE THIRD was King,
Like a fine Old English Admiral, one of the present time.

His good old ship, the *Blunderer*, is quite infirm as he,
As shaky in her "upper works," and out of trim for sea;
E'en coal-brigs pass her easily, and clippers round her sail,
And tho' she's "slow," she's pretty "sure"—of found'ring in a gale,
With her fine Old English Admiral, one of the present time.

But tho' the good old ship and he alike are breaking fast,
We 'll hope he still may live to see her snug in port at last:
And if he's then in favour with the Admiralty Board,
Perhaps, as he's near ninety now, they'll make a *Junior* Lord
Of our poor Old used-up Admiral, one of the present time.

Now frankly we confess a doubt if any British tar
Be the better fit for "service" from his rivalling OLD PARR;
Nor put we faith in veterans, tho' doubtless bold and brave,
Who have one foot crippled by the gout, and t'other in the grave—
Like our fine Old English Admiral, one of the present time.

A CAPTAIN BOLD.

A CERTAIN CAPTAIN HENRY HUGH CLAYTON has greatly distinguished himself by caning a housemaid; because the aforesaid maid would not listen to the advantageous offers—as no doubt he considered them—of the man of valour. She spurned him, and the warrior caned her. Well, for this caning MR. LONG, the magistrate, fined the captain 50*s.*: a mere trifle, for the hero—as it appeared—was perfectly ready to pay fifty pounds. We are not aware whether the prowess of the captain will be duly gazetted; but, any way, it ought to be marked in some very especial manner. We suppose he cannot be made a K.C.B.: but, nevertheless, he ought to be distinguished. We think it clear that the warrior who canes an honest housemaid ought himself to receive the Order of the Broomstick.

Our Imperial Arms.

SCOTLAND having complained of the shameful treatment of her lion in the English standard, the complaint will, it is understood, be followed up by Wales,—the English Heralds having entirely ignored the Welsh rabbit.

THE AUSTRALIAN BANKING SYSTEM.—The Banks of the Australian Gold Fields are so constituted, that you draw money out of them with a scoop instead of a cheque.

STUDY OF AN ELDERLY FEMALE HAILING THE LAST OMBLEBUS.

THE LAY OF THE ANXIOUS DEBTOR.

(ADDRESSED TO HIS CONFIDING BUTCHER.)

AIR—"*Will you love me then as now?*"

You have told me that you trust me?
And you prove the words you speak,
As you send the meat in daily,
And the book but once a week!
May I hope your kindly feeling
Nothing ever will estrange,
And this pleasant mode of dealing
Circumstances ne'er will change.
When you send a twelvemonth's bill in,
And to pay I don't know how,
When you hear I've not a shillin',
Will you trust me then as now?

Though a month may pass unclouded,
And you send what 's ordered home,
Yet, as week on week advances,
Thoughts across your mind must come.
You will lose your old politeness,
And reluctant fill your tray,
Cheerful looks will lose their lightness
When you find I never pay.
When my debts have pressed upon me,
And my tradesmen make a row,
Will the change find you unchanging—
Will you trust me then as now?

Mistake in the "Moniteur."

WE beg leave to call the attention of our Parisian contemporary, the *Moniteur*, to a mistake in one of its recent numbers, which we take the liberty to correct. Instead of the announcement that "JEROME BONAPARTE has been raised to the rank of General of Division," it should have been stated that "the rank of General of Division has been lowered to JEROME BONAPARTE."

AN "ACKNOWLEDGED" HEROINE.

IF we are to believe the anecdotes in the French papers, the new Empress has been reviving in Paris the good old days of the British Drama, by going about with purses in her hand, and distributing them with all the promiscuous liberality that marked the "rich uncle" in a farce, or the "benevolent baron" in a melodrama. Since she has been selected as the wife of LOUIS NAPOLEON, the DUCHESS DE TÉBA is discovered to have been for some time past pursuing that brilliant career of reckless liberality, which thrusts a pocket-book filled with bank-notes into the hands of the first mendicant one meets, and wraps up the first half-clad beggar in a satin cloak taken expressly from the shoulders of the donor.

The Duchess has been most conveniently at hand on several recent occasions, when there was an opportunity for acting the part of a "ministering angel;" and, strange to say, her angelic actions have come to light just at the right time to make her popular in her new character of Empress. "Lately," we are told, the Duchess was passing just as a labourer was blown from off a scaffold; a circumstance that proved a regular wind-fall for the poor fellow, who was most liberally assisted by the fair witness of the accident. "Another day," a poor woman half-clothed, carrying two infants—forming a group no doubt very like the well-known "mother and twins" of our own thoroughfares—was met by the Duchess, who "took a wrapper from her carriage, which she threw over the woman and children, and then emptied her purse into the emaciated hand of the poor creature, and disappeared."

We wonder the "disappearance" was not effected through a "trap" or some other stage contrivance, to give due effect to the dramatic incident, and impart to the Duchess as much of the air of a "good genius," as could be attained by the help of regular machinery. Such a character would be invaluable to those ready-made widows in clean white aprons, who lie about on doorsteps, with two great drugged four-year-olders in long clothes on their laps, or who line the New Cut on Saturday nights with a family of seven—in sizes—each member having a tract in one hand, and a box of lucifers in the other. Should the Empress visit England, the fraternity of "cadgers" may expect a plentiful harvest, if all we hear be true of her indiscriminate almsgiving in Paris.

Should the Imperial female philanthropist desire to keep up in this country the habits she is said to have adopted in her own, she will of course make at once for the Surrey side of the water, and run up and down "The Cut"—as it is curtly called by the natives—with as many purses as the "situation" may seem to require.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY MONEY?

UNDER this head there has been continually appearing for some months past an advertisement, by which we confess to have been fairly puzzled. How any gentleman can feel any difficulty in knowing what to do with his money, amidst the mass of notices "To the benevolent," and others in affluent circumstances, that may be seen side by side with his own inquiry, is a problem we cannot solve. There is generally in the next column an "eligible opportunity of investing, to pay 200 per cent." or "a fortune to be realised for fifty pounds," which should at once enlighten the gentleman as to what he may do with his money. There is, however, a question which has often seemed to us a really difficult one, and one which we are astonished at not having seen put to a benevolent public through the medium of advertisements, and that question is, "What shall I do without any money at all?"

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KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

Tom. "JACK! WHEREABOUTS IS AMSTID-AM?"

Jack. WELL, I CAN'T SAY EXACKERLY, BUT I KNOW IT'S SOMEWHERE NEAR AMPSTID-EATH!"

OUR HONEYMOON.

TUESDAY, MAY 6, 18—.

THE most lovely of mornings! Such a sky, and such a sea—*like a mirror*. I ask FRED if it isn't like a looking-glass; and in his strange way, he says he's no judge of such matters. *I* ought to know best. But, if he must speak, he thinks the sea this morning very like a mirror—*not to be always trusted*. What does he mean? "Why, LOTTY, love, the sea shining before us *is* like a looking-glass: it reflects what seems tranquillity and happiness: but the little clouds that, even now, may be gathering, are not shewn there. The morning face may beam in the mirror; with never a coming shade of the noon-day temper." FREDERICK really gets quite like a schoolmaster—and so I almost tell him. "It all looks bright enough just now," he says, looking very wise, "and yet I shouldn't wonder if before the afternoon, we have dirty weather."

"Impossible, my dear; quite impossible." And FREDERICK makes no answer, but stares in my eyes, as though I had uttered something very ridiculous, or very dreadful. But I know what it all means; yes; it was settled that we should make a little voyage to-day if the weather was fine; and here it is the finest, yes, all to nothing the finest day we have had, and—I'm afraid, just to shew a silly authority; for at any time, and upon any occasion to go out of one's way to shew one's power, when it's *never disputed*, is foolish at least, if not more—and yet, I *must* suspect that just for the love of *power*, FREDERICK will insist that to-day isn't fine enough, and won't go after all. But I've *made up* my mind.

"And you think it impossible, my love," says FRED, "that—for this day at least—the sea can change?"

"Why, how calm, how bright, how happy it looks!"

"See here, LOTTY,"—and FRED turns me to the chimney mirror—"see, how calm, how bright, how happy it looks!"

"Well?"

"Do you think 'twill last all the day?" says FREDERICK.

"What!"—and I was about to say something angry, for I caught the little storm coming in my features; there it was, in the glass—and I would have no *bad* weather there, and so I laughed.

"Hm!" said FRED. "I'm afraid, my love"—and he looked very oddly from me to the sea, and from the sea to me again—"I'm afraid there'll be a little storm."

"With such a sky, and such a sea, impossible," I cried.

At this very minute, in comes JOSEPHINE. "If you please, Sir, the sailor men. In half-an-hour, Sir, they say the boat—the *Clipping Kitty* as they call her, ma'am; and wherever they get such names from nobody knows—the *Clipping Kitty*, that is, the boat"——

"Tell the men we've changed our mind—we won't go to-day," says FREDERICK.

"Not go, FRED!" and I can't help it—I give him a look.

"Oh, very well, be it so," says FRED. "In half-an- hour then; only depend upon it, we shall have a storm."

JOSEPHINE walks very slowly towards the door; stops, and then turns back. "If you please, ma'am, you'll not want me? I'm very fond of the sea, ma'am, but if the weather gets up, I've nothing that will wash." And without waiting for an answer, she trips away.

"I'm sure"—and I go towards the window—"I'm sure, FRED, you only wish to frighten me—for the ocean never looked more calm—like a sleeping beauty." FREDERICK whistles. "That means"—I say to him—"that means, I suppose, we're not to go at all?"

"Go! If your heart's set upon it, you shall go, LOTTY; yes, to the very bottom."

I make a little bit of a start at FRED's composure; but directly recover myself. "Then I'd better go and get ready?"

"Go," says FRED.

I feel almost about to cry, but spirit—it's a great comfort, and a sweet support—spirit comes to my help, and I leave the room with a sort of smile, and already hold the handle of the door, and am about to give it—before I know what I 'm doing—such a pull to, when, oddly enough, I shut it so softly, as though it was the door of a jewel cabinet. I could almost vow I heard FRED titter.

That cowardly creature JOSEPHINE comes about me, and begins to say she should be so glad to go, only that what she has won't wash—which I know is not quite true—and moreover she 'd an ugly dream last night, how that a mermaid would comb her hair for her with *her* comb—and how she would make her look into *her* glass—and how when she saw herself there, she saw nothing but a death's-head, and not a morsel like herself, and how—

But I desire her to hold her tongue and take herself away, and it's wonderful how soon she obeys me. I look out at the window; and I am more convinced of the weather; it *couldn't* be more auspicious; and FREDERICK *shan't* frighten me.

"You'll wrap up more than that, LOTTY"—says FRED, as I join him. "Where 's your cloak, and your dreadnought bonnet?"—as if I had such a thing.

"I'm sure I shall do very well, such weather as *this:* and why should I make myself a figure?"

FRED is perfectly satisfied. Not another word does he utter. The landlady begs to know what time we shall be back? "To dinner, of course," I say.

"With luck," adds FREDERICK, and not another word. My heart a little misgives me, but FRED offers his arm, and away we go to the beach, *that* girl JOSEPHINE following with a basket, for the landlady knows we shall want something—people always do at sea. The boat is a beautiful boat; and the men—three of them—such sailor-looking men, I'm sure we could go round the world with them. FREDERICK says something aside to the captain, and he casts his eye up, and says—"Perhaps, a capfull, Sir!" What can he mean by a capfull? However, we are in the boat. "A pleasant sail, ma'am," says somebody—I think JOSEPHINE; for in half-a-minute we seem almost in the middle of the sea, with the sail fluttering, and I never could have thought—looking as I did from the window, and indeed, I may say, from the beach—that the sea could be so rough!

I say nothing, but I cannot help observing that FRED speaks, in a low voice, something to the man who is steering. And the man, with the same cast of the eye at the clouds, again says—"Well, it may be—just a cap-full."

We seem to have been only a few minutes on the water, and already the land so far away! "Charming sail, isn't it, LOTTY?"—says FRED; and I say nothing, but I feel that I am, whether or no, smiling; for really I had no idea that, in so short a time, the sea could have been so very rough.

"What sort of a wind is it?" I ask, with all my best boldness, of the steersman.

"A sojer's wind, my lady," answers the man.

"A soldier's wind! Why, what do soldiers, who are always on shore, what do they"—

"Sojer's wind, my lady," replies the man, and FREDERICK's laughing to himself, "sojer's wind, means this; you can sail either one way or 'tother with it; only you must look arter the tide."

"I apprehend," is my remark; and—the feeling is forced upon me—I could not have imagined it was *so rough*. "What's that?" and I seize hold of FREDERICK.

"Nothing, my lady. Only shipped a bit o' sea. Doesn't do it in common; for *Clipping Kit* 'll go over anything. Like me, my lady, never takes a drop of water." And at the creature's words, a wave as big as a house bursts right upon us! I scream, and dig my fingers in FREDERICK.

"We 'd better go about," says FRED, and I follow his eye as it

glances above, and see the clouds black and threatening, and I creep still closer—closer to him.

"Stand in for shore," says FRED, and the sailor shakes his head; and as if at the motion, the rain pours suddenly down upon us, and the wind howls, and the boat is all going over, and my cheek feels the heart of FRED beating, when the sail flutters all loose, and we're tossed up and down—up and down—with the waves like huge monsters, every one of 'em threatening to burst in and devour us, boat and all.

I don't say a word, but creep closer, closer to FRED: because, for a moment, I *did* feel as if it were all my fault, and his life—his precious life—was on my head. And all the time, he is so calm, so gentle—and his lips touch my face, and my heart is melted.

"Stand in for home," cries FRED.

"Not to be done, Sir: all along of the tide. We must put in at Chougheliff," says the steersman.

FREDERICK makes no answer; but I follow his eyes. "I suppose it must be so. LOTTY, love"—and he looks down on me—"LOTTY, we shall be late for dinner; and we must dine, too, in new quarters."

I say nothing—*can* say nothing—but creep closer, closer to him; for it is all my fault.

The wind still rises, and I watch the faces of the sailors, and I think they look serious, anxious. I try to appear confident. I try to smile and speak to one of the men.

"Have you any children?"—"Six," says the man, without looking at me; and peals of thunder break all about us.

Again the wind—and again the boat—

A moment, and I see all—all. The church—our wedding—my mother, father, all—I hear the sound of the bells coming and going—

Three hours only, he tells me, by the clock—but by the heart how long!—and I am safe: I know I am safe. Strange faces are about me; but my hand is in his, his eyes on my eyes, and his breath upon my face.

THE ALARMING SACRIFICERS.

THOROUGHFARES just now are infested by gangs of suspicious looking characters, who go about for the purpose of thrusting into our hands, throwing into the windows of cabs and omnibuses, or impudently leaving at our houses a quantity of printed letters, having the words "From the Commissioners," "Private Issue," and not unfrequently the Royal Arms on the envelope. These things are becoming an intolerable nuisance, not only in London, but in several provincial towns, into which a set of hawkers have intruded themselves, and getting possession of a room at one of the principal inns, they diffuse their fraudulent announcements among the unsuspecting inhabitants. For the instruction of the public we shall take the liberty of translating one of these swindling circulars into the plain truth, so that people may know what they really have to expect if they visit the "Commission Rooms," "Marts," "Emporiums," "Public Halls," or whatever else these dens of dishonesty may be called in town or country.

Alarming Sacrifice of Truth and Honesty.

The well-known—and much better known than trusted—firm of

SWAG, BRAG, TAG, RAG, AND COMPANY

having purchased, with accommodation bills drawn upon the notorious house of SWINDLE, DWINDLE, AND CO., the whole stock of Damaged Damasks, Rubbishy Stuffs, Short measure Longcloths, and Bad Goods, have determined to get them cleared off in a few days, so that SWAG, BRAG, TAG, RAG, and Co. may get clear off themselves before they are traced by their dupes and creditors.

The whole must be got rid of without any reserve, but with the usual amount of unblushing impudence, and wholly regardless of cost—to character.

Among the principal bargains will be found—5000 Opera mantles, worth 10*s.*; present price, £1 1*s.* These elegant articles may be said to be so reduced as to be had for almost nothing, as they are so small that scarcely any use can be made of them.

3000 pieces of Common English Stuff, lately translated into French Merino, and now offered for six times as much as they are worth, as they must be got rid of in order to effect a good riddance.

About 1000 dresses in pieces—every dress being in at least 8 or 9 pieces—but must not be opened before purchase, as time will not allow; at, say 6 and 9 per dress.

Thousands of Lovely Barèges, at a nominal price—the value being literally nominal.

Several Shawls in beautiful designs—the principal design being on the pockets of the public.

170 Dresses at 8 and 6! Very costly—at that price.

1000 Ell Wide Robing silks at 2 guineas, worth at least ten—— shillings.

Several pieces of Satin in lengths, greatly reduced—in length, by short measure.

7000 Transparent Encaustic Shawls, at 25 shillings—the transparency being so complete that the imposition may be seen through immediately.

Several thousands of extraordinary Muffs—quite worthy of the purchasers at this establishment.

All goods—and bads—must be paid for before they are taken away, as, if time were allowed for inspection, no one would ever think of paying for them afterwards. Any article complained of will be rectified on inquiring at the other establishment, Number 2400, Regent Street, with back entrance in Cheapside.

THE CONSPIRACY IN THE CELLAR.

A WARNING, IN A TRUE BRITISH BALLAD, TO WALEWSKI.

It is the First of April, of all days in the year,
LEWIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE should hold in dread and fear;
Thereon it is determined to take the Emperor's life,
By blowing him to smithereens with his young and lovely wife.

Unto the French Ambassador the fact full well is know'd
Of the horrible conspiracy found out in Tibbald's Road;
And there is more French patriots with beards upon their chins
Concerned in that same job: and so let him repent his sins.

There 's scores of bold French exiles as have took their sacrymong,
To strike for LEDRU ROLLING, and also LEWIS BLONG.
A sharp look-out I would advise NAPOLEON for to keep,
Or he 'll be served as FISHY meant to serve out old PHILLIPPE.

A hundred musket-barrels all in a bundle joined,
Go search in a certain cellar, and you will surely find;
Oh! ponder well, WALEWSKI, the circumstance I state,
And go and stir up Scotland Yard afore it is too late.

Upon the First of April I do again declare
This tragedy will sure befall, unless you take good care,
And make the Emperor stay at home all in the Tuleree,
And mind he sends for pigeon's milk for breakfast and for tea.

ART-HABILIMENTS AND ART-HIGHLOWS.

FROM the report of the Great Exhibition Commissioners, and from the speech made by MR. GLADSTONE at Oxford the other day, it appears that a feeling is gaining ground in favour of industrial education at the Universities. We hail this indication with delight, for we are sure that we desire nothing so much as that the callings of all those parties with whom we deal should become liberal. We say this, with regard to our butcher, our baker, our grocer in ordinary, and our green one, our bootmaker, and our tailor, in a spirit of sincerity for which, we hope, we shall get credit. At both of our principal seats of learning, we trust we shall shortly witness the establishment of Crispin Professorships, and Chairs of Sartorian Philosophy, whose occupants will deliver transcendental lectures, each in his line, upon the Fit, alike conducive to the improvement of the exterior and the understanding, and tending, practically, to furnish us with better and cheaper clothes and boots.

A Safe Bet.

MR. COBDEN bets £10,000 with LIEUT.-GENERAL BROTHERTON, to be paid him whenever the French shall attempt an invasion of England; the LIEUT.-GENERAL on his part paying a shilling a week to the Manchester Infirmary *until* such invasion shall be attempted.

This is a safe bet for MR. COBDEN; because there can be no doubt that the EMPEROR OF FRANCE, fully alive to his obligations to the man of peace, will reimburse him in the £10,000 whether the invasion be attempted or effected. If effected, the money may come out of the Bank cellars.

"PORTER'S PROGRESS."—Degenerating gradually from wholesome beer into unwholesome "Cabman's Mixture."

"AS CLEAR AS MUD."

AS CLEAR as Mud, is an old saying, that ought really to be superseded by the phrase, "As clear as a ministerial explanation." The Minister of Foreign Affairs in France has just been having an "explanation" with the Austrian Minister in Paris, on the subject of an allusion made by LOUIS NAPOLEON to the marriage of his uncle with an Archduchess of the House of Austria. The understanding arrived at was not very satisfactory on either side, and having met to talk over one unpleasant little affair, the Ministers, in the true spirit of diplomacy, "agreed to differ" on some other small matters, not intended to form the subject of their interview. Being unable to settle one little subject of soreness, the Austrian Minister tried the effect of a counter-irritant by asking, "How about the occupation of Rome?" and the French Minister, acting in the spirit of mutual provocation, wanted to know the meaning of the "augmentation of the Austrian forces in Lombardy." Of course the whole thing was conducted in the politest manner possible, and the two Ministers wrapped up their bitter insults to each other in the most sugary words; but if it had been JACK STYLES the coalheaver "blackguarding" JEM JONES the sweep, it would only have been in the phraseology, that the affair differed from the altercation between M. DROUYN DE L'HUYS and M. DE HÜBNER. Put into plain English we should find the language by no means choice on either side. The Austrian Minister certainly commenced the conversation by more than insinuating that LOUIS NAPOLEON had told a lie; and the French Minister replied, by intimating—in effect if not in words—that even if a lie had been told, the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA might do his best or his worst, for that no explanation would be given.

The whole business seems to have been conducted in the spirit, if not precisely in the language, of a couple of quarrelling costermongers, who, having met to settle one point, set to abusing each other on half-a-dozen others. It is a pity that nations are so often obliged to quarrel and fight, because diplomatists cannot understand each other, and, indeed, it would be strange if they could, for nothing is so unintelligible as the language of diplomacy.

THE ASS AND THE BULL.

A Fable.

THERE was, once upon a time, an Ass who, from the colour of his coat, had obtained the name of Drab. He was an animal of such extremely mild principles that he would never kick, although under the greatest provocation, and made it a point to forbear from using his heels to repel even an actual assault. In the same pasture with him there grazed a Bull, whose behaviour, whenever he was affronted or attacked, was entirely different. The Bull, indeed, had formerly, to say the truth, been somewhat quarrelsome; and the Ass, who was privileged to address him as a friend, occasionally took the liberty of remonstrating with him on his pugnacious conduct. The Bull, being a not unreasonable beast, received these admonitions in good part, and so far attended to them, that of late years he had successfully endeavoured to restrain his temper, and had desisted wholly from aggressive violence. Not content with having brought him to practise this moderation, the Ass now tried to persuade his neighbour to go the same lengths in following pacific maxims with himself. To that end he pronounced a long discourse, condemning all hostilities, whether offensive or defensive, and concluding with a proposal that the Bull should disarm outright, and allow him, the Jackass, to saw off his horns. Upon this, the Bull lost all patience, and stamping with his feet, bade his long-eared adviser begone to Jericho! "Saw off my horns, indeed!" exclaimed he, "a pretty soft-horn you must take me for. Do you think I am in my second childhood; or do you wish to induce me to make a calf of myself? Shall I reject the weapons with which Nature has furnished me, not only for self-preservation and defence, but also for the protection of the whole herd? Go and try to wheedle the hedgehog into letting you shave him; and when you have done that, whistle jigs to yonder mile-stone, before you again make such a ridiculous suggestion to me. There was some reason in what you used to say about the folly and extravagance of fighting upon every trumpery ground of offence; and then I thought that you were not what you seemed; but now your language is suitable to your looks, and you talk like a regular Ass, as you are. I shall keep the horns with which I have been provided, as long as it shall please Heaven to preserve them on my head; and not only that, but shall show my value of those gifts by maintaining them in the sharpest state of efficiency that ever I can, to let wolves, bears, and all other brutes whom it may concern, see that I mean to stand no nonsense." With that the Bull, foaming with indignation, set himself to whet his horns vehemently against the stump of an oak; and the Ass, perceiving that his companion was in an ugly humour, was fain to trot off with some rapidity.

MORAL.

We should listen to the exhortations of those who dissuade us from attacking other countries, but turn a deaf ear to the declamations of the parties that desire to prevent us from defending our native land.

THE EMPEROR OF HEARTS.

BY ROSA MATILDA.

THAT charming Emperor! Tell me not
What shocking acts the Dear has done.
The worst is but a little spot,
A tiny speck, upon the sun.
Such sentiment he now evinces,
I'm sure he is the Prince of Princes.

Oh! why upbraid him, that on Rome
He rivetted the tyrant's chain?
Now that his heart is Passion's home,
He won't behave like that again.
To say he shot people is stupid;
He has been shot himself by CUPID.

And don't keep on about the men
Whom from their families he tore,
And then transported to Cayenne;
He 'll never do so any more:
He 's so romantic, of the banished
That all remembrance now has vanished.

What if he seized upon estates
To other persons that belong?
If on the Bourse he speculates,
So as to do a little wrong?
Love will excuse his confiscations,
And such financial operations.

Happy, I'm certain, he will make
His subjects—if a sovereign can—
So well he knows what course to take,
To be, himself, a happy man,
In marrying from fond affection,
And not for wealth and high connexion.

A pattern as he is to kings
(And others) of attachment true,
You should forgive the little things
That he has done—or yet may do;
And let him upon Freedom trample,
Setting so proper an example!

The Same Toast Differently Uttered.

AT a dinner given in this country by English Authors to MONSIEUR SCRIBE, the celebrated French Dramatist, the first toast of the evening was, "The French Drama and its SCRIBE." As the second toast was the English Drama, there was some difficulty who should propose it. Every one from modesty refused, until a sour-minded critic rose, and gave out the toast loudly, thus: "The English Drama and its—CRIB." There was a dead pause; but, after a few minutes, an eminent translator had the good sense to rise, and returned thanks.

CABMAN'S MIXTURE.

THE publicans keep, it seems, a peculiar beverage which they call "Cabman's Mixture." The only mixture we know of is a peculiar compound of slang, impudence, and extortion; and we must say that that "Cabman's mixture" is so particularly disagreeable that we have no wish to try any other.

A NICE BIT.—On the occasion of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S wedding, it was remarked that his ambition was, probably, now bridal'd.

Individual (who is not over strong in his head, or firm on his legs). "D-D-D-D-OES WALTZING—EVER—MAKE—YOU—GIDDY? BECAUSE, I—SHALL—BE—HAPPY—TO—SIT—DOWN—WHENEVER—YOU'RE—TIRED!"

Girl (who is in high dancing condition). "OH DEAR, NO—I COULD WALTZ ALL NIGHT!"

THE RAINS AND THE RAILWAYS.

AN ingenious writer in the *Suffolk Chronicle*, speaking of the late unusual continuance of wet weather, which he says "is at length beginning to attract the serious attention of the scientific" (himself obviously inclusive), asks with a *naïveté* which we think is quite refreshing—

"Whether, if iron be a conductor of electricity, it is not probable that the immense intersections of the country by railroads may have some specific effect on the clouds, while the electricity may keep up the temperature above the point of frost or snow?"

Well, it *may*, certainly; though we own we cannot sufficiently give our imagination the rains to think it "probable." In one sense, we admit, the Railways may be said to have exercised a dampening influence upon the country, inasmuch as they have unquestionably brought many "a rainy day," (as it is termed) to many an unlucky speculator. But although the "atmospheric principle" was once a good deal talked about, we doubt if it was ever found to have that "specific effect on the clouds" which the writer of the above has somewhat cloudily, we think, suggested.

Loyalty of the Rising Generation.

BY way of keeping up a wholesome spirit of loyalty in the Rising Generation, it is customary at all our public schools to observe the thirtieth of January, the anniversary of the Martyrdom of CHARLES, by giving the boys a holiday. We have no doubt the intention is to cherish a love for monarchy in the youthful mind, by making a sort of solemnity of the day of the execution of the unfortunate CHARLES; but we fear the purpose is not answered, for the only observation we ever heard made upon the subject was by a youth, who exclaimed, "To-morrow's a holiday for the Martyrdom of CHARLES! Oh! how jolly it would have been if all the kings had been beheaded!"

A Conversion.

THE *Morning Chronicle* informs us that

"The writer BEER has just been converted at Paris to Catholicism."

Who *is* BEER? Surely he must have been very small BEER to be turned by the thunder of the Vatican.

FACT FOR IRISH LANDLORDS.—SAINT PATRICK banished all the "varmint" from Ireland—except the slugs.

"THE BEST OF CUT-THROATS."

THE French bully, BILLOT, says he shall not be satisfied till "millions of men with the torch and the sword in hand shall have interred under its own ruins the whole English people." This extensive funeral is rather a more serious undertaking than Bully BILLOT is probably aware of. *Punch* is not very pugnacious, and not at all sanguinary, but he would really like to have the pulling of that fellow's nose. If any of our own countrymen should happen to be passing that way, and will give the proboscis of BILLOT a contemptuous tweak, we think all Englishmen, and a great majority of Frenchmen, would heartily approve of the proceeding.

Landsmen at Sea.

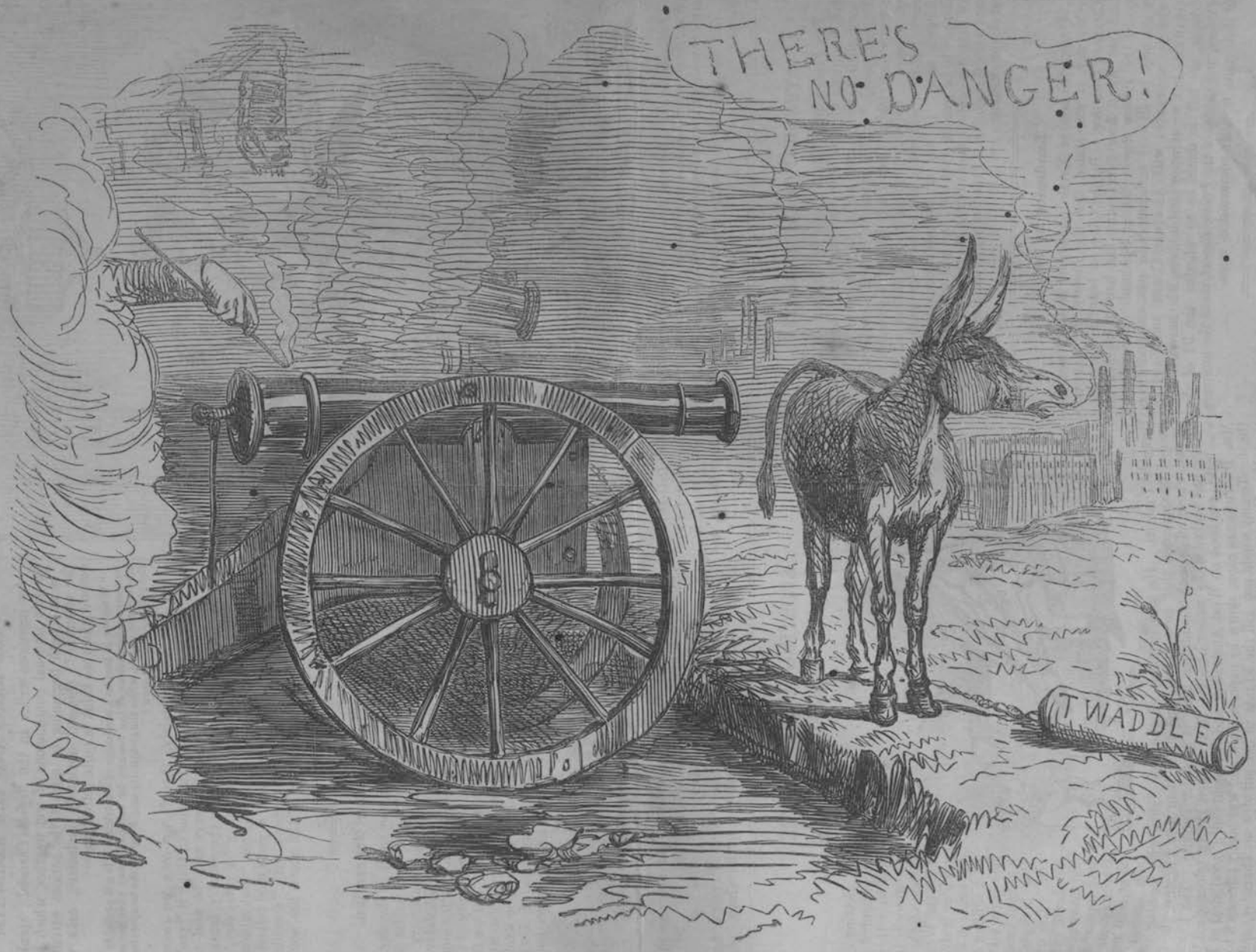
UNDER the head of Naval Intelligence in the *Times*, the other day, it was stated that the *Rodney*, 92, CAPTAIN CHARLES GRAHAM, C.B., had taken on board her powder, and that REAR ADMIRAL CORRY had hoisted his flag on board the *Prince Regent*, 90, at Spithead. This information may be all very satisfactory to nautical gentlemen who are acquainted with ADMIRAL CORRY and CAPTAIN GRAHAM; but we unhappy land-lubbers, who have not that honour, are left in doubt as to whether the 92 of the *Rodney*, and the 90 of the *Prince Regent*, mean the numbers of their guns, or their commanders' ages.

THE KITCHEN FIRE OF THE CITY.—It has long been known that the Corporation of London manages to make the pot boil, but people were not generally aware that it accomplished that object by means of other people's coals.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

(From a Manchester Correspondent.)

THE Betting-rooms have presented a new aspect since they have been graced by the presence of the Member for the West Riding, whose truly sporting wager of £10,000 to a shilling a week has been taken by a gallant general in Her Majesty's service. The example has been catching, and many new faces have appeared. MR. BRIGHT came in last night, and took the odds against LORD DERBY'S Umbriel. He also inquired whether any fights were coming off, and seemed disappointed that he could not get more than 6 to 2 against the Nobby Buster, whose affair with Shambling Billy is fixed for Tuesday. The Peace Conference has backed Billy rather heavily. MR. JOSEPH HUME telegraphed that he was making a book on West Australian, and his agent did a good deal at 12 to 1. MR. BROTHERTON came down by express train, and was busily offering 8 to 3 that the dog Tommy would not kill the 50 rats in five minutes on Thursday, and 6 to 3 that MR. DISRAELI will not sit with the Irish brigade on the same night, and 11 to 1 against the two events. It is thought that a foot-race about to come off between the Flying Butcher and Sam Jones's Bill, will bring down all the Peace Society next week. This is as it should be, and good old English habits and English logic are coming up again.



NO DANGER!

(VERY DISRESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE PEACE SOCIETY.)

FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

REAL WHITE SLAVERY.

WE have heard a great deal about White Slavery, but the real White Slaves of the present day are the fair housekeepers of England, who, though nominally mistresses, are in fact the slaves of those who, under the name of domestics, exercise a domestic tyranny over them. The "Servants' Bazaars," as they are called, are daily lined with well-dressed victims, termed by bitter courtesy "mistresses," who are waiting to be "engaged" by a variety of females, who, under the assumed denomination of "servants," are pleased to make choice of the families they will condescend to go into.

The following are a few snatches of conversation picked up in a Domestic Bazaar on a recent occasion.

Lady. You will of course have your own bed to make.

Plain — disgustingly plain — Cook. Make my own bed, Mum! I never heard of such a thing. You won't suit me, Mum.

* * * * * *

Second Lady. You would have to answer the door while the man is dressing.

Second Cook. Oh, dear me, Mum! I couldn't think of walking up and down stairs; your place, I see, is not the kind of thing for me, Mum.

* * * * * *

Third Lady. I object decidedly to followers.

Third Cook. I've only three cousins in the Police, and a brother-in-law or two at the Barracks, besides some young men who are relations of my sister's husband. You surely would not prevent me from seeing them, Mum.

Third Lady. Oh dear no! When you go out you might see whom you please, but you can't see any male friends at my house.

Third Cook. Then, Mum, it's no use your giving me the trouble to go to the last lady to tell her I shall want her to give me a character.

* * * * * *

Fourth Lady. Oh yes, I would try and spare you on Sunday for an hour or two to go to church.

Fourth Cook. Only an hour or two, Mum! Why it would take me that to walk to the church I wish to go to.

Fourth Lady. Would not a church in the neighbourhood suit you?

Fourth Cook. No, Mum, everything in that neighbourhood is too Low Church for me. I'm High Church, Mum; but as you don't allow a grease pot, that's equally objectionable. I go nowhere if I can't have my Puseyism and my perquisites. So I beg to decline your place, Mum. &c., &c., &c.

A Hit in 3 Vols.

WE see there is announced a new Edition of "*The Initials.*" Can it be a history of the Derby Committee? Can the "initials" possibly refer to the well-known "W. B.?" The author luckily has not put his name to his work, or else most assuredly he would have heard from the warlike ex-Secretary-at-War, demanding if there was any "impertinent allusion" in the title of his work. In fact, for what we know, a correspondence may already have taken place. If so we hope, for the love of fun, that it will be published.

Query?

To MR. PUNCH.

SIR,—In a letter to the *Post*, MR. CHARLES MATHEWS compares the critics to naughty boys who stand about a confectioner's door, and try to get tarts by surreptitious means—he being the said tradesman. Are they not as much like the Oriental police, who nail an objectionable confectioner's ear to his door-post, as a hint that his puffs are too hollow, and his wares in general want weight?

"Yours affectionately,

"A FORNARINA."

THE ULTIMA RATIO.—As war has been called the "Ultima Ratio of Kings," so a duel may be stigmatised as the "Ultima Ratio of Fools."

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 5.

CODLINGS major (my young friend CHARLEY'S brother AUGUSTUS) was distinguished among the wetbobs at Eton. Even at a tender age his name appeared in *Bell's Life*. If you turn over the files of that periodical, you will find how the four oars was won by MOODY, HON.—STANLEY, CUST, and CODLINGS ma. (stroke), LORD PADDINGTON (steerer). He was second for the sculls in BURNABY'S year; and it is said that nothing but an unworthy jealousy prevented his being chosen captain of the eight. The Margaret's men looked with great impatience, I am told, for the arrival at their College of so able an oarsman, and when he came up he was immediately made stroke, to his great delight. He expects to work them up to be head of the river, and meanwhile gives his crew a breathing every day. He grinds away at his oar like a steam-engine, and fancies all other men to have the same exhaustless wind and endurance that he has. There they go hammering along, wearing out the skins of their hands and the seats of their trowsers. "Go it, bow! Now then, number seven; give it her, four and five!" sings out PETER the cad, who is steering; "lift her together, all. That's your long dwelling stroke—very much bravo, indeed, gentlemen!"

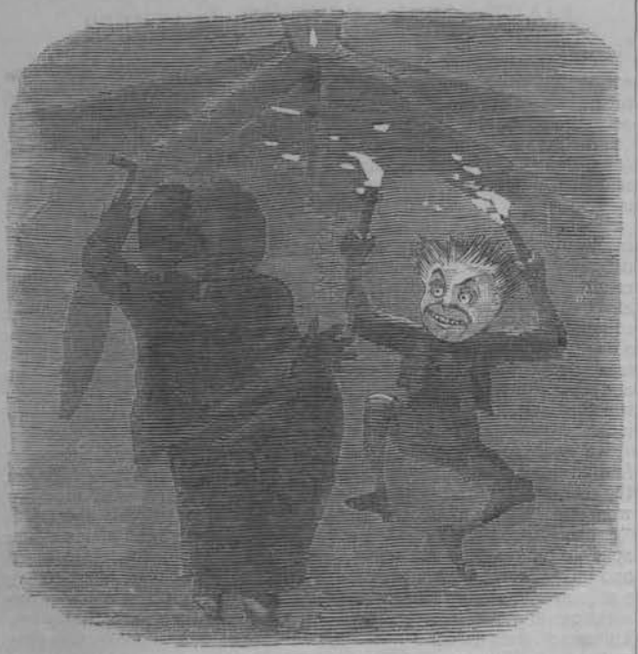
No country but England could show such a sight. Eight young fellows—one a nobleman; the rest with historic names (except BITER, the Bible clerk from Cumberland, a six-foot man of great strength, who sits in the middle of the boat, but, according to PETER, is "gruelled the first of the lot")—all bred up in luxury, and with a strong appetite for pleasure, yet agree to live on mutton-chops, stale bread, and bitter beer, to limit themselves to a single weed per diem, to run a mile every morning before breakfast, and every afternoon to take an eight oar down to Gravel Pound lock and back, at a pace that would kill one of their fathers' footmen, and take it out of many a London waterman. Compare the life of young French gentlemen of the same age! Then they come reeking out of the boat, braving the chill air with utter recklessness, their hands perhaps cut to pieces with the oar, but as jolly as possible, and with an appetite that would procure ruin to a navvy, and happiness to an alderman. I can tell you they are a sight worth looking at, when they are at their simple dinner.

CODLINGS plays an uncommonly good knife and fork; so they do all—but that BITER is tremendous. Some fellows say he has not enough to eat when he is at home, and so that he lays in a stock for Vacation. Then there is a good humour and flow of honest conviviality among them that I have often missed at Greenwich and Richmond over whitebait and Champagne. The talk is simple enough, indeed confined to the one favorite topic; but its interest never flags. The improvement of the crew—the merits of other boats—the rumours of trials below the locks—the progress of the new 64-foot "ship" that is being laid down for them by those eminent boat-builders, the MESSRS. SEARLE—complaints that some evergreen Master of Arts of long standing is going to be brought up by the Andrew's men to row stroke for them, and save them from being bumped—such is the staple of conversation. Then perhaps they chaff BITER about the pudding he ate last Sunday, and trace the fatal effects of such licentiousness in his diminished prowess in the boat, digging him playfully in the ribs to ascertain whether he is getting into condition, a process which, though great fun to these athletes, who are like iron all over, would probably produce hours of the most excruciating agony to an ordinary man. They are jolly fellows, these rowing men; and in my dismal chambers in the Temple, after a day's work at FEARNE or STORY, I often sigh for the happy days when I was one of them, and could myself tackle a pound and a half of steak for dinner, and then have a set to with the gloves, or a bucket down the river without the least inconvenience. And dear old GUSSY CODLINGS is a worthy chief among them. It is quite a pleasure to see him, with his brown healthy face and jovial frank laugh, striding down to the boats in flannel trowsers and a pea-jacket. Out of the way, you awful swells in shiny boots and flash ties, take your glossy hats off to your superior. Although he is no dandy, he is a gentleman all over, as any one may see. Look at his manly, erect carriage, his proud mouth and delicate cleanliness. That muscular form enshrines a kind and honourable spirit, like the old *Douglas*, "tender and true;" and wherever GUSSY may go—a farmer in Australia, a soldier in India, a parson in Wales, a barrister in London—he will have friends that would do anything in the world to serve a creature so brave and upright.

The Genuine Article.

LISTEN to a New Orleans man, and he would wish to persuade you that Slavery warn't Slavery—not a bit of it—it was Liberty itself—at all events, if not Liberty itself, it was so slavish an imitation of it, that you couldn't tell it from the real thing!

INSANE QUERY.—Whether, considering the blackguard way they tax our coals, the Corporation of London may not properly be stigmatised as a Coalition Government?



Horrible Apparition which appeared to a benighted Elderly Female during the Fog of Tuesday, February 1.

A MAN OF METAL FOR THE MILLION.

THE poet HORACE, blowing his own trumpet, boasted, on the publication of the third volume of his poems, that he had completed a monument more durable than brass.

Another poet has done the same thing—though he has not said so. EBENEZER ELLIOTT, bard of the Anti-Corn-Law League, has left us a memorial of a substance as imperishable as the testimonial to QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS contributed by himself.

It is proposed to erect a statue in honour of ELLIOTT; and any monument which the public may award to him ought obviously to be made of as good stuff as that which he has bequeathed to the public.

The acknowledged legislator who repealed the Corn Law—SIR ROBERT PEEL—has had raised to his memory some ten or a dozen statues of bronze. The "unacknowledged" legislator that did the same service is to have one which, for want of metal, threatens to be of Portland stone.

The site intended for ELLIOTT's statue is Sheffield, the metropolis of hardware, the chief town of workers in brass and iron—how disrespectful to the founder of all foundries, to set up a stone image instead of a metallic one in that place, under the very nose, as it were, of TUBAL-CAIN!

It is well known that Sheffield is a town which does not consume its own smoke. Should the statue of ELLIOTT, which is to adorn it, be made of stone, that work of art, in the first place, during fine weather will have all its hollows and mouldings blackened with soot; in the next place, the rain will come and wash the channels clean, leaving the smooth surfaces dingy. The statue will thus exist alternately in two opposite states of piebald, exposed to the derision of Europe and the little boys.

Perhaps it would so soon become an eyesore, that the next generation would hurl it from its pedestal to Macadamise instead of disgracing the street.

To preserve the memory of ELLIOTT from those relative indignities which it will suffer in his graven image, if of stone; to give him a proper statue of bronze: what is lacking is, as aforesaid, metal. Bronze, as all enlightened members of Mechanics' Institutes know, is composed partly of copper. The contribution of a certain number of pence would supply the needful. A penny subscription from working men would be precisely the most suitable tribute to ELLIOTT's merit. It would, moreover, be the discharge of a debt of gratitude, at least; paying him a part of what, but for him, they would owe the baker.

It is needless to remind a scientific public, that silver and even gold may, by a very simple process, be transmuted into bronze; and that the largest as well as the smallest contributions will be thankfully received by the promoters of the design to raise a monument to ELLIOTT, that shall not degenerate and crumble into a laughing-stock.

PEACE ANECDOTES.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,

"HAVING had the pleasure of hearing one MR. BARCLAY FOX, of Falmouth, narrate to the Manchester Peace Conference a charming anecdote of a French Captain, who having captured a Quaker's vessel, instantly restored it on finding that the owner would not fight, I have gone through various histories in my possession, and have transcribed a few similar Peace Anecdotes, equally authentic, and equally satisfactory as proofs that we have nothing to fear from LOUIS NAPOLEON. I beg you to accept them. You may rely upon the accuracy of the details, because I got MR. COBDEN to be so kind as to collate them with the very authorities from which he proved that the last war against France was begun by England.

"Your obedient Well-wisher,

"MACAULAY M'ALISON MACKENZIE."

During the war in Spain (which was caused by the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S criminal ambition to become MARQUIS OF DOURO) a native family was peacefully sitting down to its *siesta*, or mid-day meal, which consisted of Spanish onions and Spanish liquorice, when a savage-looking French dragoon (not that he really was savage, none of them are, like our own brutal soldiery) entered. "Soh!" he exclaimed, drawing his sabre, "PALAFOX proclaims 'War to the knife.' Ha! And doubtless *you* cry 'War to the knife,' also. Eh?" "*And fork*," replied the father of the family, mildly, and pointing to a chair at the table. The brave Frenchman paused a moment, burst into tears, ate up all the onions, and departed, saying, "*C'est different. Dieu vous bénisse!*"

At the storming of San Sebastian (where the British army's wickedness so unfavourably contrasted with the conduct of the French, who only set the town on fire by accident, and treated the women and prisoners so humanely) a British grenadier, who was in one of the forlorn hopes, was rushing furiously—with levelled bayonet and dreadful execrations—upon the gallant defenders, when his foot slipped, and he fell at the feet of a young French officer, who, sword in hand, was directing the defence. Instead of passing his weapon through the Englishman's body, the noble-minded young hero picked him up, restored to him his gun, which had slipped from his fingers, and said, "Now, *mon ami*, at it again." The grenadier again fell—this time on his knees—and registered a solemn oath never to shed another drop of blood. Will it be believed that when PICTON heard this, instead of being affected at the anecdote, he flogged the man?

After the storming of Seringapatam, while the British soldiers were scattered over the town—killing, robbing, and debauching—a private in the 19th Dragoons strayed into a garden, and suddenly found himself surrounded by ten or twelve armed followers of TIPPOO SAIB, who were about to cut him to pieces. Happening, fortunately, to speak their language, he exclaimed, "*Tuta ko-harnee punah-be-khodah kondapilly puggree bundy*," that is, "The object of the English here is simply the liberation of the prisoners so improperly incarcerated by your inconsiderate master, now no more, and the general adjustment of the fiscal and financial arrangements of the country." He had hardly said the words when they all threw down their arms, and saluted him, saying, "*Mozuffernuggar yerwaddy boguewitter bung gong?*" or "Why was not this explained to us by arbitrators, and it should have been done without bloodshed?" Why, indeed?

As the great NAPOLEON dashed triumphantly into Lodi, in pursuit of the Austrian BEAULIEU, his eye fell upon a pretty little girl at a window, who, scarcely heeding the military clamour, was tranquilly singing a song. The conqueror, arrested by the spectacle, checked his horse and said, "*Que chantez-vous, petite?*" "I sing the 'Maid of Lodi,'" replied the child innocently. "*Tu as raison*," replied NAPOLEON, mournfully, "and I too would sing, if my enemies would give me time, and if I had a voice." And that day he would not attack. Yet it was a man with these amiable feelings whom the Allied Armies hunted to his grave.

While, at Trafalgar, the French vessel *l'Indomitable*, and the English *Thunderbomb* were lying yard-arm and yard-arm, a French and an English sailor, each armed with a blunderbuss, climbed into the tops of their respective ships, and each took aim at an officer of the enemy. While their fingers were on the triggers their eyes happened to meet, and the common-sense which nature has implanted in all of us came to their aid. They both laughed. JACK was the first to speak, "Why, *mon* bo," he said, "if so be as I kills that cove of yourn in the spangles, and you kills our fust luff down here, what 's the odds? We 're just where we was. Let 's save powder, and have a quid." "*C'est juste*," said the Frenchman, and the friendly enemies, having arrived at the real state of the case, held a peace conference of their own until both ships blew up.

THE LITERATURE OF FLUNKEYISM.

NOTHING marks so much the Flunkeyism of the age, as the demand for books of information as to the Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, or any other age to which the intense Snobage of the present day attaches an interest. Such is the morbid curiosity about anything with even the meanest pretension to rank, that we should not be surprised if the cab-rank were made the subject of a work that might appropriately be called a Cab-age, as a companion to the Peer, Baron, Knight, and other ages, which are published with periodical regularity. We have had the Romance of the Peerage, and we may therefore expect shortly to be favoured with the Romance of the Knight-age, which would be perhaps better, in many respects, than its reality.

If the literature of Flunkeyism continues to expand as it has done recently, it will probably soon embrace not only the Knightage, but the Broughamage, and we shall be favoured with the biographies of all who keep a carriage. Such a work might not be devoid of interest, and we will give a sketch of the career of our friend—or anybody's and everybody's friend—SMITH, as an illustration of the way in which such a work might be edited.

SMITH, JOHN, born in Carnaby Market, son of old Smith. Lineage: the last line but one, of several hundred lines of SMITHS, in an old Directory. Mother, JONES: daughter of old MOTHER JONES. The subject of our present sketch was apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary, who, finding young SMITH with a taste for drawing, entrusted him to draw several teeth, in which, notwithstanding his poor extraction, he soon began to distinguish himself. Time and the hour, which run through the longest apprenticeship, brought SMITH to the end of his term, when he at once passed the Hall and the College; but he did not go in, as he had not the means of paying the fees that were required. Having served as an assistant he learned to help himself; and by habits of prudence he ultimately accumulated sufficient to make himself a legally qualified practitioner. Having taken a shop he advertised his readiness to prepare prescriptions, but for some time he was chiefly occupied in prescribing for himself a course of the most rigid economy. A piece of orange peel, accidentally thrown before his door, introduced him to the wealthy BROWN (*see Broughamage*, vol. iv. *Title*, BROWN), whose fall was SMITH'S rise; for in lifting the former off the pavement, the latter picked up a patient. SMITH, who had hitherto been confined to that humblest walk of life—his own legs—was now to be seen occasionally in the higher position of a seat on an omnibus. A few years later we find him in a cab, and then, losing sight of him for some time we meet with him in a hired Clarence. An envious neighbour having sneered at the turn-out as a shabby job, SMITH feeling uneasy in a vehicle which was used by the ill-natured as a vehicle of satire, resolved on the purchase of a second-hand Brougham, and he stepped at once into the right to assume his place in the Broughamage of his native country. He at present drives only one horse, but he is in treaty for another, which he hopes to get on his own terms; and he purposes driving two, if he succeeds in driving a bargain.

Very Proper.

OUT of respect to the infirmity of so many of our naval veterans, we believe that the hackneyed simile of "As deaf as a Post," will very shortly be altered into "As deaf as a Post-Captain."

THEORY OF TREATING.

IT may be stated, on authority no less trustworthy than that of W. B., that the drunkenness at contested elections is occasioned, in a great measure, by party spirit.

A COURT CARD.

NOW that the British dominions include the Australian Diggings, HER MAJESTY can add to her present titles that of the Queen of Spades.

From Gay to Grave.

AS the advices from Liverpool announce "a tone of great steadiness in the Yarn market," we may look for more gravity than usual in the speeches in the House of Commons when the session is resumed.

THE WHOLE HOG (*and something more*).—An incurable Punster declares, that the new kind of paper made out of straw will, doubtlessly, lay the foundation of a new *litter*-ature!!!

SADDLING THE WRONG BACK.—Among the entries for the Liverpool Steeplechase occurs "SIR PETER LAURIE." Fancy such a name for a *horse!*

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S GOOD GENIUS—EU-GÉNIE.—It is not often we are so complimentary! Hem!—ED.

FANCY BIPEDS WITHOUT FEATHERS.

SUPPOSE there were a race of Genii or beings superior to ourselves, as much so as we are to poultry, and having the same power of controlling our physical development as we have of modifying that of cocks and hens.

And suppose this higher order of creatures took it into their heads to become Humankind Fanciers, and to cultivate our species in a manner corresponding to that in which it is now the fashion to grow fowls.

Man is a strange animal as it is; but he would become a still stranger one in the case supposed. Imagine the influence of food, temperature, and other circumstances, being brought to bear by the eccentric Genii on the different races of men, so as to exaggerate the features that are specifically distinctive of each to the very utmost.

Conceive the natural width of face of the Mongolian tribes increased to five or six times its present average, and the obliquity of their eyes augmented to within a few degrees of the perpendicular. Fancy the legs of the negro enlarged to the dimensions of those of the hippopotamus, the bridge of his nose altogether obliterated, his jaws brought to project as much as an ourang-outang's, and his woolly crop expanded into an excrescence ten times as big as his head.

Sufficiently singular specimens of humanity, however, would be produced by educating its indigenous and domestic peculiarities. A judicious system of diet, administered by the Genii with a genius for that sort of thing, might produce a cavalry officer with moustaches long enough to entangle the legs of his horse; or so extend the legs of a grenadier as to render him unable to stand upright in any sentry-box. On the other hand it might raise a sort of "dumpies" or "bakies" of aldermen, with lower extremities of the size of skittles. It might impart indefinite length to the nose of a Hebrew, and unlimited magnitude to a footman's calves.

For professions, trades, and the various uses of society, there would be provided individuals, whose recommendations would consist in golden-pencilled, chesnut-pencilled, auburn-pencilled, or sable-pencilled eyebrows. Young ladies would be rendered inestimable by the qualifications of pink eyes and white hair, extreme emaciation, enormous obesity, long necks, hour-glass waists, Chinese feet, and the superfluity of figure which characterised the Hottentot VENUS.

How should we like to have all our personal oddities aggravated, and to be made objects and figures of, like those we make of the unhappy fowls?

The Lion Brothers.

THE controversy about the Scotch and English Lions might be easily settled. Why not have them represented on the British flag as fraternising; one taking the other lovingly around the neck, "*embrassant*" instead of "*passant*" like the Lion of England in sulky grandeur, and "*rampant*" like the Scotch Lion, furiously clawing and scratching?

NEW NAME FOR A "PARLIAMENTARY."—The *Slow* of Despond.

Railway Porter. "First Class, Sir?"
Unfortunate Oxonian. "No! Plucked!"

HE MUST HAVE BLOOD!

A French Legitimist writer talking of the treaties of 1815, describes them elegantly as "a page of mud," and he adds with a true sanguinary gusto, that "there is not sufficient blood in the veins of 10,000,000 of men to wash out that immense stain." Whether the treaties were written in mud, we can't say. But this Legitimist notion of washing out "mud" with "blood," is remarkable alike for its folly and ferocity. To our own eyes, "blood" is a far more sorry sight than "mud," and the lasting stain left by the former is much more revolting than the temporary blot caused by the latter. Unfortunately, however, for France, there are some Frenchmen—happily a minority, we hope, of the nation—to whom Gory and Glory are alike in sense as well as in sound, and who go about howling "Death to the English!" like this murderous maniac, who couples his amiable watchword with the assertion that "the French carry life throughout all the countries where they penetrate."

Mr. Cobden in Error.

Mr. Cobden, in his recent "Letters," takes occasion to remark, with a considerable amount of emphasis for so pacific a writer, that notwithstanding, in the last fifteen years or so, there have been added upwards of 100,000 men to our naval and military establishments, the public press is still continually to be found complaining of their "great deficiency." Now, if this be the rule with our contemporaries, we certainly must plead ourselves complete exceptions to it. For, considering what a number of superannuated veterans are kept on what of course to them is nominally "active" service, we cannot think we have to complain so much of the "deficiency" of our forces, as of their surplus-age.

A Temperance Frolic.

We lately saw, in a paper, an announcement of the promotion of the "Assistant Engineer of the first class of the *Devastation*," by name "Mr. R. Grog." We suspect that the paragraph thus connecting Grog with Devastation must have been concocted by some teetotal wag.

PRESENTATION OF NUGGETS TO THE QUEEN AND PUNCH.

Her Majesty and ourselves have been selected as the recipients of two fine specimens of Australian gold, one having been forwarded to Victoria as the Queen of these realms, and the other to *Punch*, as the Prince of Periodicals. We have seen no official report of the presentation of the nugget at the Palace; but our own specimen has been received with a solemnity almost equalling, in imposing pomp, the ceremonials observed at Louis Napoleon's marriage.

The precious treasure having been shipped under a salute of sixteen sons of guns, in the service of Mr. David Barclay of Hobart Town, was, during the whole of the voyage, guarded by a loblolli-boy; and on its arrival in London, was received at Austin Friars by a representative of the highly respectable house of Kennard & Company, who had caused the entire right-hand pocket of a velvet waistcoat to be set apart for its reception.

Its arrival having been notified to us, preparations were made at our Office on an extensive scale, and the publisher wore all his orders—including the most recent order in black and white of a set of our work from the commencement—in honour of the occasion. An extra boy had been laid on in addition to our ordinary staff, and on the arrival of the cab containing the precious relic, the boy walked forward at a slow pace towards the assistant publisher, who proceeded a few steps towards the publisher-in-chief, when the whole of the officials formed into line, and advancing towards the cab, received the golden tribute from the hands of the cab-driver, into which it had been placed by the representative of the house entrusted with its delivery. After an exchange of mutual courtesies, the treasure was carried slowly into the Office, and deposited with the other tributes received from all quarters of the world, including the celebrated lobster's claw portrait of *Punch* from the United States, the plaster of Paris cast from Germany, the statue of *Toby* in Roman cement, and the vast collection of complimentary curiosities which have converted one of our shelves into a British Museum in miniature.

The piece of gold bears a striking resemblance to the figure of *Punch*, and has been moulded by nature to add the conclusive evidence of the voice of Nature to the fact that *Punch* is worth his weight in gold—a fact our modesty might never have allowed us to proclaim, had not the admission been, as it were, wrested from us by the incident which has given rise to these observations.

THE GREAT PUNCH NUGGET.

Egging them on.

A country Barrister in France, named Billot—and a most tempestuous frothy Billot he seems to be—has published a pamphlet, in which he humanely announces that we English must all be massacred, and England herself destroyed "in its egg." When this ranting would-be cut-throat talks of destroying England in its egg, he seems to forget that there is something in the shape of shell to be met before the egg is to undergo the process of batter.

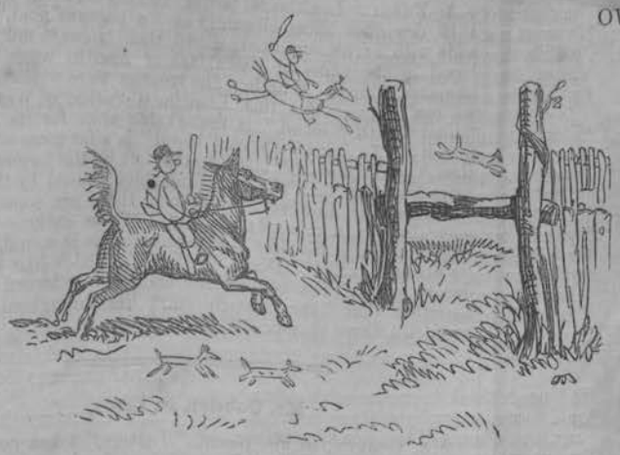
An Editorial Cry.

Overheard in the Counting-house of a Shabby Newspaper Office.

"Give your Orders, gentlemen—give your Orders for the Theatres, gentlemen—the Advertisers are in the room."

...in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their ... in the City of London.—Saturday, February 12th, 1853.

POLITICAL BETTING-OFFICES.



OW natural it is that the representative of a Riding should know something of horses, and there is nothing strange in such a person's coming forward as a "betting man." As the sagacious COBDEN has commenced betting on the invasion question, it is not unlikely that he will make a book on the great event; and if he is as clever as we think him, he will probably "hedge" in such a manner that he would stand to win either way. We do not fear that he will lose much in any event; and indeed he will be perfectly safe unless "The EMPEROR" is allowed to "walk over."

Since the example has been set by MR. COBDEN of betting on public events, we should not be surprised if Political Betting-Offices were to be established—or rather started, for they never get established—in all parts of the town, for the purpose of enabling the shopmen, apprentices, and other speculators, with money not their own, to take an interest in the chances of politics. The "prophets" may also be expected to reap the benefit of this new field for gambling, so considerately opened for them by MR. COBDEN; and genuine information on "the Budget," "the New Reform Bill," and other great events of the political year, will furnish a series of excellent pretexts for recommending "tips" to the green geese of the community.

THE PATRIARCH OF THE PLAYHOUSE.

ALAS, alas—how old I am!
How old?—oh! ask me not to say.
But that my soul abhors a sham,
I'd get a wig—I am so grey.
My reminiscence of the stage
Too plainly will betray my age.

I recollect the elder KEAN—
And then I was a fine young man—
MISS INVERARITY I've seen,
Also MISS SHIRREFF; and I can—
Cold is the bosom that forgets—
Distinctly call to mind MISS BETTS.

My sides have ached with LISTON's fun,
JACK REEVE has often made me split;
And I remember how begun
With him that favourite piece of wit,
Of shouting, in a tuneful key,
The simple word "Va-ri-e-ty!"

And then the kidneys, rabbits, stouts,
And subsequent cigars and goes,
Of twenty-one or thereabouts!
Ah!—still young fellows, I suppose,
Rejoice in luxuries like these,
Accompanied by songs and glees.

Now give me what I can digest,
The plainest dinner—nightly fill
The cup prescribed to give me rest;
And let me take my morning pill.
Had I been bred up to the sea,
An Admiral they'd now make me!

OUR HONEYMOON.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7, 18—.

DID I ever think I should sleep in such a bed-room! And could I ever believe I should be so grateful—so full, so overflowing with thanksgiving for such a bed! Why, it isn't above half the size of a ship's cabin—and the bed itself—(but then, as FREDERICK says, *he* can always make himself small; can sleep upon a boot-jack! I'm sure there's not much more room for *two*)—the bed hardly wider than a bolster! But oh, what it might have been! Two or three times I woke, with the bed like a boat, and the sea gurgling in my ears; and then again I fell asleep, so thankful, so happy! I was preserved—*he* was saved; and with such tranquillity, such goodness in his sleeping face, how I blessed him—how I blamed myself—for it was my fault, all my fault. What an early lesson—and let me cherish, love it, as a most dear and valued one—but what an early lesson for a Honeymoon.

And now FREDERICK is gone out—and why did he leave me in such a hurry?—let me look about me. Last night, I could scarcely see or know anything. All I remember was being dashed in the boat upon the beach, with twenty people shouting and crowding about me—and, wet to the skin, being carried up and up some rocks, and—after a time—finding myself at the fireside with FREDERICK, and two or three kind women—all such eager, anxious, yet gentle creatures about me! But *he* was safe—*he* was preserved; and with that big blessing at my heart I went to sleep, and woke—and was again and again thankful, and with the thought again and again blessed, and again slept!

And what a strange, odd, pretty little place! The room as modest, as humble, but as sweet as a daisy. A brick floor—what would mamma say? positively a brick floor—with surely a bit of sail-cloth by the bed-side! And everything so clean and neat! And there is art, I declare, art upon the mantel-piece. Two plaster parrots, greener than ever yet were feathers; and a demure white cat with round black spots, as if cut out of court-plaister, sitting with her tail curled round her fore-legs, on the chest of drawers. And there are shells upon the mantel-piece; and dried sea-weed (a piece of it, I shall beg to mark yesterday with; a piece to look at, in future days, if ever peevish, discontented thoughts arise, to look at and learn from it patience and thankfulness); and the model of a little boat—perhaps the boat of the poor thing's husband.

And here, more dead than alive, they brought me last night. Here, making the bed as hot as an oven, they laid my storm-tossed limbs—here they would nurse and wait upon my little wayward self that *would* go upon the sea, if only *to shew my spirit*, and to have almost my little life (and *his* life; ah, that was the wrong—the wickedness) washed out of me. And *I* deserved it, *I* did: but *he?* I could weep again to think of my stubbornness.

And the old woman of the house—the cabin, I mean—has been with me. And so thankful, so kind, and so full of excuses for the place that "is not for the likes of me"—("the likes of me," indeed! when I might have been in some deep sea-cave, or flung like so much sea-weed upon the beach; a dead thing, that makes all *unlikes* so *very like*)—and so she tells me that the messenger can't be long before he comes back from the White Hart; for though it's a good twelve miles from Chougheliff, he'd a good horse, and would ride his fastest, and they'd send back a post-chaise with a change of clothes, and I should only laugh some day at the bedroom with the brick floor; though, after all, she must say—with such weather, and with such a coast; she knew it well; she had—GOD help her! and here with her apron she wiped her eyes—she had good cause to know it—with such weather, we had been lucky as all turned out. Poor soul! Her husband, with one of her sons, had been drowned—drowned just off the shore—she might have heard 'em cry. But she wouldn't talk of that now: but it was a blessed Providence that with such a wind, and such a tide, we had ever made the land as we did. We'd driven at least fifteen miles by sea; and oh! the poor souls that had gone down just off the Point!

And at this time, I hear the cry of a baby. Yes; that is her daughter's baby—that is the young woman who had married her son. Her son is a fisherman, and—and—would I like to see the baby?

What a dear little rose-bud! Just two months old—well, I never did see such a beautiful baby! And so strong, and so fresh; as if it had been born, and rocked at sea.

And the mother—a buxom, charming young woman—comes to hope that baby does n't teaze me. She has not been so much herself, she says, as she might have been—and the baby's hardly so tidy as she'd like. And—I can't but see it—there 's something strange and restless in the young woman's manner. She says, it was a dreadful night last night—but then, people who get their living out of the sea must make their minds up to bad weather.—It 's nothing, when Providence is above all. Still, they've had their trials in that house; but still they must hope for the best—it 's their duty and—and shall she take baby from me,—for he 's fallen asleep in my lap!

Oh no! Let him be just a few minutes; only a few. For I can't help thinking how I should like FREDERICK to come just now and look at the dear little fellow fast asleep in *my lap*. And he looks so happy, too; so composed, and so much *at home!*

What a beautiful, solemn, mysterious thing is a baby's face! I don't know why I should think in this manner now! I never thought so before. Yes; such a pretty mystery! Such an unopened book!

Well, mamma *would* laugh to see me now. In this place; and *such a figure* as I am—but JOSEPHINE can't be long with my things, if the man rides fast—but mamma would laugh to see me with a baby on my knees. She would——

Heaven bless us! FREDERICK comes in, and he looks—no, not angry, not vexed; but pale and—and though I smile at him, and then down at the baby, he takes no notice of the little sleeping cherub. What *is* the matter?

A wreck—at least, the fear, the all but horrid certainty of a wreck. "My love," says FREDERICK, "we have solemn reason to be thankful."

"I *am* thankful—ever, ever shall be. But look at baby—it's the child of the old woman's daughter"——

And FREDERICK looks at it: and all his dear, good heart breaks in a smile in his face, as he stoops, and pressing me, kisses the little darling in my lap. If I don't feel that I love the dear little angel all the more!

"Poor little thing," says FRED with such a mournful look.

"Dear heart! Isn't it beautiful? And I never looked on one so innocent."

"Poor little soul," says FRED again, and shakes his head: and I am sure something has happened—*must* have happened.

"There's bad news, LOTTY, down on the beach."

"Bad news?" and I press the baby.—

"Very bad. Hush! I have been among the men; have sent out far and wide upon the shore—but can learn nothing. It is thought—it is believed—it is almost certain—that they have all gone down."—

"All? Who?"—

"God help it," says FRED, looking sadly at the infant—"God help the poor thing! For, I take it, God alone will be its father."

"You never mean that—oh, that poor dear woman—the young wife—the mother!—Oh, FREDERICK, is there no hope?"

"Along the beach spars and boards, and kegs belonging to the poor fellows' vessel, have been flung ashore. The oldest, roughest sailors, shake their heads—no doubt of it—that's the general belief—that all have perished."

"And the poor, dear, wretched woman?"——

"As yet, she knows nothing of her loss," answers FREDERICK.

He has scarcely uttered the last word, than a fierce, wild shriek as of a broken heart pierces me like a sword: a shriek, and then a fall as of some one, falling dead.

The scream awakes the baby; it suddenly cries, as though poor thing, it answered to the misery it was, in some way, to share. It cries, and violently stirs; when I raise it to my bosom, and with a sob or two, and putting its little hand upon my neck, it subsides again to sleep.

PARLIAMENT MADE EASY.

A DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS,

As performed by HER MAJESTY'S *Servants and Opposition, at the Theatre Royal, Westminster, on Thursday, February 10th*, 1853.

ACT I.

SCENE—*The House of Lords.*

PRESENT—*The* LORD CHANCELLOR, *on woolsack*, C. *The* EARL OF ABERDEEN *and "his accomplices in conspiracy,"* L. *The* EARL OF DERBY *and his band of patriots*, R. *Lights up.*

Chorus L.

With joy let us hasten our CRANWORTH to greet,
Who to-night on the Woolsack has taken his seat.
May his labours be light, and his duties be clear,
Till he comes to his pension, five thousand a year.

Lord Cranworth. I thank you all. I'm sure you're most polite,
Now let us take the business of the night.
Lord St. Leonards. Behold these bills! Nay, never look so scared—
With skill and caution have they been prepared.
They're all on Law Reform.
Several young Lords (yawning). A precious treat.
Lord Cranworth (aside). He cuts the ground from underneath my feet;
But I'll dissemble. Lay them on the board:
I'll read them over when I've time, my Lord.
I, too, shall have some bills to introduce
On the same subject—till which time, a truce.
Lord Aberdeen. I beg to move this house do now adjourn.
Lord Derby. Not quite so fast, my Lords. I wish to learn
What our new Government intends to do.
Will they oblige us with a word or two?
I want no vague, indefinite harangue,
No speeches charged with diplomatic slang,
But a specific statement of each measure
On which they mean to ask your Lordships' pleasure.
Lord Fitzwilliam (interposing). My Lord of ABERDEEN, I pray be shy
Of humouring DERBY's curiosity.
What right on earth has he to put a series
Of such uncalled for and unusual queries?
Lord Aberdeen. Nay, fear me not. At Christmas I explained,
What we should do, if we in place remained.
I'll say no more. *I* cannot quite forget
The claims of custom and of etiquette.
We must not talk, as DERBY ought to know,
On Bills they're framing in the House below.
Lord Derby. Come, that's all *bosh*. Now, ABERDEEN, speak out,
And let the country know what you're about.
Lord Aberdeen. They publish (near where Paul's big belfry chimes)
An unpretending trifle called *The Times*;
Over your toast and eggs, my Lord, at eight
To-morrow, study *that*. Till then, you'll wait.
Lord Derby. But you'll say something?
Lord Aberdeen. Saying what I've said,
I've said my say; so no more on that head.
Lord Derby. Then, I conclude, you've nothing to reveal.
Lord Aberdeen. Stop till you see our cards. It's RUSSELL's deal.
Lord Derby. Ah! Tell us *one*.
Lord Aberdeen. Well, is it any use
To say we shan't, as you did, play the deuce?
Lord Derby. Thou mock'st me, Scotchman. Dost thou seek a row?
[LORD ABERDEEN *bows.*
Ha! never think to answer with a bow.
Am I to understand you'll say no more? [LORD ABERDEEN *bows.*
I say, don't bow. I told you that before.
You've got no measures, that's what I conclude?
[LORD ABERDEEN *bows.*
You're so polite, that it's uncommon rude.
Well, silence gives consent. What! silent still?
[LORD ABERDEEN *bows.*
Then I'll be off to dinner, that I will:
To a right pretty pass have matters come,
When England's Crown's First Minister is dumb.
It was not so with me. When in your station,
I spoke upon the slightest provocation.

An Unknown Figure rises.

Figure. I beg to move this House adjourn.
Lord Cranworth. 'Tis done.
Reporters. Up, by SAINT STENOGRAPH! What blessed fun.
[*Their Lordships disperse.*

Chorus of Reporters.

The Ins and Outs to dine are gone,
Or, perhaps, to get some tea;
The messenger is left alone
To lock our gallery.
Away with note-book, pencil, pen,—
One's night 's not thrown away!—
Uprouse ye then, my gallery gallery men,
And use it as ye may,
And use it as ye may.

Tableau of exulting Reporters, and Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The House of Commons.*

PRESENT.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL, LORD PALMERSTON, MR. GLADSTONE, SIR A. COCKBURN, *and other Ministers*, R. *A* CAUCASIAN ARAB, L. *A large table*, C. *The Speaker seated above it. Clerks below him.*

Speaker. Up with you all, you Ministerial band,
And in a circle round my table stand! [*The Ministers rush to the table.*
Speaker. Now all of you take books. All ready there?
Sir James Graham (speaking nautically as First Lord of the Admiralty). Ay, ay, Sir.
Speaker. Silence, JAMES. Now, SWEAR!
All. We swear!
Speaker. Then sign that book, and to your various places.
Now cut away with public work like blazes. [*They retire.*
Lord John Russell (advances to table). It seems convenient, Sir, that I should mention
What measures 'tis the Government's intention
To introduce this session, for no doubt,
A maddened Reporter who vainly strives to catch what LORD J. R. *is murmuring confidentially.* Why doesn't some one ask him to speak out? [*The Serjeant-at-Arms looks up awfully.*
Another Reporter. I *say*, he heard you.
First Reporter (wildly). Bless me, I don't care.
Who's to report while he keeps mumbling there?
Lord John Russell. Ahem! The Estimates will first be taken,
We wish to save—I mean to save our bacon.
The men we have suffice us for the present,
But we require more money.

Mr. Hume. Come, that's pleasant.
Lord John Russell. Well, then we think that Canada—
Dandy M. P. (*languidly.*) Who cares
For Canada?
Lord John Russell. Must mind her own affairs,
And pay the preachers whom she likes the most,
It's not for Downing Street to rule her roast;
(That's MOLESWORTH's doctrine, and I deem it sound).
Well, next, you see, we come on ticklish ground,
But we're resolved. The legislative pike
The Jews shall pay in any coin they like.
Sir R. H. Inglis (*groans*). The country's ruined, and you've brought her to it. [*Falls against the* CAUCASIAN ARAB.
Arab (*aside*). Despite my books, *I'd* not the pluck to do it.
Puffing the Jews is one thing—it 's another
To act as if you thought a Jew your brother.
Lord John Russell (*continuing*). We 'll send out no more convicts to Australia,
Seeing that system has turned out a failure.
And as regards the rising generation,
We 'll have a bill promoting education.
The law, we mean, shall be reformed, at least a
Portion thereof. The Budget comes at Easter.
I 'm shocked to hear complaints, from Hull to Highbury,
That at elections there is so much bribery.
We must administer some awful doses
To sicken FRAILS of that atrocious process.
I don't desire to say a thing to hurt you,
But bribery don't combine with public virtue.
The Courts Ecclesiastic must come down,
Though MR. MOORE and his allies may frown,
And, lastly, we 'll put everything to rights
About the pilots, harbour dues, and lights.
As for Reform, I think it 's pretty clear,
That should stand over till—let 's say next year,
When, having sought all kinds of information,
We 'll frame a bill to satisfy the nation.
[LORD JOHN RUSSELL *sits down.*
Arab. On all these topics, on a proper day,
I shall, no doubt, have several things to say.
Treasury Whip. Adjourn. Come, MR. SPEAKER, put the question.
I 've fasted till I fear an indigestion.
[*The* SPEAKER *declares the House adjourned.*
First Reporter. Adjourned, by JOVE! These chaps are really bricks.
Second Reporter. Say the House rose a quarter after six.

As the Serjeant-at-Arms seizes the Mace, the Curtain falls.

THE FIRST SENSIBLE VALENTINE.

(*One of the most astonishing fruits of the Emigration Mania.*)

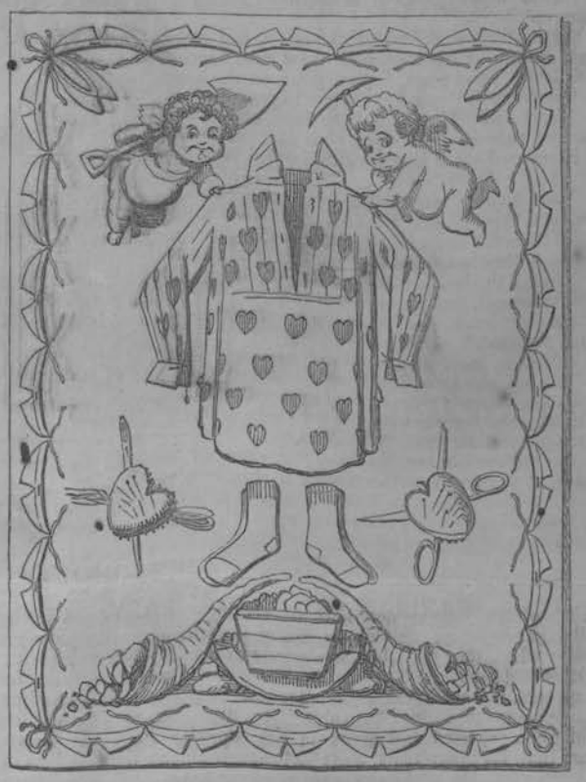
LET other swains, upon the best cream-laid
Or wire-wove note, their amorous strains indite;
Or, in despair, invoke the limner's aid
To paint the sufferings they cannot write:
Upon their page, transfixed with numerous darts,
Let slender youths in agony expire;
Or, on one spit, let two pale pink calves' hearts
Roast at some fierce imaginary fire.

Let ANGELINA, there, as in a bower
Of shrubs, unknown to LINDLEY, she reposes,
See her own ALFRED to the old church tower
Led on by CUPID, in a chain of roses;
Or let the wreath, when raised, a cage reveal,
Wherein two doves their little bills entwine;
(A vile device, which always makes me feel
Marriage would only add your bills to mine).

For arts like these I 've neither skill nor time;
But if you 'll seek the Diggings, dearest maid,
And share my fortune in that happier clime,
Your berth is taken, and your passage paid.
For reading, lately, in my list of things,
"Twelve dozen shirts! twelve dozen collars," too!
The horrid host of buttons and of strings
Flashed on my spirit, and I thought—of you.

"Surely," I said, as in my chest I dived—
That vast receptacle of all things known—
"To teach this truth my outfit was contrived,
It is not good for man to be alone!"
Then fly with me! My bark is on the shore,
(Her mark A 1, her size eight hundred tons),
And though she 's nearly full, can take some more
Dry goods, by measurement—say GREEN and SONS.

Yes, fly with me! Had all our friends been blind,
We might have married, and been happy *here;*
But since young married folks the means must find
The eyes of stern society to cheer,
And satisfy its numerous demands,
I think 'twill save us many a vain expense,
If on our wedding cards this Notice stands,
"At Home, at Ballarat, just three months hence!"



ANYTHING BUT A BILLOT-DOUX.

WE have just read M. BILLOT's *Lettres Franques*, in which he proves clearly that it is as much the duty as the desire of France to "walk into" England, first in the literal, and afterwards in the pugilistic sense of the word.

Our hair stands on end, and our hand trembles as we lay down the explosive volume! A sulphurous odour exhales from its pages, which must have been manufactured of "gun cotton."

"Every bullet has its billet," says the olden proverb. If the converse hold true, and "Every BILLOT has his bullet," what a bombarding France will give us! As it is, luckily, the pellets are of paper instead of lead, though from their heaviness this might not be suspected.

A Rehearsing Clergy.

IT seems that in Boston, the American public do not countenance the clergy if they attend concerts. Now, many of the clergy wanted to hear MADAME SONTAG; and MADAME SONTAG, like a good lady-like creature as she is, wanted to be heard by the clergy. How was this to be managed? How should the German nightingale trill, and jug-jug to the Church blackbirds? Why, Madame invited them all to a "rehearsal;" and the casuists went. The iniquity, it seems, is in the real concert; but there can be no sin in the rehearsal of the wickedness.

A KNOT TO BE UNTIED.

IT was hoped that LOUIS NAPOLEON, after his marriage, would abandon his despotic policy, for having got an amiable wife, it was reasonably expected that he would no longer be wedded to anything objectionable.

THE GHOSTS OF GUILDHALL!

MANY of our readers, doubtless, on visiting Guildhall, have felt as though they were breathing a sort of supernatural atmosphere; a sensation which they probably have referred to the mysterious presence of GOG and MAGOG.

It appears, however, that Guildhall is really haunted. This startling but undeniable fact formed the subject of a discussion at a Committee of Aldermen reported last week in the *Morning Post*. It thence appears that, for many years, quite notoriously among the Members of the Corporation, the nooks and crannies of the great Civic edifice have been inhabited by a multitude of strange beings in the shape of pigeons. So numerous had these creatures lately become, that MR. TEMPLE, the Hall-keeper, believing them to be what they seemed, issued orders for their destruction. Therefore he was called to account by the Aldermen, who regard the winged denizens of Guildhall with the same veneration that the old priests of Egypt entertained for the hawk and the ibis. This sentiment on the part of their worships may seem strange, as they have not hitherto been conceived to care about any such things as pigeons except in a pie.

When, however, MR. TEMPLE alleged that these Guildhall pigeons were a nuisance to the neighbourhood by injuring the dresses of ladies

"Who happened to sit under the elevations on which they perched themselves in swarms,"

and by flying

"In at windows and down chimneys, to the great annoyance of families (*Laughter*),"

MR. ALDERMAN WILSON, we are informed, said—

"I should wish to hear some instances in which the poor pigeons have given such mortal offence. (*Hear, hear.*) SIR JAMES SHAW, our old Chamberlain, with whose kindness of heart we are all acquainted took great delight in supplying them with food, considering that it was essential to the character of Guildhall for hospitality, that such harmless tenants should receive a little of the bounty of the Corporation."

It is all very well for ALDERMAN WILSON to talk in this way; but who will believe that an old gentleman, however kind-hearted, would, unless equally soft-headed, have gone feeding pigeons as a child feeds cock-robins? There is a deeper significance in the act of a City Chamberlain scattering civic crumbs to civic pigeons. That these are no common pigeons is clear from the farther statement of the Hall-keeper:—

"About three or four years ago the splendid dress of a lady, who sat at the Lord Mayor's Dinner in the Hall, was completely destroyed by the unceremonious conduct of some of the pigeons above her head. (*Laughter.*) Two years ago, when his servant girl went into one of the bedrooms, she was *terrified by a noise in the chimney*, and immediately afterwards *down tumbled a quantity of soot, and a pigeon in the midst of it.* But that was not the only disagreeable consequence of the unwelcome visit, for the bird in its fright *fluttered, not only against the walls of the room, but against the curtains of the bed*, and did a great deal of damage, very much to the *annoyance of his wife and the terror of his children.* (*Laughter.*)"

This was evidently a supernatural visitant. See the well-known story of the LYTTELTON apparition. Read GLANVIL's "*Sadducismus Triumphatus*," and the "*Miscellanies of* AUBREY," *Conf.* WIERUS *de Præstigiis Dæmonum*;" but we will cut short our learning with proof more to the purpose:—

"ALDERMAN LAWRENCE. How much soot came down the chimney?

"THE HALL-KEEPER. The room *was covered with it.*

"ALDERMAN LAWRENCE. It seems, then, that *the pigeon saved you the expense of employing a chimney-sweeper.*"

How strongly this reminds us of the old story that

"Tells how the drudging goblin sweat!"

But this spirit did mischief, and caused terror and annoyance, *by means of soot* and coming *out of the chimney*; which MR. LAWRENCE did not remark, but which is very remarkable. The Committee was evidently determined to take the part of the supposed pigeons.

ALDERMAN HUMPHERY recommended the Hall-keeper to dispose of the litter made by them, which he complained of, to advantage, by selling it for guano. We also find that

"ALDERMAN CUBITT said, at Venice pigeons were so much respected, that they were maintained at the public expense, and nobody was permitted to molest them. He could not see why the Guildhall pigeons, which had, as it were, become part and parcel of the Corporation, should be disturbed, except, indeed, it was intended to make pies of them for the use of the Corporation. (*Great laughter.*)"

The worthy Aldermen might well laugh at the idea of making a pie of such materials. "When the pie was opened," the birds would probably begin to coo, and the contents of the pasty would fly away—whereby, however, little laughter, and not great, would be occasioned. The Hall-keeper declared, in answer to ALDERMAN HUMPHERY—

"I assure you, Sir, that I never tasted one of them in all my life."

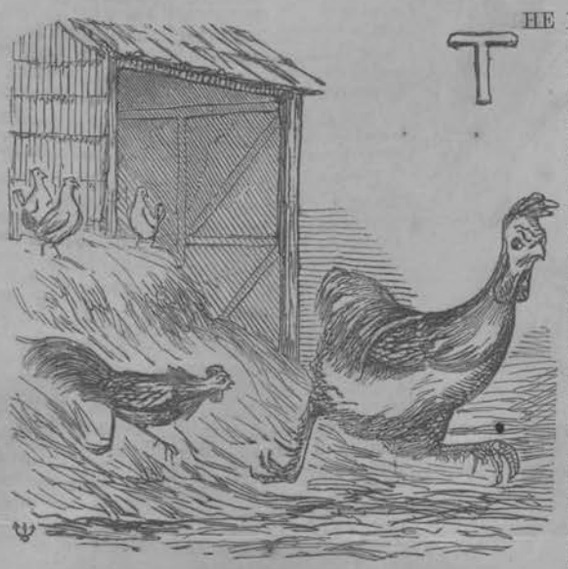
Of course not. He might as well have attempted to eat the White Dove in *Der Freischütz*, or the White Doe (if a Hall-keeper of Guildhall could think of eating doe-venison) of Rylstone. The only question is, what may be the nature and quality of these "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," that "mingle, mingle, mingle," in civic banquets, and flutter and flit about Guildhall?

Some may imagine that they are the ghosts of defunct Aldermen; others, that they belong more decidedly to the goblin order. But the

THE INVASION STAKES—LAYING THE ODDS.

more prevalent opinion is, that they are the spirits of those deceased parties who ought to have benefited by the various charitable funds which the Corporation of London has eaten up. The magnitude of their number tends strongly to confirm this supposition. So does the peculiar denomination of the bird whose semblance they present. It is suspected that they also include the discontented shades of late inhabitants of the surrounding twenty miles, who, during life, were the victims of the Civic coal-exaction; and altogether, these mysterious birds may be considered to be the ghosts of all the pigeons that have been plucked by the City. It would be better if that Municipality would desist from imposing upon the living, without pretending to make restitution to the departed whom it has diddled, by petting their *manes* in the likeness of pouters and fantails.

MINISTERIAL BYE-PLAY.



THE Parliamentary Report of Friday's *Morning Herald* says of LORDS JOHN RUSSELL and PALMERSTON, that they "entered into what *seemed to be* a very friendly and familiar conversation." Surely our contemporary does not mean to insinuate that their Lordships were putting on the gestures, and using the mere bye-play of friendship, as we have sometimes seen two chorus-singers on the Stage, who though cordially shaking hands as members of the same hunting party, or clinking their tin cups in amity, as part of the same band of robbers, are in reality at daggers drawn, and are muttering to each other in words of bitter enmity. We recollect to have seen a couple of supernumerary Druids in *Norma*, with the most benevolent smiles on their countenances; but one of them appearing rather uncomfortable, with a druidical nightgown far above his knees, and the other with the same stage sacerdotal piece of wearing apparel trailing on the ground. Happening to be near enough, we caught the following snatch of a conversation between the intervals of those interjectional shouts of "Yes!" "Ah!" "Sacred grove!" "Pious love!" and other little tit-bits of sympathy with *Oroveso*, that come in by way of chorus to the recitative of that most white-worsted-headed of patriarchs:—

First Druid in Short Petticoats. You've got on my things again to-night. (*Singing.*) "This sacred grove!"

Second Druid in Long Petticoats. Why don't you look after your own things—how am I to know? (*Singing.*) "Ah! pious love."

First Druid. You're an impertinent humbug. (*Singing.*) "These peaceful shades!"

Second Druid. If you say that again, I'll knock you down when I get you off to the wing. (*Singing.*) "Yes, these tranquil glades!"

and so on, until *Oroveso* marched off with his venerable party, the First Druid giving the Second Druid a most ill-natured "shove" towards the prompter's box, behind which we lost sight of the bed-gowned disputants.

We cannot for one moment imagine that LORDS JOHN RUSSELL and PALMERSTON, while externally all smiles, were inwardly all bitterness; and that while their faces wore the aspect of good will, their tongues were full of ill-nature.

A NEW MIRROR OF PARLIAMENT.

ONE of the most popular musical speculations of the day has been the idea of publishing "songs without words;" and this has suggested to us the notion of a rival to HANSARD under the very taking title of "Speeches without Language." We are sure the columns devoted to the debates by the newspapers would be far more agreeably occupied by the numerous "unutterable things" that are either looked or thought by Honourable Members, than by the mass of spoken stuff that fills the daily prints during the Session of Parliament. As specimen of a series of speeches without language, we give the following, which consist of what certain Honourable Members "said to themselves," and which will be found much better than a great deal of what certain other Members said to the House, as far at least as the printed debates allow us an opportunity of judging. In reply to a remark of LORD JOHN RUSSELL about a Pilotage Bill and Light Dues,

COLONEL SIBTHORP said *(to himself)* that there could be no necessity for legislation on the subject of light dues, as no one could say that light dues were heavy.

In the House of Lords the EARL OF DERBY twice asked, "What are the measures which the Noble Earl intends to submit to the House in the present Session?"

The EARL OF ABERDEEN made no reply—in words—but he said to himself, that if the Noble Earl thought he, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, was going to be such a fool as to tell him, the Noble Earl, what he, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, intended doing, so that he, the EARL OF DERBY, might begin to take measures, and form plans to frustrate the plans of him, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, he, the EARL OF DERBY, must take him, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, for a greater flat than he, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, really was; and that he, the EARL OF DERBY, would get nothing out of him, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, he, the EARL OF DERBY, might be quite certain of.

CONSEQUENCES FOR CANTERS.

THE holier any place is, the greater is any sin committed in it.

Suppose it is wrong to derive pleasure from looking at works of Art on a Sunday.

In that case, anybody who goes, on a Sunday, to church, and experiences gratification from the view of any statues that may be contained in the sacred edifice, is evidently guilty of a greater transgression than he would be, if he enjoyed the same kind of spectacle in the Crystal Palace.

If, then, the people are to be forbidden to rejoice in the contemplation of sculpture at Sydenham on the Sunday, they ought also to be debarred from the more heinous indulgence of gazing on the like objects in church.

Accordingly, if the Crystal Palace is shut up on Sundays, all the monuments in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey ought to be veiled, in order that the public may not incur the guilt of looking round at them.

The necessity for this precaution will be more manifest when it is considered that many, and indeed most, of those particular monuments are of an entirely secular character, as the images of the British Lion, and BRITANNIA, or heathen emblems, and even idols; for instance, the figures of FAME and of NEPTUNE; that several of them represent charges of grenadiers and other transactions which are not edifying: finally, that by far the greater portion of them are calculated to excite emotions of levity, being extremely ludicrous.

The Sabbatarians should consider that to cover up these objects would in one sense be a real charity, which is an additional reason why they should try to get it done, before they seek to close against the working people a more innocent exhibition on their only holiday.

SAUVE QUI PEUT.

AMONG those whom it was necessary, "for the safety of society," to imprison without law, on the 2nd of December, 1851, in Paris, was a certain "child, 10 years old, the son of a saddler." What LOUIS NAPOLEON could have apprehended from this unhappy juvenile it is difficult to guess, and as the EMPEROR gives no reasons for anything he chooses to do, it would be a waste of time to inquire. We have all heard of the *Enfants Terribles* of Paris, and we presume it was to this dangerous class the unfortunate ten-year-old saddler was supposed to belong, when he was incarcerated fourteen months ago, in order to "save society" on the other side of the wafer.

"Love in the Moon."

WE see a little work advertised, called *Love in the Moon*. We cannot speak of its contents, for we have not yet looked into it. But we confess we think the title is a decidedly well-chosen one. Love in the Moon seems to us quite in its proper sphere, seeing what decided lunatics it makes of all who come within its influence.

THE LARGEST COAL-SACK IN THE WORLD.

THE Penny a Ton sacked by the City Corporation upon all coals within twenty miles round London!

PUNCH, THE CITY GIANT-KILLER.

Once upon a time, during the reign of the good Queen Victoria, there lived in Fleet Street an honest fellow called *Punch*, who had an only dog named *Toby*, who was by no means a dull dog. In those days the City was infested by the great giants, named Gog and Magog, who were the terror of the place, and in whose name toll was levied upon every cart that entered the City with merchandise. These giants were such selfish monsters, that they would not allow the inhabitants to warm themselves, but made a claim on all the coals that were brought into the neighbourhood for several miles round. These giants made nothing of carrying off half-a-dozen tons at a time, and, indeed, many a poor family would often be left without firing in the coldest weather, on account of the coals being forced to a high price by the rapacity of Gog and Magog, who would always take a large slice out of them. This course had been followed for many years, when *Punch* resolved to kill the monsters, whose exactions were felt to be almost unendurable. Taking with him a lance of sharpness in the shape of his pen, and the cap of knowledge which he always wears on his head, he went forth accompanied by his faithful dog *Toby*, with the nose of sagacity for scenting out an abuse, and the teeth of fierceness to snap at it.

Punch, preceded by his dog *Toby*, soon found himself at the entrance of the cave of the two giants, Gog and Magog, in a place called Guildhall, where great feasting was often carried on with part of the plunder taken from the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. *Punch* saw the two giants standing on high pedestals, as if they were ready to pounce down upon a victim, with large clubs in their hands. At first *Punch* could not reach the giants, on account of the height at which they stood, but *Toby*, climbing up cleverly, snapped at their heels, which caused them to tumble, when *Punch* went boldly up with his pen, and sticking it into them, made an end of them in a very short time. Then the people, being able to get their coals at a reasonable price, made bonfires in honour of *Punch*, and showed the warmth of their gratitude.

Punch then went up to the Queen and gave Her Majesty an account of his exploits, and presented his faithful dog *Toby*, who was invested with the collar of his own order by an order of a new collar; and *Punch* lived happy and respected with his wife *Judy* for the remainder of their days.

Progress of Poultry.

Should poultry breeders continue increasing the size of their stock at the present rate, the housekeeper will have occasionally to choose between a leg of fowl and a leg of mutton; we shall have chicken cutlets and capon steaks: and as to the merrythought, it will become so heavy as to be no joke.

"The Tug of War."—The *Megæra*, or any one of our Government Steamers.

THE OXFORD MIXTURE AND THE MONS. JULLIEN.

As Oxford cannot come to Jullien to take a farewell of the Mons., the Mons. has condescendingly gone to take a farewell of Oxford. We are afraid that we cannot altogether trust the quotation which asserts that—

"—— didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros"—

for the arts of which men become Bachelors and Masters do not act always as an emollient of the manners, nor do they prevent certain members of the University from becoming somewhat wild. We are strengthened in this opinion by the following extract from a bill which Jullien thought it necessary to issue to the University and Town, forming the compound to which we have given the name of the Oxford Mixture:—

"It is also respectfully requested that, out of consideration to the Ladies present, Gentlemen will abstain from smoking, and permit the performance to be carried on without interruption."

If this request has been rendered necessary by the conduct of any of the graduates, we are compelled to say that gentlemanly manners appear to become "small by degrees and beautifully less." Oxford must really be in a semi-barbarous state, if it is necessary to call on the gown and town to permit a public entertainment to be carried through—"out of consideration to the ladies"—without puffing the smoke of cigars into the ladies' faces, and with a sufficient avoidance of riot and confusion to allow the performance to proceed. We should be almost afraid that this concession to the comfort of ladies could hardly be expected from those who appear to have so little of the manners of gentlemen as to have rendered necessary the above appeal. We do not wonder that Jullien, whose air is elegance itself, should object to the odour of tobacco, and that the greatest master of the art of puffing should be sensitive to the smoking of an ill-timed cigar.

The Dear Little Cherubs.

A Lady, who writes to us under the signature of "Materfamilias," declares that the Box-keepers at all the English Theatres must be "dear little Cherubs" in their way, for ask them when you will they "never have a seat."

THE REIGN OF ACCIDENTS.

The *Times* says, "France is no longer governed by established laws or institutions, but by the accidents thrown in her way." In other words, France is governed precisely as if it were an English Railway.

Different Grades of Punishment.

If a boy steals a shilling, or a pocket-handkerchief, he is transported; but if a Railway King helps himself to hundreds of shares, or thousands of pounds, he is simply called upon to refund them.

THE PRESS AND THE EMPRESS.

Several of our Contemporaries appear to question the felicity of the Emperor's marriage. For ourselves, however, we confess we cannot regard them otherwise than as quite a Nappy couple.

PRIZE (FIGHTING) JOKE.

A distinguished Pugilist hearing that there had been some fighting at Milan, said he didn't see how there could be millin' without.

Hint to Mischief-Makers.—Every medal has its reverse—and every meddler deserves to meet with one.

PEACE AND WAR.

(BEING A DUET BETWEEN RICHARD COBDEN AND THE BRITISH LION.)

SAYS R. COBDEN to the Lion, "French assurances rely on,
Never mind their Minié rifles and their sabres;
It 's all a vile invention to assert they 've the intention
Of doing any mischief to their neighbours."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "My house I won't be robbed in;
Nor have it broken into or bombarded;
And I 'm very glad to say, I can quite afford to pay
The constables to keep it safely guarded."

Says R. COBDEN to the Lion, "NAPOLEON'S noble scion
Will feel hurt at all your warlike preparation;
So your claws put in their sheath, let the Quakers draw your teeth,
And trust, instead of Arms, to Arbitration."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "In France I 've seen a job done
By that very noble scion you refer to,
Which assures me there 's no harm in a little quiet arming,
If the Arbitrator's finding he demur to."

Says R. COBDEN to the Lion, "I assure you I 've my eye on
The French nation, and I 'm not the least afraid, Sir;
For, throughout their vast dominion, the popular opinion
Is that war would play the devil with their trade, Sir."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "What *might* be by French mob done
Matters little; though they 're friends from north to south, man;
Be the general voice unwarlike, the General's voice is more like
To be talking to us through the cannon's mouth, man."

Says R. COBDEN to the Lion, "Army estimates look shy on;
To your soldiers pray give neither love nor money;
Land forces or aquatic—they 're a swarm aristocratic
Of drones, who fatten idle on your honey."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "Ordnance charges may be jobbed in;
But if folks have foes, they must have men to face 'em;
Hist'ry teaches us (we 'll tell 'em) '*Si vis pacem para bellum*:"
Not (as *you* say) '*Si vis bellum para pacem*.'"

Says R. COBDEN to the Lion, "'Twas the Press set this mad cry on;
Talk of gun-boats, prâams, flotillas—why not 'coracles?'
If a man would live in quiet, he should join the Peace Society,
And take my friend JOHN BRIGHT and me for oracles."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "The papers you 've been snubbed in,
And critics arn't so pleasant as reverers:
And we know that there are leaders, which produce upon their readers
More effect than other leaders on their hearers."

Says R. COBDEN to the Lion, "I beg you 'll cast your eye on
The Pamphlet I 've produced on Peace and Warfare,
Where I 've made it clear that *we* caused the War of ninety-three,
And have set distorted facts in aspects *more* fair."

Says the Lion to R. COBDEN, "Your pamphlet I 've just bobbed in;
And if ninety-three were only eighteen two, Sir:
Had NAP. ne'er mounted throne, or ne'er camped beside Boulogne,
I won't say but your conclusions might be true, Sir.

"But unhappily, you see, Eighteen two 's *not* ninety-three;
NAP.'s a fact, and so 's his muster at Boulogne, Sir;
But all talk 's not worth a tittle: I tell all NAPS—great and little—
That the British Lion *will* be let alone, Sir,
"He begs to state most fully he don't intend to bully,
(Wrong he knows, although triumphant, brings its Nemesis);
But waiving brag and bounce, one thing he *does* announce,
HE WILL NOT STAND AN INTRUSION ON HIS PREMISES!"

A JOKE FOR THE LAST GENERAL ELECTION.

A YOUNG friend of ours who is being brought up as a punster, and has been serving an apprenticeship of some years to an experienced joker, is very desirous of "coming out" in the arduous and unprofitable profession he has chosen. He has sent us a specimen of an article he has manufactured during his over-hours—a pun made at home, which may be termed home's-pun work—and the only fault of which appears to be, that the subject being out of season just now, there is no demand for it. The joke would be an excellent joke at the time of a general election, and the only question was, whether it should be kept standing over until then, running the risk of getting damaged by time—for nothing spoils so soon as a joke—or be put at once into circulation. Our young friend acting upon the advice of one who has several hundreds of jokes thrown useless upon his hands, in consequence of his having overstood the market, has adopted the latter course, and we have been entrusted with the delivery of the article. It has been consigned to the *Punch* Office, with directions to "keep the point downwards"—that is to say, to let the point come at the end of the paragraph. In pursuance of our instructions, here it is:—"A candidate, who had been pelted with mud on the hustings, declared that his audience agreed in all he said. 'True,' replied a wag, pointing to the stains of dirt still adhering to the candidate's coat, 'for here are plenty of—marks of adhesion.'"

EXTRACTION OF SCOTCH ROOT;

OR, THE GENEALOGY OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

"PUNCHIE,

"GIF ye see the papers, ye'll hae kent that the EMPRESS O' THE FRENCH is, as ye might have expectit, a Scotch lassie, for a' she just happened to be born in Spain, being a KIRKPATRICK by the mither's side.

"A chiel that ca's himsel SCOTUS, in the *Morning Post*, and ither loons, hae been fashin' their thumbs to expoond and mak oot, and set forth the leddy's pedigree; aboot whilk they're a' wrang. They ken naething ava o' the subjeck; and gin ye wad wush to hae the true hestory o' her forbears, 'tis just this:—

"Auld MR. KIRKPATRICK's dochter, that married the COUNT DE THÉBA, and is noo the mither o' the present Empress, was ane o' four bairns, a' dochters, forbye ony sons with whom a'm not acquaint; so ye ken she was the third dochter o' KIRKPATRICK o' that ilk; wha was first cousin to COSPATRICK o' Dunbar: that married a FORBES, that was niece by the mither's side to a MACKENZIE, wha was ane o' the MACKENZIES o' Glenbrunstane, whose father's third wife, and his ain mither, was sister o' the second cousin of DONALD FRAZER o' Toddywhosky, ALISTER MAC ALISTER; deseended in a direct line from ADAM MAC ADAM; wha, by a collateral branch, was the ancestor o' the present LAIRD o' CLANHAGGIS, cousin—some degrees, but I dinna weel ken hoo mony, removed—to LORD ABERDEEN, and aiblins a few mair to the DUKE OF ARGYLE.

"Should ye ever be tauld that Scotland 's nae a gude lan' for timber, *Punchie*, just show the abune skatch o' a family tree, and gif ony one speers what's your authority, use the name o' your correspondent,

"HOOT AWA!"

"*Drumpibroch, Feb.* 1853."

The Force of Habit.

A BUSINESS MAN of our acquaintance is so scrupulously exact in all his doings, that whenever he pays a visit he always will insist upon taking a receipt.

VARIETY IS CHARMING.—A Theatre, the other day, advertised the "Last Week of 'Gold.'" That meant, we suppose, that they intended to give the public change.

MUCH EXCITED, BUT MISTAKEN WOULD-BE NIMROD, WHO, HAVING BEEN THROWN OUT, IS UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT HE HAS COME UP WITH SOME OF THE TAIL HOUNDS.—"HUIC FOR-R-A-D-E—FOR-R-A-A-D THEN!"

[*Great Demonstration of Disgust on the part of Old Gentleman out Shooting.*

SCIENCE AND THE POPE.

DOCTOR WISEMAN—in flaming red; red as a flamingo—has lately addressed a crowd of Catholics at Leeds, on the intimate connexion between science and Catholicism. They are as intimate, yet as distinct, we should imagine, as the mouse and the bird that, incorporated, make up a bat. The DOCTOR proved to his satisfaction, and doubtless to the instruction of his hearers, that the Catholic Church had always been the patroness of science, whatever vulgar scandal might avouch to the contrary. One ALEXANDER POPE, a Catholic, by the way, has written of Rome—

> "Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more
> Of arts, but thundering against heathen lore;
> Her grey-haired synods damning books unread,
> And BACON trembling for his brazen head."

But this is merely the gall of an undutiful satirist. Rome never *did* persecute GALILEO; the Church never did oppose the theory of COLUMBUS that the earth was spherical, quoting in triumphant confutation of the navigator the words of Holy Writ, that figuratively say the heavens are spread over the earth even as a tent. Therefore, good CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, supposing that you sail a certain distance over the earth, how—in the name of all the saints!—how will you ever get back again? To be sure, even as DOCTOR WISEMAN is illuminating the easy ones of Leeds with new scientific light, the Bishop of Besançon is declaring unto the innkeepers of his diocese, in his Lenten charge, that they have brought upon themselves the unprofitable abomination of railways, because they have supplied to their customers—the carnal ones!—meat on Wednesdays, and meat on Fridays. Hence, railways. Beef and mutton have gone into the stomachs of the customers, and thereupon has railway iron entered the souls of the publicans!

Nevertheless, it must be conceded to DOCTOR WISEMAN that the intimacy between science and Catholicism is wondrously close. For instance, on the Saint's day, does not the blood of ST. JANUARIUS—blood, hard as a pebble—thaw and dissolve in the bottle shewn at Naples? There must be some science among the monks to manage that. Again; have we not winking Madonnas? Now, if it demands some science to cause a doll to open and shut its eyes—how much greater the art to make a Madonna wink, and all for the glory of the Roman Catholic Church? DOCTOR WISEMAN—it must be allowed—has made good his case.

Newton at Sea.

THE French have in their navy a steam sloop of war named *Le Newton*. The French certainly beat us in their acknowledgment of the claims of art, literature, and science. We have no *Newton* in our navy. As soon would the Lords of the Admiralty christen a ship after the astronomer, as after the astronomer's apple that aroused him to ponder gravitation. Yes, when we have *Newton* as a seventy-four, then may apples swim; then and not until then, may we have *The Golden Pippin* gun-brig.

A GRATEFUL EMPEROR.

WE understand that, in obedience to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON'S orders, MR. COBDEN will be regularly prayed for in all French churches. *Fac salvum Riccardum Cobden!* Further than this, the EMPEROR has presented MR. COBDEN with a forty-two pounder cast in Normandy sugar! *Bon bon!*

Reasonable Enough.

THE REVEREND MR. STOWELL announces that he will engage no curate who is guilty of the unpardonable crime of smoking a cigar. The reverend gentleman fairly says, that he does all his own puffing, and that if the curate wants a narcotic, he has only to read one of his rector's sermons. This seems all right enough.

THE PEACE-MAKER'S PREMISES.—The logic of the Peace Society will always be imperfect, so long as they object indiscriminately to every Major.

LATEST STATE OF THE ODDS.—MR. COBDEN backs Manchester against the Field.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, February 12th, 1853.

SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 1.

Street Boy (to his natural enemy the Policeman). "SNOWBALLS, SIR! NO, SIR! I HAVEN'T SEEN NO ONE THROW NO SNOWBALLS, SIR!"

LYNCH LAW AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE papers informed us the other day of a practical joke—which for one of the parties concerned, was no joke at all—having been played off upon a parson on the Stock Exchange. This Reverend Gent in Holy Orders had been giving a series of most unholy orders to a variety of Stockbrokers, who had been "let in" to a serious amount by the speculating clergyman. Having been persuaded to visit the Stock Exchange, the parson was suddenly surrounded and punished, without the slightest benefit of clergy being allowed to him. His coat was covered with flour thrown from bags, without the smallest respect for his cloth, and he was pelted with eggs, of which there was an ample supply in readiness to make—as was remarked by an unhappy punster on the spot—a terrible eggs-ample of the defaulting clergyman. The Reverend Gent's white choker was so besmeared with batter, that he was obliged to rush from the Stock Exchange to exchange his stock at the nearest hosier's. The affair, happening as it did on or about Shrove Tuesday, caused some who saw the parson covered with eggs and flour, to suppose that he had fallen into a quantity of batter prepared for the manufacture of pan-cakes.

We are no admirers of Lynch law in any shape; but if parsons will throw a stain on their characters, they must be prepared to have the stain made manifest on their clothes, in the way adopted the other day by the members of the Stock Exchange.

WRECK OF A PAPAL BRIG.

WE have to record the wreck of HIS HOLINESS's Brig, *Torquemada*, F. LUCAS, Commander, which on Thursday night, during a brisk gale off the Tuscan coast, broke loose from her moorings at St. Stephen's, and drifted away so far out of her course as the Society Islands in the South Pacific, when she ran ashore on the coast of Tahiti, between 17° 28′ and 17° 53′ S. lat., and 149° 11′ and 149° 39′ W. long. The mate, BOWYER, made the best exertions he could for the preservation of the vessel; but she has been so much damaged that it is believed she must go to pieces in the event of her ever getting afloat again; so that the probability is, that she will be condemned: in which case, her timbers will make capital firewood.

PROBLEM FOR A PLACE-HUNTER.—Is the situation of the Groom in Waiting a stable one?

REPRESENTATIVE MEN IN CHANCERY.

IF "all the world's a stage," and, the Court of Chancery being a portion of the world, if we are to look upon the scenes enacted there as dramatic scenes, we must be struck by the number of performers that their representations seem to require. The most unimportant act that is gone through in a Court of Equity combines as many persons in the representation as would be ordinarily included in a play-bill announcement of "the whole strength of the company." The following extract from the report of a little Equity interlude, enacted before VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR W. P. WOOD, will give a notion of our meaning:—

"MR. BACON and MR. DART, for the legatees of the stock in trade and leasehold property, claimed the benefit of the proceeds arising from the sale, as if it had remained unchanged in its character at the time of the testator's death.

'MR. ELDERTON and MR. W. FORSTER, for the other parties, contended that the legacy had failed by the sale and conversion of the property.

"MR. CAMPBELL and MR. CRACKNELL appeared for the purchaser of the lunatic's property, and MR. TEED and MR. HETHERINGTON for the executors."

We do not quite understand the plot of this little affair, which is probably intricate enough, but we cannot withhold our admiration from the immense amount of forensic talent employed in representing the characters. We have no doubt that MR. BACON and MR. DART threw into their representation of the legatees of the stock, all that unction and point for which the names of BACON and DART are guarantees, while MR. ELDERTON and MR. W. FORSTER, as "the other parties," would in all probability invest the "other parties" with that shadowy and mysterious vagueness which is so "telling" on the stage of Equity. One would have imagined that the whole cast of the little piece would have been complete when the legatees and the "other parties" were in the hands of fitting representatives; but the strength of the performance is further enhanced by the abilities of MR. CAMPBELL and MR. CRACKNELL, who appear upon the scene in the little parts of "purchasers of the lunatic's property." We can fancy the broad effects that might be produced by these gentlemen in the perplexing position of the buyers of goods from a lunatic, who seems, by the way, to be a very favourite portion of the *dramatis personæ* in numerous Chancery performances. The two remaining parts of the executors, which were represented by MR. TEED and MR. HETHERINGTON, could not have been in abler hands, and we are certain that these accomplished equity actors would make the most of anything that might be entrusted to them. We presume the lunatic himself is only spoken of in the course of the performance, and does not on this occasion appear, for we see the name of no one as his representative. This gives novelty to the whole affair, for a lunatic is so frequently dragged upon the scene of Chancery, that the character is becoming rather monotonous. It is not an uncommon thing for one of the parties in a Chancery Drama to appear as an infant in the earlier scenes, and to become an aged lunatic towards the *dénoument*; but the performance before SIR W. P. WOOD is evidently a mere bagatelle, without those melodramatic lapses of ten or twenty years between each act, which are so common to the stage of Chancery.

OUR SAVAGE CUSTOMS.

To ensure Peace with our French neighbours we should not only mend our manners, but reform our customs.

How absurd, as well as impolitic, it is of us to interpose a duty which is nearly prohibitive between their clarets and our ports!

To be linked with any foreign nation in the bonds of amity, we must hook the padlock of peace to the staple of production.

Our harbours would be in small danger of French round shot, if we allowed them to throw in their grape.

England is right in requiring Englishmen to do their duty in time of war: but it is quite another policy to make Frenchmen pay it in time of peace.

If it were generally known how good *Chablis* is with oysters, the force of the above considerations would be so apparent, that the Peace Society would transfer their present exertions to the abatement of the duty on light wines; and that the motion to that end, about to be proposed in the House of Commons, would be carried by acclamation.

What the Acrobats will probably do next for the gratification of an "enlightened British public."

Fine Weather for the Country!

During the late inclement weather the sliding scale has been partially renewed; but no rise in the price of bread appears to have resulted from its seasonable restoration. The scale of the slide has been extensive, including all the ornamental water in the Parks; and Protection has experienced a revival in the exertions of the Humane Society. All this corroborates the generally expressed opinion of the farmers that we wanted frost.

A Knotty Point.—A young lady says, that in a yachting match the vessels run so many knots that she should think that the results of the race must be all ties.

Coals and their Consequence.—If the Corporation of London will persist in its claim to our coals, let it take care it doesn't get the sack as well.

THE MEMBER FOR TOLERATION.

The *Times*, in its summary of Thursday night's debate on the subject of papistical persecution in Tuscany, records that

"Lord John Russell professed himself totally at a loss to know whether Mr. Lucas approved or not of persecution for religious opinions."

We are quite sure that Mr. Lucas does not approve of persecution for opinions that he considers religious. The Honourable Member for Meath, we are convinced, would be the last man to defend the persecution of anybody for the opinion that St. Scholastica shone in the dark; that St. Anthony preached to the fishes; that St. Denis held his own decorporated head in his hands; that the House at Loretto flew through the air; that the blood of St. Januarius melts from a supernatural cause; or, that the Rimini Picture cocked its eye from ditto. Because all these things are, in the eyes of Mr. Lucas, really matters of religious opinion; that is to say, you are not absolutely required to believe them by Mr. Lucas's Church; but allowed to believe them if you like.

Whether Mr. Lucas approves of the toleration of irreligious opinions is another matter. Perhaps he might not be quite inclined to tolerate the opinion—of Thomas Carlyle we think—that what he, Frederick Lucas, considers to be his holy Father, is a "triple-hatted Chimæra, calling itself Pope." Nor is it certain that he would desire the toleration of the several other opinions which follow from this one—and are entertained by the majority of the British public.

It is, however, our firm conviction, that the liberal Member for Meath is decidedly opposed to all persecution for religious opinions, and religious belief properly—as he thinks—so called: that is to say, for the opinions that Rome permits, and the creed that Rome enjoins.

No Protestant, of course, can, in the view of Mr. Lucas, have any religious opinions at all, unless he happens to be of opinion that any of the Roman Catholic legends are true. His Protestantism is an aggregate of opinions which are not religious; but just the reverse. He is of no religion: what he calls such is heresy. It is impossible to persecute anybody for religion, except a Roman Catholic; because nobody else has any religion for which he can be persecuted: and the persuasions of all other people, in that regard, are scandalous, wicked, odious, pernicious, blasphemous, detestable, and—we *suppose*—roastable.

CATECHISM FOR MAJOR CANONS.

The newspapers have published a long string of questions, addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, on behalf of the Commissioners for inquiring into the state of Cathedral and Collegiate Churches, to the various Deans and Chapters, respecting the constitution, arrangements, and economy of their several establishments.

From this list of interrogatories, however, the following are omitted—notwithstanding their importance.

CONCERNING WINE.

1. How many courses does the dinner of a prebend usually include; and what provision is there for the meals of minor canons?
2. To what sum does your expenditure on port amount for a term of—say, five years?
3. Please to state the age of your port, according to the best of your judgment; and mention whether it abounds in any great measure with beeswing, and whether it is a dry or a fruity wine?
4. What is the smallest quantity of port you ever reduce yourself to after dinner?
5. How much port do you consider yourself competent to dispose of at a sitting?
6. Is your butler careful to burn your port-wine corks, or does he throw them into any river or other place where their numbers would be likely to attract public attention?
7. What particular port do you recommend?

ABOUT THE HEALTH AND CONDITION OF THE CAPITULAR BODY.

1. How many of you are subject to gout?
2. What is the weight of the Dean and Chapter, individually and collectively, and by how much does it exceed that of an equal number of curates? What are your circumferences respectively about the waist, and by what magnitude are they superior to those of the inferior clergy?
3. Have any of you got red noses?

Warm Fowls.

The eggs of some of the fancy fowls recently exhibited fetched enormous prices. These hens must have pretty well feathered their nests.

GREAT ANTI-POLICE DEMONSTRATION.

THE Olive Green Association, for establishing the principle of non-resistance, held a Meeting yesterday for the assertion of their views, in reference to the precautions which have been adopted by the State to secure persons and property from criminal invasion. The platform was crowded by the advocates of total abstinence from war. MR. MOONHEAD took the chair amid an immense hum of applause.

The CHAIRMAN, after having briefly complimented the assembly before him on their vast intelligence and high morality, and devoted a few additional hours to an expression of the diffidence which he felt in the presence of so imposing an assembly, stated, in a speech that lasted full two minutes longer, the object of the Meeting; which was to protest against the maintenance of the Police force as useless and wrong.

The REVEREND MR. BALDERDASH, of Salt Lake Chapel, proposed a resolution accordingly, which he said he believed would express the sense of the Meeting; although interested parties might stigmatize it as nonsense. Their doctrines had been denounced as humbug; he himself might be called a humbug; and if he were, his reply would be, "You're another." Gaols were humbug; bridewells were humbug; bolts, bars, shackles, fetters, were all humbug; the whole system of incarceration was humbug; and if he were asked for logical proof of that position, he would answer, "*Quod erat demonstrandum.*" The greatest humbug of all was the Police force; for it pretended to keep the peace by acts of violent interference, which would only render any breach of it wider, whereas they all knew that policemen were never within call: and the fact was notorious, that their sole employment consisted in patrolling at the areas of the great mansions to prevent the people from disturbing, by their indignant outcries, the slumbers of a bloated oligarchy.

MR. COLNEY HATCH rose to second the resolution. He said, those who proposed to abolish the Police, no doubt, would be called mad. So had all great Reformers been—(*here the well-meaning gentleman quoted the usual examples*)—but it would be found there was a method in their madness. The test of principles was in their extremes. He would go all lengths—he could stretch indefinitely: he was made of Vulcanized Indian Rubber. All war was unjustifiable. If international war was bad, civil war was worse. The service of the Police force was civil war; it was forcible opposition to a native foe. Acknowledge the duty of non-resistance, and you abolish constables, as a matter of course. Granted the obligation of submitting to spoliation, surely we should sooner submit to domestic robbery than foreign—although, of course, it was incumbent on us to acquiesce in both. There was once a man at an ancient city, whom he highly respected. That gentleman believed that all the vessels in a certain harbour were his property, which was a mistake; but he respected the gentleman's belief: and when he calculated the value of those vessels, with their cargoes, and inferred the amount to belong to himself, he was consistent. In like manner, consistency was his (MR. COLNEY HATCH'S) motto, and, therefore, when he shouted "No Militia!" with all his soul, he would also shout "No Police!" with all his strength.

MR. BOSH said it was a libel on human nature, to assert that there was any necessity for a police. One of our greatest poets had demanded—

> "Why should I deprive my neighbour
> Of his goods against his will?"

There was no reason for such an act. It was absurd. Theft and robbery were a species of invasion provoked by the insult of establishing a police. A very unjust opinion prevailed with regard to our neighbours over the water. The most injurious suspicions had been excited against the inhabitants of the New Cut. You had been told that the population of Lambeth Marsh were only awaiting an opportunity to cross the Thames and plunder the Strand and Cheapside. It was by these and such like monstrous alarm cries, that the requisition of a Police Force was supported. Across the river, and everywhere else, people now simply minded their own business. Covetousness was obsolete: there were no rogues any longer, or at least very few; and if you wanted to put thieves down, you must try some better plan than taking them up. He had calculated the cost of our Constabulary, and found it to exceed, very far, the loss which could possibly be sustained from robbers and thieves. The treadwheel revolved a certain number of times in one hour. He had computed that each revolution of every treadwheel cost sixpence. Here were revolutions that might well astound us. The revolutions of the treadmill, at a moderate estimate, had cost us £2,000,000,000 since its first establishment. Would all the burglaries, highway robberies, felonies, and larcenies of all kinds that could possibly have been committed during that time, have occasioned the loss of half so great a sum? No one at that time of day thought of robbing us; minds that once, perhaps, may have been possessed with such an idea, were now intent upon the Australian Diggings. He hoped to see the whole body of the Police disbanded; but for the present would be content with their reduction by one half, which would render them inefficient, and thus pave the way to their ultimate abolition. Policemen were only a militia in a different cloth, arrayed against domestic instead of foreign depredators, and he was happy to say he had that faith in human nature, that he as much believed in the existence of one set of villains as in the other.

The addresses of the various speakers were accompanied by and concluded with tremendous cheers.

A gentleman who gave as his address 85, Fleet Street, here obtained permission to speak, and indulged in a glowing description of our domestic comforts, and our national riches: the wealth contained in the Bank, the Docks, and our other great public establishments, which was received with vociferous acclamation. He then begged to ask what would be the consequence if all these treasures were abandoned to the rapaciousness of unopposed rascality: but this question excited a violent uproar, in the midst of which the resolution condemnatory of the Police was put and carried; and the Meeting terminated in great disorder.

THE LADIES' BATTLE.

IT is fortunate, just now, that the ocean divides the ladies of England from the ladies of America; for, if they were in closer contact, they might forget the touching theory, too often violated in practice, that

> "Their little hands were never made
> To tear each other's eyes."

Throwing stones is not a pretty pastime for the gentler sex; and we regret to find our favourite, the British female, engaged in pelting—even with philanthropic missiles—our fair friend, the American lady, who, if the stone has been thrown at her, has certainly pitched it uncommonly strong in casting it back again. Perhaps there is much truth in what has been written by one to the other; but the very fact that there is a great deal to be said on both sides renders it advisable for females not to interfere, since, however much there may be to be said, it is certain that a great deal more will be said than necessary, if the female tongue has anything to do with it.

If our advice could be taken, we should recommend the parties to "make it up" at once; and if they would only consent to "kiss and be friends," as the operation cannot be performed in person, we should be most happy to accept the proxy of the American ladies, empowering us to imprint on the lips of our fair countrywomen the kiss of peace from their sisters across the Atlantic. Should the arrangement be carried out, we shall take measures for issuing orders, payable at sight, which will entitle the female holder to the enviable privilege.

Difficulty of the Stomach.

THE noble Lord on the Woolsack has introduced a measure for the digestion of the statute law. The material is so tough that it will task the Peers' stomachs, and we fear trouble them dreadfully with dyspepsia: although, in the meanwhile, they will be engaged in wholesome legislation.

IRISH TRIMMING.

A YOUNG lady who thinks more about her clothes than her country, says, it must be delightful to live in Ireland, because there is so much Ribbonism there; and she understands it is very killing.

SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 2.

Street Boy. "HOH! SOOSANNER! DON'T YER CRY FOR ME! FOL DE ROL DE RIDDLE LOL. HERE'S A JOLLY SLIDE. CUT AWAY, YOUNG 'UN. IT'S ALL SERENE!"

TORTURE OF THE ENGLISH ACCORDING TO LAW!

WE have been told that torture is foreign to the law of England, but this must be a mistake, for the English law is full of the most affecting examples of the cruel torture of the English language. If we look through the statute-book we shall feel a thrill of horror at the wretched straining of words, the frightful dislocation of common sense, the fearful fracture of all the parts of speech, and the general ill-treatment to which the English language is subjected. So awful is the plight of an unhappy word in an Act of Parliament, that it is at once presumed to have been driven mad, or, at all events, to have lost its common sense, and the Judges in Westminster Hall immediately begin to inquire what is its "statutable meaning?"—it being, as the lawyers say, "settled" that "statutable meaning" and "plain ordinary meaning" are things altogether different.

There is certainly often an air of insanity in the language of an Act of Parliament which justifies the Courts in doubting whether words mean what they say, when different words are used to say the same thing over and over again with a sort of "damnable iteration," which is enough to try the patience of any but the legal mind, which is accustomed to these cumulative absurdities.

As an instance of the justice of our accusation against the wild eccentricity of the language of an "Act," we take at random from a recent statute the description of a Justice of the Peace for England and Wales. One would think such an individual might be described as we have described him, but we find him in the statute amplified into "Any one of HER MAJESTY'S Justices of the Peace for any county, riding, division, liberty, city, borough, or place within England or Wales." Now, the only object of this definition seems to be, that if some hole or corner can possibly be ferreted out, within England or Wales, that is neither "a county, riding, division, liberty, city or borough," there may be opportunity for "learned counsel"—fee ten guineas—"with" whom may be other not quite so "learned counsel"—fee three guineas—to argue that some other place is not a place at all—within the statute. This necessitates other "learned counsel," with other not quite so "learned counsel," to argue on the other side, at commensurate fees, that "a place is a place;" and then comes the elaborate delivery of "most learned" judgment by the Court, in which the discovery is made that "HOLT laid down" this, "KENYON held" the other, "LORD MANSFIELD let drop" something else, "BAYLEY threw out" so-and-so, "HULLOCK would go the length," of this, that, and the other, "GASELEE was quite willing to let in," and all the rest of it. Upon a most careful consideration of all these different and frequently conflicting "layings down," "holdings," "lettings drop," "throwings out," "lengthenings or shortcomings," and "lettings in," the Court possibly comes to the conclusion that the law does mean what it says, or does not mean what it says, or means a great deal more than it says, or has said a great deal and means nothing.

Hence the "glorious uncertainty" of the law, hence the horror of the public at going to law at all, hence the utter lack of business in Westminster Hall, and hence, in a word, what so many lawyers are now complaining of—the ruin of the profession. When the Legislature will be content to use only the necessary words to express its meaning, "learned counsel" cannot differ about the meaning or no meaning of surplus verbiage; learned Judges will not be called upon to "settle," "unsettle," and "resettle" the law, which will then speak for itself; and suitors—knowing that the language of the law is interpreted according to common sense—will feel some confidence in the certainty of the law, and resort to it much more frequently than they do now, when they had rather endure a wrong than enter into the expensive lottery of seeking a remedy.

THE CABS OF LONDON.

THE dirty Cabs of London!
How lazily they stand
About the public thoroughfares,
Or crawl along the Strand;
The omnibuses pass them by
With a contempt supreme;
E'en the coal-cart overtakes them
With slow and heavy team.

The crazy Cabs of London!
How wretched is the sight
Of one of those old vehicles
That ply for hire by night!
There, cracked is every window-pane,
The door is weak and old;
The former lets in all the rain,
The latter all the cold.

The shakey Cabs of London!
How impotent the powers
Of one poor nervous female fare,
When fierce the driver lowers,
Swearing, with impudence sublime
And ruffianly frown,
He can't afford to lose his time;
"His fare will be a crown."

The dear, bad Cabs of London!
In vain the public call
For a better class of vehicles
That can't be got at all.
Extortion must for ever thrive,
Cabs must be bad and dear,
Till Legislation looks alive,
And deigns to interfere.

Definitions for Country Gentlemen.

A LANDLORD is one who has a share in the soil.
A Tenant Farmer is a person who has only a ploughshare.

OUR JOLLY TARS
OUR SOLDIERS FOR EVER
GREAT PEACE CONGRESS
MESSRS GAMMON and Spinach will address THE MEET
The Russian Resolutions
REDUCTION of The Army.

STRAIT WAISTCOAT.

WORKED BY THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND FOR THE OPPONENTS OF NATIONAL DEFENCES.

FEBRUARY 26, 1853.

MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE entertainment provided for us—which my last chapter left myself and *Mrs. P.* just sitting down to—is abundant in quantity, if the quality be not perfectly satisfactory. The first dish having been put on the table at seven, I see at once, from the bill, that we are in for five hours of it. It is as bad as a German *table d'hôte*, where one has time to elaborate and appease three distinct and successive appetites. I shall be tired to death long before it is over. The boxes will be half deserted, and even the staunch and much enduring pit will show many gaps ere the facetious MR. BROADGRIN steps on to fillip our jaded eyes and ears with his natural humour and easy pleasantry, in the aftermost piece. Why do you give us so much of it, MR. PUMPKIN? Why not allow us to rise with some remains of appetite, instead of driving us away, worn out, before the last course announced in your bill of fare comes to table? I hear everybody everywhere complaining of the length of your entertainment, which seems calculated to match its breadth—it 's as broad as it 's long, and as long as it 's broad—and, in my honest judgment, it 's a great deal too broad, and a great deal too long for the taste of most of your audience.

Your first piece is, perhaps, a play of SHAKSPEARE's—a great poem and a great play it is sure to be. But you will excuse my suggesting that, till your actors and actresses have learnt the art of speaking in their natural voices, their mere utterance of these exquisite lines mars the music in them just as much as their apparent ignorance (in most cases) of the meaning of the words they are speaking deprives those words of sense and significance to the audience. I say nothing of suppressed or supererogatory "H's," of "sk-e-y-es" and "k-y-inds"—of "d-e-rr-eads" and "scar-r-rs"—of "ye's" where grammar requires "you's"—and the other cacophonous and ungrammatical tricks which the stage is heir to.

I am astonished to find that among a profession whose livelihood is obtained by declamation, the elementary principles of the declamatory art seem unknown. There is that long-limbed gentleman, now—in the yellow boots, and plumed toque—why *is* he wasting all that valuable breath, and risking serious injury to his bronchial tubes, by swallowing his words, in the attempt to be guttural and impressive, instead of propelling them out of his mouth, in the humbler effort to be intelligible? When the secret of all clear delivery of metre is to keep the voice sustained at the end of the line, why this perseverance in so dropping the final syllables as to keep my ear on an agonized stretch to catch a meaning, which is perpetually left half-expressed?

And why will that meritorious and hard-working and pretty little lady—your juvenile tragedian—why will she not be content with the sweet voice Nature has given her—but she must pitch it into a key, where, from a warble, it becomes a scream? Why will your *contralta* insist on being a *soprana*, and your *soprana* smother herself into a *contralta?*

Is there no one to point out these matters to your company?—no "veteran" (to use a word you are fond of, MR PUMPKIN) to take in hand these eager youths and willing young ladies, and show them how they are throwing away good gifts, and becoming peacocks when they might be nightingales? Oh, that it were the fashion that actors, before being permitted to play, were required to be able to read—I don't mean to make out printed or written character—but to read from the book, with proper intonation, and so as to convey the author's meaning. Had I the misfortune to be a manager, my first rehearsals should be reading lessons—at which I would allow the author to be present. I would even listen to his views upon the meaning of his own words. I do not know that I would not give him a voice in explaining his conception of the characters he had drawn. It is possible—indeed, I may say probable—that he knows this better than you do, MR. PUMPKIN.

I say nothing about graceless action, coarse exaggerations, unmeaning noise, the substitution of stiltedness for solemnity, the misplacing of "points"—like a tipsy station-man—and the utter smashing of long trains of meaning thereby.

All these faults are invisible—so to speak—in the glare of that great master-vice, of not conveying by the voice the meaning of the words uttered. Possibly this meaning is often a mystery to the speaker, but I am sure for once that it is missed, it is mis-spoken a hundred times.

All this offends me—though I am not a fastidious listener. Persons of refined taste it disgusts, and drives from your theatre. They cease to resort to it, as a source of refined pleasure, and if they go at all, only go to laugh at MR. BROADGRIN—as they might at a clown grimacing through a horse-collar.

I am bound to admit, however, that your play has been beautifully dressed, and its scenery consummately painted. My complaint is merely that of ÆSOP's Fox over the Vizard, "What a fair face: only it wants brains."

I own, moreover, to a hankering after something like a representation on the stage of the manners of my own time. I see tragedy enough going on about me, Heaven knows! Few houses I know but have their heroic struggles—their great crimes—their sublime self-devotions. Why, in the theatre, am I never to get at these but in the dress of SHAKSPEARE's time, with all the sacred accompaniments of blank verse, old-fashioned language, and five acts? If you were painting old times only, something might be said for this; but when it comes to footmen announcing the carriage in rhythmical iambics, and gay men about town being light and airy in regular lengths of ten syllables, and so forth, I am seriously bored at the incongruity—and long for even the humblest prose, in the comparison.

I am not one of the "Fast" School who run a muck against something they call the "legitimate drama"—an expression the meaning of which, in their minds, I have never been able to discover, though, as far as I can make out, it comprehends every play in five acts with a serious thought at the bottom of it.

But I *do* object to this imitation-Elizabethan—this stucco of "by'r ladies" and "gallants," and "rapiers," and "doublets," with which a certain class of play-writers will insist upon beplastering their works. Believing there is a dramatic side to the times I live in, I wish to see that side reflected on the Stage—whose aim should still be "to show the age and body of the time, his form and pressure," as *Hamlet* tells the players. In fact, MR. PUMPKIN, all the advice in that scene may still be studied with much profit by your actors and actresses.

What their faults were in SHAKSPEARE's time their faults are still. If I wanted proof of what reverent holders by the old ways you players are, I should find it in the great dramatist's enumeration of the actor's vices of art in his own day. You are like the BOURBONS, MR. PUMPKIN. You have learnt nothing, and you have forgotten nothing. But I feel I am getting stupidly serious. Excuse me, I will be livelier next week.

WHAT AN INVADING ARMY MIGHT DESTROY IN LONDON.

WE rejoice in the pacific assurances of LOUIS NAPOLEON. We trust that the foot of an invader will never profane these shores—Puddle-dock and the contiguous embankments more particularly to wit. Yet, if ever the French do come to London, there are several bits of mischief which they might do for our great advantage in the end.

They might, perhaps, blow up Temple Bar.

They might certainly demolish the iron railings around St. Paul's.

It would be a good job if they were to raze the Court of Chancery to its foundations, and annihilate the whole of Doctors' Commons.

If they were to burn the National Gallery—saving the pictures—it would be no very great harm: and, considering the present state of the river, they certainly would abate a very nasty nuisance if they could manage to set the Thames on fire.

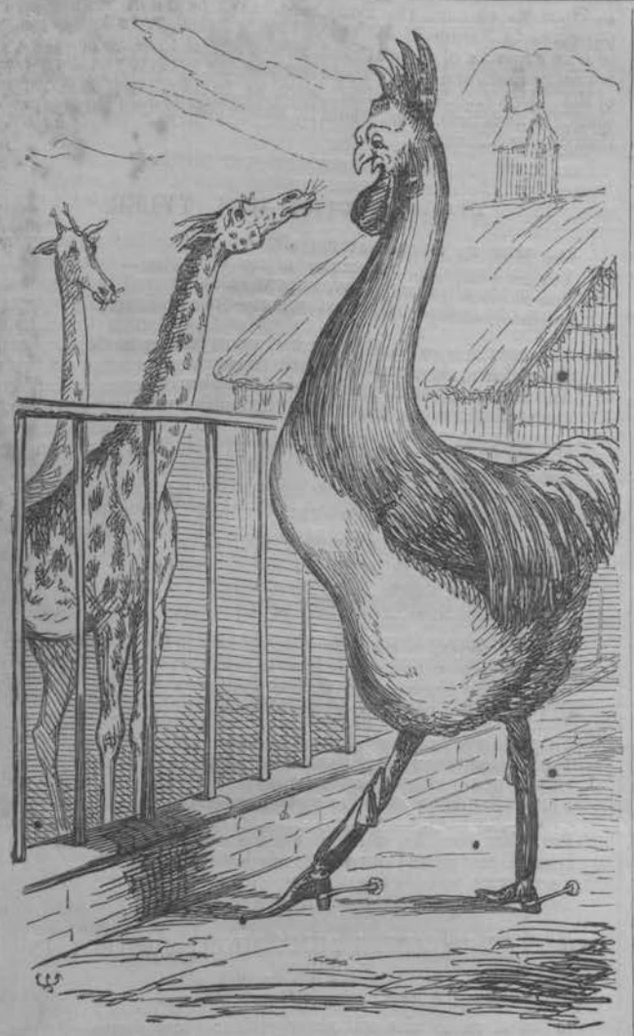
Ammunition Flung Away.

GOLDNER'S Preserves have again been brought under the public nose; and it appears that several more pots of them have been cast into the sea. This is a grievous waste; they should have been re-soldered, and kept for ammunition. Their contents, if unfit for our seamens' food, would give their antagonists a good bellyfull. Discharged upon the deck of an enemy these tins would be more destructive than any other canister; and, upon bursting, would scatter their deadly contents around with overpowering effect: indeed, we will venture to say, that CAPTAIN WARNER himself has never invented any shell or other projectile that would constitute such offensive weapons.

AN EXTREME CASE OF CONSCIENCE MONEY.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has received a cheque for £0 0*s.* 0*d.* from M. R. C. S., the amount due for arrears of Income-Tax.

AN UNWHOLESOME TRUTH.—However brisk the demand may be for beer, it is pretty certain that a large proportion of it is a perfect drug.



A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

LORD CRANWORTH, LAW, AND PHYSIC.

In the House of Lords, the other evening, Lord Cranworth is reported to have expressed an apprehension in which few will participate. He intimated that there was some fear that a Lord Chancellor might get on too fast with Chancery Reform. This extremely improbable contingency his Lordship illustrated by what he imagined to be a parallel case:—

"There might be, in short, a little danger lest the holder of the Great Seal should fall into a course something like that occasionally pursued by inferior medical practitioners, who prescribe for their patients doses of physic, when the best thing would have been, probably, to let them alone."

It is the best thing to let patients alone under one of two opposite conditions—and those two only. 1. When it is clear that no medicine will expedite the patient's recovery. 2. When it is manifest that no medicine will save him.

Does Lord Cranworth think that Chancery will reform itself without legislation? Or, does he consider it to be in so bad a state that there is no hope of its amendment?

An Emperor's Joke.

Louis Napoleon justifies the fact of his not permitting the Legislative Assembly or the Senators to say a word by the good old English joke, that "It is necessary and proper to have plenty of Mutes at his great undertaking."

A LARCENOUS IMPOST.

It is strange that Mr. Frewen's resolution tending to the repeal of the Hop Duty should have been rejected, when it is manifest that every shilling of tax levied on a pocket of hops is picking the pocket.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A RAILWAY STATION.

The Station clock proclaims the close of day;
The hard-worked clerks drop gladly off to tea;
The last train out starts on its dangerous way,
And leaves the place to darkness and to me.

Now fades the panting engine's red tail-light,
And all the platform solemn stillness holds,
Save where the watchmen, pacing for the night,
By smothered coughs announce their several colds.

Behind that door of three-inch planking made,
Those frosted panes placed too high up to peep,
All in their iron safes securely laid,
The cooked account-books of the Railway sleep.

The Debts to credit side so neatly borne,
What should be losses, profits proved instead;
The Dividends those pages that adorn
No more shall turn the fond Shareholder's head.

Oft did the doubtful to their balance yield,
Their evidence arithmetic could choke:
How jocund were they that to them appealed!
How many votes of thanks did they provoke!

Let not Derision mock King Hudson's toil,
Who made things pleasant greenhorns to allure;
Nor prudery give hard names to the spoil
'Twas glad to share—while it could share secure.

All know the way that he his fortune made,
How he bought votes and consciences did hire;
How hands that Gold and Silver-sticks have swayed
To grasp his dirty palm would oft aspire,

Till these accounts at last their doctored page,
Thanks to mischance and panic, did unroll,
When virtue suddenly became the rage,
And wiped George Hudson out of fashion's scroll.

Full many a noble Lord who once serene
The feasts at Albert Gate was glad to share,
For tricks he blushed not at, or blushed unseen,
Now cuts the Iron King with vacant stare.

For those who, mindful of their money fled,
Rejoice in retribution, sure though late—
Should they, by ruin to reflection led,
Ask *Punch* to point the moral of his fate,

Haply that wooden-headed sage may say,
"Oft have I seen him, in his fortune's dawn,
When at his levees elbowing their way,
Peer's ermine might be seen and Bishop's lawn.

"There the great man vouchsafed in turn to each
Advice, what scrip or shares 'twas best to buy,
There his own arts his favourites he would teach,
And put them up to good things on the sly.

"Till to the House by his admirers borne,
Warmed with Champagne in flustered speech he strove,
And on through commerce, colonies, and corn,
Like engine, without break or driver, drove.

"Till when he ceased to dip in fortune's till,
Out came one cooked account—of our M.P.;
Another came—yet men scarce ventured, still,
To think their idol such a rogue could be.

"Until those figures set in sad array
Proved how his victims he had fleeced and shorn—
Approach and read (if thou canst read) my lay,
Writ on him more in sadness than in scorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, the gilt rubbed off his sordid earth,
A man whom Fortune made to Fashion known;
Though void alike of breeding, parts, or birth,
God Mammon early marked him for his own.

Large was his fortune, but he bought it dear;
What he won foully he did freely spend.
He plundered no one knows how much a year,
But Chancery o'ertook him in the end.

No further seek his frailties to disclose:
For many of his sins should share the load;
While he kept rising, who asked how he rose?
While we could reap, what cared we how he sowed?

A BATCH OF CORRESPONDENCE.

HAT a frightful amount of correspondence is one of the penalties we have to pay for our popularity, anybody may understand; but no one can judge how severe that penalty is, unless we publish some specimens of the oppressive heap of dry rubbish thrown upon us by those who continually keep up a paper war upon our peace and our patience. If any one should be inclined to charge us with want of courtesy in not replying to our correspondents, we would answer the charge by calling attention to the following samples of the sort of stuff that we get daily and hourly in such quantities, that an ingenious calculator would probably find out how many times the interior of St. Paul's could be papered with the letters we receive in a month, and how many millions of QUEEN's Heads have been sacrificed by those who would seem to have hardly a head of their own, if we may judge by the insane stuff they transmit to us through the Post-Office.

It would form a very curious section of the Statistics of Insanity—and we recommend the subject to the able Editor of the *Psychological Review*—if a calculation were to be made of the number of madmen who are continually suggesting "cuts" for our periodical. There is generally a wild impossibility, or a hopeless platitude, about the ideas, which renders their realisation equally out of the question in either case.

There is one now before us proposing "a Drawing of a country station, *with a train just gone* and another *not yet in sight* from a siding on the same line, with DISRAELI in the former, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL in the latter." How an artist is to embody the idea of two trains both out of sight, together with the portraits of two statesmen, neither of them visible, does not seem to have occurred to our suggestive friend, who is, no doubt, expecting every week to find his "idea" developed in our front page, and who, of course, wonders at our blindness to our own interest in not making more speedy use of the hint that has been given us.

Another of our pictorial tormenters writes to say that a Railway train by which she travelled was detained longer than usual at a Station, and she forwards an elaborate drawing of a long line of railway carriages, from one of which the lady herself is looking, with what is artistically termed a "balloon" proceeding from her mouth, and encircling the interesting words "Guard! Guard! What are we waiting for?" We dare say we shall soon get an angry letter from the fair "suggester" of this "cut," complaining that we have "fallen off fearfully," particularly in "the humour and richness of our engravings," because we have not adopted her lively *tableau* as the principal illustration of one of our recent numbers.

Somebody else writes all the way from Manchester to tell us that he saw an old lady leaving a pair of spectacles to be mended, and he places "the fact at our disposal to make such use of it as we think fit." He concludes thus: "It occurred to me that with a good illustration, and garnished with your usual good taste, it might be made into a good story." Given—an old woman and a pair of spectacles out of repair; to find—an illustration for *Punch!* We confidently ask if there is anything in EUCLID, WALKINGAME, BONNYCASTLE, or anybody else, to equal the unfathomable mystery of this problem.

Another individual, addressing us from Liverpool, is so excited by reading *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, that he suggests, as a nice little subject for our artist, "The United States as they are," and "The United States as they ought to be." Our correspondent says he has already "pictured them in his mind," where there must have been a considerable extent of blank space to have afforded room for America under two different aspects,—one showing what it really is, and the other representing "all his fancy painted it."

Somebody else has favoured us with a series of hieroglyphical scratches on several strips of paper wafered together, accompanied by a note commencing jauntily by saying, "Perhaps you can make something of the enclosed." After inspecting it for some time, we think we succeeded in tracing out something like the outline of a human being and a carpet bag; but we could get no further. The accompanying note concludes thus:—"The engine may resemble a hearse." As we can see nothing in the hieroglyphics that resembles an engine, and as we must "first catch" our engine, we do not see where the hearse is to come from.

We think we need go no further—for the present—in justification of our practice of leaving unnoticed many of the "ideas" that are poured in upon us through the Post-Office. We have this week confined ourselves to "subjects for cuts," but we shall probably be goaded into an exposure of some of the stuff that is sent to us for insertion, in a written form, and which would degrade our work to the dingy level of the "Dry Goods Reporter," were we to admit even an occasional sample of an article which would lie no less heavily upon our conscience than on our columns.

A TALK WITH MRS. TYLER.

OH, MRS. EX-PRESIDENT JULIA G. TYLER!
You are pretty, they say—you 're a pretty reviler—
You *do* pitch it awfully into poor Motherland
In that same reply to the DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND!

Your epistle 's so trenchant, I look on it, Ma'am, as on
The defiance, in fact, of a genuine Amazon,
And you show such a spirit against Anti-slavery,
That her Grace, one might fancy, had questioned your bravery.

You lay on the lash with excessive severity,
And do you on niggers evince like dexterity,
Upon your tobacco-plantation when resident
Of blackamoors, Mrs., without the Ex-President?

You say that your ladies avoid all conventions,
Save those held with purely religious intentions,
In order to propagate true Christianity—
A creed not exclusive of sable humanity?

Ah!—there you, of course, are taught love to the neighbour,
Which cannot permit us his back to belabour,
Because it is black—or the faith is prodigious
Of that kind of people that you call religious.

You tell us of fashions you have a variety,
The vestments of charity, meekness, and piety,
Instead of our vanities aristocratical:
I hope your costumes are by no means fanatical.

But surely you joke, when you say our nobility
Incited their wives—out of hate and hostility
To America, wishing her ruin to compass—
To send you their letter to kick up a rumpus.

If seriously any such notion possesses you,
The natural question with which one addresses you
Is, had poor MR. TYLER the irrationality
To put into your head such a wild unreality?

If you 've slaves, we have paupers, you say, in our nation,
But that 's a more angry than wise observation,
Unequal among us are wealth's distributions,
But poverty 's not one of our "Institutions."

The DUCHESS you 'd have to mend Fortune's disparity
By giving her gems and her jewels in charity;
In her hair, or her dress, whilst a brilliant will glisten,
To her plea for the slave you 'll, of course, never listen.

Well clothed and well fed are your negroes you tell us;
But I fancy that won't make our poor people jealous,
We use dogs and horses as well as you treat them,
We keep them in decent condition—and beat them.

With Ireland's unhappy condition you twit us,
But there widest miss, where you hardest might hit us,
By saying she 's ruined by rule Anglo-Saxon,
Requiring a yoke such as you lay your blacks on.

You write in such ire as to raise the suggestion,
That your style would have better become the Fish Question,
Not that to the Bay named of Fundy related,
But one in a market by Thames Street debated.

The Empire of Jack Ketch.

ITALY has sometimes been called the Garden of Europe. In so far as it is under Austrian domination, it resembles a curiosity of ancient eastern horticulture—being a Hanging Garden.

HINT FOR THE SERVANTS' HALL.

WHY does not the Livery of the metropolis establish a United Domestic Service Club? The idea looks promising on the first plush of it.

SNOW-FLAKES.—No. 3.

Playful Youth. "PLEASE, SIR, I WASN'T A HEAVIN' AT YOU—I WAS HEAVIN' AT BILLY JONES."

A RAP ON THE KNUCKLES FOR THE BRITISH FEMALE.

IF the ladies of America really wished to take advantage of a weak point in the ladies of England, there could not have been a finer subject for the former than the readiness of the latter to rush to an Alarming Sacrifice, when invited by a gang of sharpers who haunt London and other large towns, with a lot of linen-drapery rubbish, which is advertised as the stock of some notorious bankrupt. If we analyse the feeling that prompts the women of England to resort to these swindling concerns, we regret to say that the fair sex seems to have lost all its pretensions to fairness, and we come to the melancholy conclusion that the British female is half knave and half fool—the only doubt in our minds being, whether dishonesty or stupidity predominates. We regret to make this avowal, but love of truth overcomes our gallantry, and our very regard for the ladies of England induces us to tell them, pretty plainly, what we think of those who respond to the swindling circulars of the Alarming Sacrificers who traffic in trashery, haberdashery, and smashery.

We have before us at this moment an envelope to a beggarly bill or circular, commencing in the usual form; while, to crown the impertinence of the imposture, the transaction is said to be "patronised" by a couple of Duchesses, whose names are libellously inserted at the head of the "catalogue."

The avowed "attraction" of this affair is an intimation that the goods have been obtained by "meretricious over-trading," or, in other words, by fraud, and the ladies of England are asked to present themselves as the receivers of stolen goods—for assuredly such is the real character of those who willingly participate in the plunder obtained by fraudulent bankruptcies. It is difficult to say in which category to place the "ladies" who are lured by these promises of a dishonest advantage, and we know not whether to regard them as fools for believing the patent falsehoods that are told, or as knaves for wishing to obtain at an unfair price those goods which have been procured by defrauding creditors.

We are afraid that we cannot allow the female purchaser at these marts of roguery to escape from either dilemma, for she must be at the same time a knave and a fool; inasmuch as nothing but knavery would seek to buy at a low price goods got by fraud, and nothing but the sheerest folly could give credit to the absurd statements issued by the Alarming Sacrificers to their soft-headed customers.

We regret the necessity of speaking with more candour than courtesy of any portion of that sex with whom we know we are an especial favourite, but it is quite necessary that we should put down a rampant species of imposture, which threatens to undermine the morality of our wives and daughters, by turning them into a sort of genteel marine store dealers, for the purchase of unlawfully obtained property.

PARLIAMENTARY POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS.

Slightly varied from the favourite "originals," and respectfully offered to the Mammas of England.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE Whig must come when he is called,
The Tory walk away,
The PALMERSTON is slightly bald,
The WOOD admires the GREY.
The ABERDEEN'S a statesman ripe,
The DERBY is not wise,
The RUSSELL'S speech reads well in type,
The HUME for papers cries.

The Irish vote that white is black
Their priesthood to obey,
The CRANWORTH sits on SUGDEN'S sack,
The ROEBUCK likes a fray.
The GLADSTONE is a speaker nice,
'Tis bad to be his butt,
The DRUMMOND gives you quaint advice,
The HUDSON'S mouth is shut.

The bold ARGYLL has golden hair,
But white the LOWE and SHEE,
The BRIGHT he is a foeman fair,
And who so loud as he?
O yes, the CHRISTOPHER'S more loud
By reason of his size,
The DIZZY loves a listening crowd
To dazzle and surprise.

The COBDEN *was* a downy bird,
But now his eyes are dim,
The CARTER rails in speech absurd,
But no one cares for him.
The COCKBURN fights in dashing style,
The BETHEL lisps and drawls,
The GRAHAM is the deepest file
You 'll meet all round St. Paul's.

The COLONEL is a prate-apace,
We heed not what he says,
The SIDNEY-HERBERT loves his race,
The BULWER writes good plays.
The BROTHERTON at twelve must flit,
(So ought all other folk,)
The OSBORNE has a biting wit,
The WALPOLE hates a joke.

The kind CARLISLE can write good verse,
The MALMESBURY bad prose,
The INGLIS thinks the world grows worse,
He always wears a rose.
The child who does not these things know
Must be a little dunce,
But you, my love, I 'm sure will go,
And learn this song at once.

SCHOOL FOR CHANCERY REFORM.

THE great obstacle to Reform in Chancery is, that the persons promoted to the Woolsack are deficient in experience of the Court over which they have to preside. They know nothing of it except as practitioners, whereas, to understand it thoroughly, they ought to have been concerned in it as suitors. In that case they would no longer speak of Chancery as Equity, but give it the right and proper name of Iniquity—as let it ever be called. If, instead of making their fortunes, they had lost their property by it, they would find themselves considerably more able, because more willing, to abolish its atrocities.

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HOW MR. PETER PIPER ENJOYED A DAY'S "PIG-STICKING,"

NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.

MR. PETER PIPER RIDES TO COVER, AND COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT A CAMEL'S BACK BEARS LITTLE OR NO RESEMBLANCE TO AN ARM-CHAIR.

HAVING ARRIVED AT THE "HUNTING GROUND," MR. PETER PIPER TRIES TO TAKE A "FIRST SPEAR" AND FAILS.

MR. PETER PIPER BEGINS TO THINK "PIG-STICKING" A SPORT ONLY FIT FOR MANIACS. HE ANATHEMATIZES ALL FOREIGN COUNTRIES—

—AND BENGAL IN PARTICULAR, AND FERVENTLY WISHES HIMSELF IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

ARTFUL DODGES FOR THE DIGGINGS.

AMONG the appliances advertised for Australian emigrants, we find "a bed the size of a fishing-rod," and "a tent the size of a portmanteau." Whether the fishing-rod bedstead will catch many purchasers we cannot say, but there would seem to us to be very small comfort in either that or the tent reduced to the dimensions of a packing-case. The necessity for getting a great deal into a small compass will probably lead to a further economy of space, and we shall not be surprised to find boot-jacks advertised to serve as waggons by the addition of wheels, and tin soap-dishes recommended for baths as well as for shaving purposes. If we were to put our own wits to work we could suggest a thousand valuable combinations of various uses in one article, and we have much pleasure in offering the following to the serious notice of intending emigrants.

A teaspoon and small shovel.

A waterproof wide-awake and soup tureen in one, with the advantage of occasionally using the article for washing gold, and for a coal-scuttle.

A purse to be filled with money by day, to be replaced at night by feathers to form a bolster.

A cradle to be used alternately in washing the gold and rocking to sleep the baby.

We might enumerate a long list of ingenious devices similar to the above, but as our only object is to set the invention of others at work, we think we have done enough to accomplish that laudable object.

GOVERNMENT LABELS.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has announced that he will permit the adulteration of coffee, on condition that to the packets sold by the grocers there shall be affixed labels bearing the words,

MIXTURE OF CHICORY AND COFFEE.

We understand that it is the intention of Government to carry out this system, and to issue a series of labels to be used by other trades men. Among those already in preparation are,

For Jewellers' Gold Chains.—*Mixture of Brass and Electro-plating.*
For Porter.—*Mixture of Thames mud, Spanish liquorice, and treacle.*
For Warranted Indian Handkerchiefs.—*Mixture of Silk and Cotton.*
For Potted Bloaters.—*Mixture of Sprats and Brickdust.*
For Milkpans.—*Mixture of Water and Chalk.*
For Snuff.—*Mixture of Sand and Pepper.*
For Pepper.—*Mixture of Rice and Dust.*
For Port Wine.—*Mixture of Logwood and Brandy.*
For Pale Sherry.—*Mixture of Brown Sherry and Water.*
For Ultramontane Oratory.—*Mixture of Bigotry and Impudence.*

We sincerely congratulate this commercial country upon the proposed approach to something like common honesty. In presence of such frank and honourable notifications, a tradesman may now fairly say—*Caveat emptor.*

MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

CHAPTER V.

IT is amongst my privileges to know a dramatic critic. When I say "critic," I mean a gentleman who writes notices of theatrical performances in a newspaper. He is a good deal annoyed, I find, at some of my remarks in this series of papers. I observe that he highly relishes and entirely approves all that I have said on the bad taste of managers, and the vanities and absurdities of actors, but he thinks I am too hard in my strictures on the quality of the pieces which are entrusted to them for presentation.

My friend is himself a writer of plays. He assures me, however, that this does not at all interfere with the freedom and fulness of his criticisms. On looking them over, I can easily understand how this comes about. His articles exhibit a strong family likeness. They are made up, three-fourths, of an elaborate account of the plot of the piece. This is generally followed by the remark "it will be seen that the story is slight, but in the hands of the able *artistes* entrusted with the parts, the utmost was made of very slender materials." If the piece is in more than one act, my friend has a standing opinion that "it will be the better for considerable curtailment," but he never seems to doubt that "with a judicious use of the pruning-knife (an implement to which he makes constant allusions), in a few nights the piece will go glibly."

Having arrived thus far, he knocks off the actors in some five or six lines, generally, of sweeping general approbation, for which he employs regular formulæ. MR. STILTS, I find, is always careful and impressive in the part of *The Baron*. MR. CYPHER does "the little he had to do in *Frederick* with propriety and ease." The great BROADGRIN never fails to "give us one of those unctuous portraitures, in which he is so irresistible"—but why go on? The recollection of my readers will enable them to fill up, without the least effort, any or all of my friend RAPID'S theatrical notices, which he persists in calling criticisms!

I say, I could at once understand, after reading a few of these off-hand performances, how it is that RAPID is enabled at once to "criticise" plays and players, and to keep on good terms with the managers who accept his pieces, and the actors who play in them. Where no opinion is expressed, how can anybody take the writer to task? Where no fault is found, what pretext has even an actor for being indignant? Where no counsel is offered, how should the most haughty of performers fall foul of poor RAPID for his impertinence? I fancy, however, that if RAPID at any time forget himself, and break out in either real analysis of play or actor, or into advice or fault-finding, he will soon be brought to a sense of his real position and duty, as managers and actors understand it. His pieces will (I will bet any money) be left for him at the hall-door—his name will be struck off the free list—nay, if the newspaper he happen to be connected with happen to be one of indifferent circulation, he may very likely find himself held up to scorn in capitals on a fly-sheet of the play-bill, with a denunciation of his venality, and a pleasant fire of sneers at his personal and private circumstances.

Considering all these things, and knowing, as I do, that RAPID has a wife and family to maintain at the point of the pen, can I wonder that the poor fellow carefully extracts the gall from his ink before he sits down to his theatrical article?

Actors and managers are too busy in their theatres to go much into the world, were its doorways ever so open to them. Even what is said out of doors only arrives at their ears after it has been strained through the wonderful disinfecting filter of humble hangers-on, submissive dependants, and abject toadies, which will gather round thrones, whether they be erected in St. James's, or the T. R., Long Acre. By the time it reaches the royal ear, I am pretty sure the pungency is taken out of it.

Now these potentates have a great belief in the newspapers. Their faith in these prints is one of the marvels of theatrical experience. It keeps alive quite a small fry of small weekly journals, in which I find column after column devoted to news of theatrical personages and their doings, from the great PUMPKIN, who sitteth in Long Acre, to "CRASH and his talented wife," who, I am informed, "have been doing good business at the T. R., Stornaway." With this affecting belief in what actors refer to mysteriously as "the Press," is it any wonder that MR. STILTS, from always seeing himself called "careful and impressive," should come at length to believe that he is really so? If he were described as "wearisome and bombastical," (which he is universally admitted to be) might it not, perchance, awaken in him some doubt of himself? Still better if he were told wherein his wearisomeness and bombast consist?

The RAPIDS are among the deadest of the dead weights that hang round the neck of the Stage. I am tolerably sure that, until we have something like theatrical criticism, we shall have nothing like a satisfactory theatre. So long as these gentlemen are required to knock off their articles immediately at the conclusion of the play they have been seeing, worn out as they must be—so long I expect to have a string of dull accounts of involved stories, hack truisms, and stereotyped generalities, instead of honest, close, well-directed judgments on what is presented to me on the stage.

And while this continues, I say again, I despair of seeing either PUMPKIN, or STILTS, or CYPHER, or BROADGRIN, or any of their brothers and sisters, turn from the error of his or her ways. So long as the RAPID style of criticism is put up with, so long will comedy continue to be conventional, and tragedy bombastic, and drama exaggerated, and farce offensive. So long will fast gentlemen in farces wear impossible coats and incredible trowsers, and come into drawing-rooms through the windows, with their hats on. So long will comic servants crack jokes with the company. So long will uncles, guardians, and fathers wear hats and gaiters, and breeches, and coats, altogether unknown in real life. So long will music be marred, and sense strangled in the delivery of dialogue; so long will serious young ladies force their voices into strange keys and intercalate their words with superfluous "ys." So long will juvenile tragedians redouble their "rrs," and persist in throttling tolerable tenors into execrable basses. So long will purses and pocket-books with large sums in bank-notes continue to be given away recklessly in sentimental comedies, and vast estates to be transferred by the mere handing over of a single sheet of parchment. So long will all the *dramatis personæ* be violently and suddenly married, and the bad characters reformed in a moment at the end of the fifth act. So long will performances begin when the audience are dining, and end when they should be asleep. So long will discomfort and extortion rule the theatre before the lamps, just as exaggeration and bad taste reign paramount behind them: just so long, in short, will it be a pain, and a grief, and a penance, to *Mr. Punch* to go to the Play, instead of being what it might be, his privilege, his enjoyment, and his instruction.

N.B. RAPID has promised to take me to a rehearsal next week.

RAILWAY MAXIMS.

(Perfectly at the Service of any Railway Company.)

DELAYS are dangerous.
A Train in time saves nine.
Live and let Live.
After a Railway excursion, the Doctor.
Do not halloo till you are out of the Train.
Between two Trains we fall to the ground.
Fire and Water make good Servants but bad Masters.
A Director is known by the Company he keeps.
A Railway Train is the Thief of Time.
There is no place like Home—but the difficulty is to get there.
The farther you go, the worse is your fare.
It's the Railway pace that kills.
The great charm about a Railway accident is that, no matter how many lives are lost, "no blame is ever attached to any one."
A Railway is long, but Life is short—and generally the longer a railway, the shorter your life.

A Storm in a French Tea-Cup.

A GENTLEMAN, who has just returned from a long cruise round the Isle of Wight, says that he has sounded the St. George's Channel in various ways, and he can most confidently assure us that, far from being agitated by the publication of the *Lettres Françoises*, its bosom is not even in the least ruffled by the outbreak of such an angry BILLOT.

THE POLITICAL WOOD ENGRAVER.

WE think we shall get our artist to put a drawing upon a block, and send it to be engraved to MR. DISRAELI, now that he has taken so industriously to cutting away at WOOD.

LE PHILOSOPHE MALGRÉ LUI.

MONSIEUR PROUDHON the sage, in the first glow of youth,
E'er he hit on that great philosophical truth,
That the rich of all goodness and sense are bereft,
And that "property," properly viewed, "is a theft,"
Either hoping to compass that glittering prize,
Which experience has taught him ere this to despise,
Or to rival the fame of BOPP, RASK, or VON HAMMER,
Prepared a short treatise on "*General Grammar.*"

Now when in Besançon the treatise was read, all
The *savans* in conclave decreed it a medal,
To the author's great joy, for in youth, you must know,
To social distinctions he was not a foe.
But an essay on merely *grammatical* roots
The popular palate less frequently suits,
Than "Thoughts on the subsoil required for trees,"
Or "Brief Notes on the recent Potato disease."

So it chanced with the treatise by PROUDHON prepared,
For though in the printing no trouble was spared,
Yet when printed, no buyer at all could be found
Save a grocer, who took it at twopence per pound.
Little failures, like this, we might fairly expect
Any zeal for grammatical terms to correct,
And the critics affirm PROUDHON first acquired through 'em,
His dislike to the terms "*meum*," "*suum*," and "*tuum*."

But years rolled away, and our PROUDHON became
Very much better known both to Fortune and Fame,
For his books took so well that, in progress of time,
He grew rich by declaring that Wealth is a crime.
When lo! in a bookseller's shop what should meet his
Rapt gaze, but his little grammatical treatise,
Which the grocer, more blest than its author, perchance,
Had managed to sell at a trifling advance.

And strange to relate, an event so romantic,
Instead of delighting drives PROUDHON quite frantic.
With a logic (far other than that which he chose
The injustice of wealth to the world to expose)
He declares that the dealers may use if they please
His pages as wrappers for butter and cheese,
But that all, who dare barter those pages for pelf,
Are infringing a right that belongs to himself.

Of the matter the law takes a different view,
And although he declares he has written a new,
Much improved, much enlarged, and superior edition,
'Gainst the old one won't grant the desired prohibition,
And poor PROUDHON exclaims in despair "Of my pages
How annoying the fate in my youth and my age is!
Oh! why did I e'er write a treatise, that won't
Sell at all, when I wish it, and will, when I don't?"

In poor PROUDHON, my readers, I think, will agree,
The most strange combination of wonders to see:
A sage, half afraid that his juvenile page
May compete with the well-matured work of his age;
A thorough-paced Socialist, loth to impart,
Without adequate payment, the works of his art;
And an author (no other such author I know, Sir)
Who regrets that his works have escaped from the grocer.

ADVANTAGE OF MAYNOOTH.

IT is a pity that Maynooth College is not open to young ladies; for they would at least be untaught all affectation there, by being rendered thoroughly disaffected.

A PLOT AGAINST PRISONS.

A DANGEROUS conspiracy has been discovered at Birmingham, organised for the purpose of defrauding the gallows and the hulks. The originator of the plot is one JOSEPH SIURGE, who has founded an establishment, called the Reformatory Institution, at that town, and placed it under the superintendence of another man named ELLIS, who formerly presided over a similar concern in London, being a place of resort for young thieves, where they were inveigled, and seduced into the abandonment of their dishonest calling. To this end, no pains were spared to render the paths of virtue seductive, by blending as much amusement as possible with the particular branch of industry the lads were instructed in. The man ELLIS, their enticer from the line of turpitude, is a shoemaker. He says, in his evidence, reported by the House of Commons:—

"I used to go and sit with them for two or three hours a day, and I used to tell them that they might, by governing their tongues, their tempers, and their appetites, and governing themselves generally, be much more happy if they would put themselves in harmony with the laws of their own physical nature: and I showed them how wrong it was to break the social laws that bind society together, and also the laws of God, and so forth. I considered that my conversation with them for two or three hours had had a great effect; and I provided them with wholesome food, and I gave them clothes to wear, and I surrounded them with as many comforts as I possibly could."

If this shoemaker ELLIS had not presumed to judge above his last—which, to be sure, he does with some acuteness—how many a little rogue might have been whipped that has escaped the lash, might be now picking oakum instead of making highlows, might be serving his country in a gang of convicts instead of customers behind a counter!

Really MR. ELLIS is quite a FAGIN in his way—the opposite way to MR. FAGIN'S. He continues:—

"My principal object always was with those lads to put in their power the means of getting a living by teaching them a business; with regard to their morals, I thought I could not do better than set before them a good example, and I ate with them, and drank with them, and slept with them, and I associated myself with them in every way; and, as far as religion goes (I don't profess to be a religious teacher), I showed them the law of the Gospel as well as I could. I am not much of a scholar myself, and, therefore, I could not cultivate their intellects much."

ELLIS thus further discloses the insidious arts by which he endeavoured to deprive these unfortunate children of their birthright in our criminal institutions:—

"My system is a system of privilege; I have, perhaps, twenty degrees of privilege' such as favour, food, liberty, indulgence, kindness, and so on; I have quite sufficient rewards and punishments. You must have a system of rewards and punishments, but of mental, not corporal, punishment; for if you get hold of the mind, you will find that it is capable of suffering far more than the body."

The State adds whipping to the correction of "juvenile offenders"—with very different results from MR. ELLIS'S. But let him proceed:—

"With regard to their labour, I put the boys all on a pivot of their own. I make them move in a circle with regard to their labour. I say to them, 'If you do so much labour, all you do over you shall be paid for.' That was a system they liked; they could gain by this, and, of course, they could get my favour, and food; and a boy that was industrious and willing to do all he could to oblige me would be raised to a better state of work. He would sit near to me at my table, and he would receive marks of favour of different sorts; he would have a better pair of boots made, better clothes, and various other little things that are great things to him; whereas a boy that would not work would not have a penny to spend, nor any clothes. Whenever I saw anything wrong, I have been used to warn them, and say, 'Now, do not do that again.'"

The success of this crafty system of subverting vicious principles was such, that when questioned by MR. MILNES whether he had had any boys that he had been obliged to give up; positively could not reclaim?—the reply of MR. ELLIS was:—

"I have never seen such a case, and I have confidence, that if I had any boy who had his right senses about him, I could reclaim him."

The Birmingham Institution, under the same management, has also succeeded to such an extent, that it is in contemplation to establish another there on a larger scale; which, no doubt, will most seriously tend to impair the utility of those magnificent edifices, our gaols and bridewells, which everywhere afford such vast but by no means empty accommodation. A meeting has been held, LORD CALTHORPE in the chair, to carry out the desired object, which will tend to throw so many turnkeys out of employment, and to which all persons are invited to subscribe who desire to rob JACK KETCH of his livelihood, and the Government of convict labour, by substituting prevention for cure—superseding prison discipline by reformation.

The Ocean to the Railway River of our Thoughts.

THE late decision in Chancery against the Railway King has been called in the aristocratic squares and circles, "a dreadful run upon the Banks of the HUDSON."

A "SONG WITHOUT WORDS."—The song the tea-kettle sings.*

* We expect to receive a Gold Medal from the Temperance Society for this pretty little sentiment.—ED.

PLEASANT QUARTERS.

"DEAR PUNCH, "*Albany*, 24 Z.

"IF the G. S. N. railway express is two hours late, and our family dinner and family feelings are put on the rack, in consequence of our non-arrival, straightway we "write to the *Times*." But in our more immediate domestic misfortunes we appeal to you, dear *Punch*.

"Last Tuesday morning, after a most fatiguing day's guard at St. James's (where the haunch of venison was over-roasted, and the champagne badly iced at dinner, and little CAVENDISH would make me smoke with him till 4 A. M.), I retired to my apartments, No. 24 Z., Albany, (for my sins) ground floor. Scarcely had CHIFNEY (my tiger) put me to bed, and given me what he called a 'drench,' composed of Curaçoa and soda-water, when I was disturbed by 'thump, thump, order! shoulder arms!' on the floor above, inhabited by young KILBURN. The noise continued, when, being unable to sleep, I went upstairs to remonstrate, and found little KILBURN in his dressing-gown, trying by means of a printed paper, and a well-whiskered adjutant, to put an old sergeant through the mysteries of the "Manual and Platoon." On inquiry, I found little KILBURN had been made by his father (the DUKE OF BAREACRES) Colonel of the Bareacres militia, and he was what he called "qualifying himself for the command of a battalion," and no remonstrances on my part would induce him to cease his course of "domestic drill."

"Dear *Punch*, what am I to do? The Albany will be as bad soon as the barracks at Windsor for noise and drill!

"Yours affectionately,

"FREDERICK FITZOSBORNE,

"*Captain, 4th Grenadier Guards.*"

RAILWAY KILLING NO MURDER.

To speak "in an official sense" is generally to speak without any sense at all, or, under the most favourable circumstances, speaking in an official sense, implies the practice of saying one thing and meaning another. In the lamentable instance of a Railway accident there is invariably what is called an "official report," which falls very far short of the plain matter-of-fact statements which come out upon oath at an inquest, when the immediate death of one of the injured parties renders an inquest unavoidable. Of course, where there is no one killed on the spot, the half-dozen—more or less—who may die some months afterwards of injuries received in a Railway "accident," furnish no case for the coroner. We must therefore excuse the official reporter if he fails to make a second return of killed, and confines his bill of mortality to the victims deprived at once of their existence. We may, however, take an objection to the off-hand style of the "official reports," when treating of anything short of a fatal result—as shown in the following paragraph.

After recording the fact of a Director being "killed on the spot," the official report proceeds to say that "three or four of the passengers met with some injury by cuts or contusions, but not in any case to a serious extent," the inference being, that as cuts and contusions are not "serious," the official reporter regards them somewhat in the light of "comic" incidents. On referring to the non-official report, we find that one of the passengers not "seriously" injured, had "some of his fingers broken," another had his "forehead seamed with a terrible gash," and the former's head was "fixed firmly in the lamp-hole" which probably justified the official reporter in looking at the matter as so far from "serious" that it amounted in his eyes to an almost comic catastrophe. We suspect the injured parties themselves will not regard their broken fingers and gashed foreheads so slightingly as they are looked at by the Railway authorities. It may be natural for these gentlemen, who are accustomed to carnage, to pass over a few fractures and cuts as "slight" affairs, but to us who set a high value upon limb as well as life, the loss of the use of a hand, and the gashing of the forehead, appear to be rather grave than trifling incidents.

"Where there's a Will there's a Way."

THE French have been applying for NAPOLEON'S Will, deposited at Doctor's Commons. Now we should have thought that the French had had more than enough lately of the will of one NAPOLEON not to have wished for another; but perhaps this craving of the French for the wills of other persons may be accounted for by the fact of their having so very little will of their own.

A DIRTY TRICK—BESPATTERING DECENT PEOPLE.

Dizzy. "WON'T GIVE ME ANYTHING, WON'T YOU? THEN, TAKE THAT!"

MARCH 5, 1853.

POETICAL CATALOGUE OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THAT relentless mortal the "mortgagee in possession" has sent forth his decree, by which all the poetical associations of Her Majesty's Theatre—the scenes of so many stirring events; the cups out of which so many tenors have been poisoned—are to be smashed by the prosaic hammer of the auctioneer. Having seen as yet no Catalogue, we have written a specimen of the style in which such a precious collection of objects—linked in the public mind with so many of the most delightful reminiscences—ought to be advertised for Sale by auction:—

Lot 1, The well-known village, with bridge, and church and green,
Of half a score *divertissements* the well-remembered scene,
Including six substantial planks, forming the eight-inch ridge
On which the happy peasantry came dancing down the bridge.
Lot 2, A Sheet of Thunder. Lot 3, A Box of Peas,
Employed in sending storms of hail to rattle through the trees.
Lot 4, A Canvass Mossy Bank for Cupids to repose.
Lot 5, The old Stage Watering Pot, complete—except the rose.
Lot 6, The favourite Water-Mill, used for *Amina's* dream,
Complete, with practicable wheel, and painted canvas stream.
Lots 7 to 12, Some sundries—A Pair of Sylphide's Wings;
Three dozen Druids' Dresses (one of them wanting strings).
Lots Thirteen, Fourteen, Fifteen—Three Services of Plate
In real *papier mâché*—all in a decent state;
One of these services includes—its value to increase—
A full dessert, each plate of fruit forming a single piece.
Lot Seventeen, The Gilded Cup, from which *Genaro* quaffed,
'Mid loud applause, night after night, *Lucrezia's* poisoned draught.
Lots Eighteen, Nineteen, Twenty, Three rich White Satin Skirts.
Lot Twenty-one, A set of six Swiss Peasants' Cotton Shirts.
Lot Twenty-two, The Sheet that backed *Masaniello's* tent.
Lot Twenty-three, The Long White Wig—in wool—of *Bide-the-Bent*.
Lots Twenty-four to Forty, The Fish—Soles, Cod, and Dace—
For pelting the Vice-regal Guard in Naples' Market-place.
Lot Forty-one, Vesuvius—rather the worse for wear.
Lots Forty-two to Fifty, Priests' Leggings—at per pair.
Lot Fifty-one, The well-known Throne with canopy and seat,
And plank in front, for courtiers to kneel at Sovereigns' feet.
Lot Fifty-two, A Royal Robe of Flannel, nearly white,
Warranted equal to Cashmere—upon the stage at night—
With handsome ermine collar thrown elegantly back;
The tails of twisted worsted—pale yellow tipped with black.
Lots Fifty-three to Sixty, Some Jewellery rare—
The Crown of *Semiramide*—complete, with false back hair;
The Order worn by *Ferdinand*, when he proceeds to fling
His sword and medals at the feet of the astonished king.
Lot Sixty-one, The Bellows used in *Cinderella's* song.
Lot Sixty-two, A Document. Lot Sixty-three, A Gong.
Lots Sixty-four to Eighty, Of Wigs a large array,
Beginning at the Druids down to the present day.
Lot Eighty-one, The Bedstead on which *Amina* falls.
Lots Eighty-two to Ninety, Some sets of Outer Walls.
Lot Ninety-one, The Furniture of a Grand Ducal Room,
Including Chair and Table. Lot Ninety-two, A Tomb.
Lot Ninety-three, A set of Kilts. Lot Ninety-four, A Rill.
Lot Ninety-five, A Scroll, to form death-warrant, deed, or will.
Lot Ninety-six, An ample fall of Best White Paper Snow.
Lot Ninety-Seven, A Drinking-Cup, brimmed with stout extra tow.
Lot Ninety-eight, A set of Clouds, a Moon, to work on flat;
Water with practicable boat. Lot Ninety-nine, A Hat.
Lot Hundred, Massive Chandelier. Hundred-and-one, A Bower.
Hundred-and-two, A Canvas Grove. Hundred-and-three, A Tower.
Hundred-and-four, A Fountain. Hundred-and-five, Some Rocks.
Hundred-and-six, The Hood that hides the Prompter in his box.

THE PECULIAR PEOPLE IN PARLIAMENT.

ALTHOUGH the House of Commons has agreed to the Jewish Relief Bill, the House of Lords will throw it out, of course, for the following reasons:

The religion of the Jews is not an abstract affair of theology, concerning nobody but themselves, but it involves obedience to a priesthood which is governed by a foreign power, and is in a great measure opposed to our political and social institutions. For instance, it is well known that the Jewish clergy not long ago held a synagogue, whereat they had the insolence to denounce and anathematise the Queen's Colleges. Which denunciation and anathema were confirmed by RABBI BEN SOLOMONS their High Priest; SOLOMONS being a foreign Potentate: Sovereign Pontiff and dealer in ancient ecclesiastical vestments at Jericho.

These traitorous Jews have conspired together to get as many persons of their persuasion as they can, returned, in the event of their emancipation, to Parliament; where this band of conspirators will make it their constant object to consult, not the welfare and interest of the British empire in the first place, but the honour, glory, and supreme will of the said RABBI BEN SOLOMONS, of Jericho, Sovereign Pontiff, and ecclesiastical Old-clothesman.

The principal Jewish newspaper, published every week, is replete with the most rancorous abuse of all manner of persons who oppose the pretensions of the Levitical priesthood in general, and of SOLOMONS in particular. Letters from a Rabbi have appeared in that journal, exulting in the prospect of a foreign invasion, and of French soldiers rioting amid British carnage: letters by a Rabbi, who, indeed, may be pronounced rabid.

The Jews, moreover, are a set of persons, whose zeal for the propagation of their peculiar doctrine—which, if established, would be subversive of liberty of conscience—is well known. Yet, notwithstanding that they are such notorious proselytizers themselves, they burn with savage animosity against all those who endeavour to make proselytes among members of their own persuasion; and the persecution of such individuals is openly advocated by the Israelitish editor of above-mentioned print; who abusively calls them "soupers," as if soup were not just as good as fish.

However, with regard to soup, or fish, or passover-cake, no particular opinions, certainly, ought to exclude anybody from the Legislature. "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," spiritually as well as naturally. Political rights have nothing to do with taste, either this way or that. "Every one to his liking, as the good man said when he kissed his cow," and if the Jews would content themselves with kissing the great toe of SOLOMONS, it would be all well and good. But if they must needs employ their Parliamentary privileges chiefly for the purpose of reducing others to the same abasement, they are not fit to enjoy any. Setting SOLOMONS above the laws, they ought not to be intrusted with legislative functions which they will exercise in subservience to SOLOMONS.

If the children of Israel can deny the foregoing charges, religious liberty, and common justice, will doubtless require that the Peers should consent to the removal of their civil disabilities. Nor, indeed, can their demand for eligibility to serve in Parliament be reasonably resisted, if a party is allowed to sit in the House of Commons chargeable, in all essential particulars, with everything that has been above alleged against the Jews.

Change for a Napoleon.

WE read in a French paper that the EMPEROR OF FRANCE *has the run of no less than twenty-seven palaces*. This is not bad for a young gentleman, who, a few years ago, was living in a second floor in Jermyn Street, and, if report be true, had sometimes a great difficulty in paying for even that!

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE RISING GENERATION.

AN elderly gentleman being asked to describe the present Rising Generation, replied, "I don't know what I can say of them, excepting that the old proverb might well be applied to them—'Fast come, Fast go.'"

AN INFALLIBLE PRECAUTION AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—No fares to be paid *until the end of the journey*—and then only to be paid in the event of a person having arrived perfectly safe!

SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 1.

Servant Gal. "I TELL YOU WHAT, COOK, WITH MY BEAUTY AND FIGGER, I A'INT A GOING TO STOP IN SARVICE NO LONGER. I SHALL BE ORF TO HORSETRAYLIER."

MUNIFICENCE TO MEN OF LETTERS.

WE observe that MR. DUNCOMBE is about to bring under the consideration of the House the subject of the enormous incomes of the provincial postmen. MR. SCHOLEFIELD is stated, by the *Birmingham Journal*, to have been intrusted with a petition respecting the same abuse from parties complaining of it in that town; where the letter-carriers receive the exorbitant salaries of from 10*s.* 6*d.* to 18*s.*, or even 20*s.* a week. Obtaining these magnificent stipends, the whole of the work they have to do occupies them not longer than from five in the morning to six or seven o'clock at night, under circumstances of no more hardship than the salubrious and pleasant variations of the atmosphere. They are thus inured to the rainy day which, nevertheless, they can of course provide for out of their ample incomes. These gigantic revenues have of late suffered some curtailment from the prohibition to receive Christmas boxes: nevertheless, their remuneration must still appear excessive, when it is regarded as the price of nothing more than honesty, sobriety, steadiness, and intelligence, with the expenditure of a little muscular activity and shoe-leather. When the preposterously high wages of these lightly labouring men are contrasted with the miserable pittances doled out to our hardworking bishops and industrious pluralists, it will be obvious that some sort of alteration must be made, to bring the former into something like proportion to the latter.

Very Proper.

WE see it stated by a contemporary, that by the treaty which was lately ratified between the British Government and that of the Sandwich Islands, an express stipulation is made for

"British whale-ships to have access for refreshment."

Very proper this, we think, The geologic formation of the Sandwich Islands consisting, as is well known, of alternate strata of ham and bread and butter, it seems but natural our hungry whalers should insist on having access to them for "refreshment."

THE MANCHESTER PEACE POLICY.—To put down fighting abroad, the better to uphold our Mills at home.

A BLOW AT THE SNUFF-BOX.—The flame of life, like that of PALMER'S candles, will burn brightly enough without snuffing.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

WE use the word "Intelligence" here chiefly in its intellectual sense; and, when they have read the following, we think our readers will agree that it is not without reason that we do so. For on no less an authority than that of "Our own correspondent," we find it stated that—

"A lecturer on chemistry has been expelled by the police from Frankfort, for stating publicly before an audience, that by cutting the wires of an Electric Telegraph the communication would infallibly be interrupted. It appears that the announcement of the fact was thought dangerous to the State."

Indeed! Well, the safety of the State must literally, we think, be "hung upon wires," if a truism like this can in any light be "thought dangerous" to it. We suppose we may next expect to hear that a Frankfort lecturer has been expelled for "stating publicly" that two and two make four. In a policeman's eyes there may be danger even in this somewhat trite announcement.

Very certainly, when next the schoolmaster is abroad, we should advise him to pay a visit to the police authorities of Frankfort. At the same time we would offer them our sincere congratulations: for, if "ignorance is bliss," they assuredly must be in a very happy condition just at present.

An Inscrutable Joke.

IT seems that the wages given by the Steam Companies vary, and that in the General Screw Company's service the wages are the highest. We merely mention the fact for the purpose of making the remark that the General Screw is not by any means such a screw as its name would indicate.

A NEW FIRM.—CORDEN and BRIGHT are going into partnership. It is their intention, we are informed, to open in the City a "HOUSE FOR MANCHESTER PEACE-WORKS."

MR. PUNCH TO MR. SHAW LEFEVRE.

Mr. Punch's compliments to the Speaker of the House of Commons, and will thank him to explain by whose negligence the following notices have slipped out of the "paper" of Parliamentary business. The omission reflects no credit on anybody.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL. On the motion for going into Committee on the Bill for dealing with Small and Uneducated Offenders, to call the attention of the House to the fact that RAILWAY KING, ESQ., M.P. for Sunderland, has placed on Oath, in an English Court of Justice, a record that he has successfully used divers Railway Shares for Bribing Members of Parliament into supporting certain Railway Bills, and to move that the said MR. KING be required to attend in his Place, and inform the House whether any Individuals, so bribed, are Members of the present House, and if so, to name them.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL. In the event of the said MR. KING refusing such information, to move a resolution to the effect that it would be very Pleasing to an assembly of English Gentlemen if the Hon. Member would accept, in addition to the many Hundreds he has already received, those of Chiltern.

Approaching Festivities at Exeter Hall.

EXTENSIVE preparations are in progress to celebrate the attainment by MR. SPOONER of his majority, which, if Tuscan persecutions, priestly violence in Ireland, and papal faction in the House of Commons, continue much longer, he will certainly arrive at on the Maynooth Question.

QUITE A NOSEGAY.

THE Roman Emperor said "Money has no smell;" but if he had only been a usurer at the present day he would have soon found out that money has not unfrequently its (s)cent per (s)cent.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 6.

YESTERDAY assisted at an entertainment that I shall not readily forget. GURGOYLE took me with him to an "æsthetic tea" given at his College by REREDOS, the distinguished member of the University Antiquarian Society. We went early and found a circle of mild enthusiasts over some prints. An etching by REMBRANDT as large as a crown-piece was just then the subject of conversation. "It is certainly worth five pounds," said BUREN of Catherine's (the authority on these points), "but if there is a mark on it, which is wanting in the STOWE copy, but can only be discovered by the microscope, it is cheap at fifty." BUREN, as I understood, did not know where to look for this important scratch, so the question remained an open one; but it was easy to see what veneration his audience yielded to a lore so much beyond them.

As the visitors entered they were pointed out to me by GURGOYLE. "That is STONEHENGE, so well known in connection with the supposed Druidical remains on Salisbury Plain: he has proved they were built by the Pelasgi (by Jove!); the little fellow with him has published a sheet of designs for hatpegs, ornamentally treated in the style of the 14th and 15th centuries (don't you think he would be the better for a little ornamental treatment himself in the style of the 19th?); here is CANTOWE FERMOWE of this College, a leading member of the Motett and Madrigal, a very good fellow, only he plays Gregorian chants with one finger on a seraphine till two o'clock in the morning. (Poor GURGOYLE! this was evidently a sore point with him, but he did not dare to express his private feelings with respect to those cheerful melodies, or he might have been turned out of the Antiquarian Society for unsoundness in his theological opinions.) Those two men talking in the corner are HOBBLE of Margaret's, and GOBBLE of Boriel. Yes—their tongues will rattle on till we separate. HOBBLE is enlarging on the beauties of the second order of English Pointed Architecture, and GOBBLE is sticking up for the Veneto-Byzantine style: they both know a great deal about it. CRUSTY, the eminent critic (author of 'New Lamps for Old Ones'), was to have been here and given us a lecture on the Bricks of Bologna, but as SANKEY is come without him, I suppose we shall not see him. Of course you have heard of SANKEY? No? Dear me! why, he wrote the celebrated paper read before our Society on 'Platonic Idealism, the true Foundation for Beauty in Design.' I thought every one knew that."

The conversation by this time had waxed very animated. Each little group was mounted on its own special hobby: each leader of opinion was delighting a select audience with his latest views: coffee and muffins were disregarded. I was surrounded by a buzzing atmosphere of architecture, painting, stained glass, brasses, heraldry, wood carving, madrigals, chants, motetts, mysticism, theology. The scraps of talk one heard on all sides showed what depths were touched, if not explored, by the enthusiastic party. It quite made me dizzy; and when the faithless GURGOYLE left me eagerly, to floor CINQUEFOIL who had made some unguarded statement about a painted window in St. Jacques, at Liège, I felt as if I had strayed into the very middle of a great complicated machine, whose wheels, cranks, and pistons, all at their noisy work together, seemed to threaten destruction to the ignorant intruder.

"Oh, CRUSTY quite put down CLAUDE, you know, nobody thinks anything of him now—no, excuse me, Norman pillars in the nave; clerestory, Early English; transitional arcade in—nothing like a good persecution, the writ *de hæretico combu*—nonsense, really much finer than RAPHAEL, only look at the *Dolicopteros Mangifolia* in the foreground; quite a botanical study, and—KANT lays down in his Critic of pure—images of saints in silver all stored away and will be replaced above the altar when the times—aumbrye and piscina in Purbeck marble—well, quite right, if the toes are not turned in, in nature, they ought to be, and the head is put on a little sideways in order to—chasten him *pro salute*—on a chief gules five pellets argent (this came from SALTIRE, of the Heraldic section), a bend wavy of the first—then came the canons in copes and albs two and two, and boys in chimeres—the identity of the sentient subject being proved if not constituted by successive acts of—Manichæan heresy among the Waldenses—subjective certainty of objective"—Gracious Heavens! what is that? What *is* FERMOWE doing? Oh, it makes me ill; take him away, somebody, knock him down, burke him! MR. GURGOYLE, how could you expose me in my delicate health to this? There was that monster in human form yelling, at the top of a cracked but piercing alto voice, something about our "all going a maying" (it should have been a raving) in his company. There was no tune in particular discoverable, but a great deal of time, for he was sawing away with his hand in the way practised by MR. HULLAH's pupils and coming down with a bang every now and then on his music-book.

After a few seconds of this solo entertainment, another gentleman with a different kind of voice did substantially the same thing, only lower down; and then a very gruff bass voice followed his example: then they all did a bit together to the suggestive words "with a fal, lal, la." The fal, lal, las, however, grew a little vague and timid, and by degrees, to my inexpressible joy, flickered and went out. CANTOWE was explaining the errors committed by his two friends (it appears he had himself done all that could be expected of man under the circumstances), and was clearing his voice for a new yell, when I availed myself of the interval to slink out of the room.

I found old RAILTON over a pipe and a tankard of beer, and told him my adventures. He quite agreed with me in deprecating CANTOWE FERMOWE's vocal exhibitions, and favoured me with a bacchanalian invitation to drown care in the bo-o-owl by way of restoring my complacency. *He* hated metaphysics and all that gammon about the Fine Arts, he said. "Gad—old fellow, I should like to see FERMOWE try to go across country, or drive a team with a bolting leader, the dimmed humbug." "So should I, JOE."

THE LAMENT OF THE UNSEATED.

Do you ask me why I whistle such a melancholy tune?
I'm a target for the jester; I'm a butt for the buffoon.
When I contested Knaveston I was swindled out of bounds,
And now I have to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

How the money could have gone, I'm quite unable to conceive,
For the free and independent, as I verily believe,
Polled for me from purest motive—to their credit which redounds—
But yet I have to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

Lots of rough but honest fellows, I am told, my colours wore,
Three hundred stalwart fighting men that staves and bludgeons bore;
And since I was thus popular, my reason it confounds
To think I have to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

Every street on my behalf with bands of brazen music rang,
Ballads to my praise and glory friends at every corner sang;
Easy triumph I expected from these very cheering sounds,
And not to have to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

Multitudes of boon companions with continual hooray,
Sat from morn till evening, drinking my success from day to day
At the Green Man, and the Dolphin, and the Sun, and Hare and Hounds,
Whereas I have to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

The electors must among them have a deal of money spent,
But I don't know where it came from, and I can't think how mine went:
One signs the lawyer's cheque, of course, and questions ne'er propounds,
And I have just to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

For although I won the battle, the opponent whom I beat
Petitioned; and the consequence is, I have lost my seat,
Of bribery and treating, by my agent, on the grounds;
And so am left to whistle for my five thousand pounds.

Fun for Quadrupeds.

THE following seasonable paragraph was quoted from the *Manchester Guardian* by various other newspapers during the late frost:—

"SLIDING AND SKATING.—It ought to be generally known, and especially at the present season, that any man may, on his hands and knees, safely traverse ice which would scarcely bear his weight when on his feet."

In other words, to venture upon ice that is dangerous, you should go on all fours. No doubt; and, moreover, you ought also to have a very long pair of ears and a tail.

A CONSIDERABLE RISE IN HOUSE PROPERTY.

As the houses, which are now being built near Albert Gate, in the Hyde Park, are as yet unchristened, might we be allowed, in consideration of their right-in-the-middle-of-the-next-week elevation, to call them, after MRS. AUSTIN'S work; "*Stories without an End.*"

SCENE.—WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.—TIME, TWO ON A FOGGY MORNING.

Reduced Tradesman (to little party returning home). "DID YOU WANT TO BUY A GOOD RAZOR?"

SCIENCES FOR SOLDIERS.

THE army has generally been considered an indifferent school, but the militia seems likely to be such a good one that a poor parent might be glad to send a boy there. Even in Wiltshire, where, according to tradition, the standard of intelligence was once so low, that the people tried to rake the moon out of a pond, the soldiers of that constitutional force are receiving an education which is inclusive of accomplishments. The *Times* says:

"We have already noticed that the Wiltshire Militia, a remarkably fine body of young men, has been called out for a drill at Devizes. We may now observe, that arrangements of a very complete character have been made by the inhabitants for providing the men with rational amusements during their leisure hours. Yesterday week there was a concert at the Town Hall, under the direction of MR. C. CLARKE; and on the following evening reading and writing classes were formed; on Friday, DR. FOOTE delivered a lecture, introductory to a course; on Monday, MR. R. W. BIGGS delivered a lecture on Astronomy; on Tuesday, MR. G. FALKNER another, on galvanism and the Electric Telegraph; and on Wednesday evening there was a second concert. This day (Friday) there will be a lecture on Chemistry, by MR. T. B. ANSTIE, M.R.C.S.; next Tuesday a lecture on the History of the Militia, by MR. S. WITTEY; on Wednesday a third concert; and on Friday, the 11th inst., a concluding address will be delivered by the REV. B. C. DOWDING, M.A. In all these cases the Militiamen have been admitted free of charge."

There are certain majors and other veterans, who on reading the above will fling the newspaper across the room, and exclaim that they never read such a pack of nonsense in their life, Sir! Concerts—fiddlestick! music for the militia? what should soldiers have to do with music beyond the drums and fifes? Reading and writing be hanged! we don't want our troops to be lawyers. Where's the use of astronomy and star-gazing to fellows that have quite enough employment with their eyes right? As to electricity and galvanism—egad! a soldier had better a deuced deal learn how to stand the shock of an enemy, and to charge his musket, or to charge a battalion of vile foreign blackguards, than to charge a battery of Leyden vial bottles. Chemistry?—they'll be sufficient chemists if they can physic the French.

Teach them the History of the Militia?—tell them what the Militia has done? You'll find it as much as you will manage to make them understand what the Militia has to do. Drill the fellows thoroughly; learn them to march; but don't—for confound it, Sir, that's what you are coming to!—don't teach them dancing and deportment. Bosh! Fudge! Moonshine! Twaddle! Humbug!

So far from agreeing with the majority—of old majors—in such sentiments as those expressed above, we of course only hope that the Wilts Militiamen have really been entertained with good music, and have received serious and solid instruction in military history, astronomy, chemistry, galvanism, and electro-magnetism. We shall rejoice to learn that the endeavours to teach them those sciences have been made in earnest, and not in a mawkish and maudlin spirit of patronizing and playing pretty.

OUR "HONOURABLE MEN."

HERE's to the "House of Commons!" long may its Members stand;
A shining light of honour bright—a beacon to the land.
Long may their sterling qualities employ the honest pen
In heralding the virtues of our "Honourable Men."

'Tis true, they bribe the voters—the truth we must not blink—
And steal away their consciences when laid asleep by drink;
'Tis true, some teach them perjury—and buy their souls—but then,
The Legislative body, all—are "Honourable Men!"

'Tis true, the public service is made the means to bribe
The abject, the incompetent, the base and worthless tribe:
True, our departments may be filled with vile Corruption's clan,
But what of that? It helps to make an "Honourable Man!"

'Tis true, the conscience-stricken knave may feel a little loath—
After the perjurer's pay is spent—to take the perjurer's oath;
The candidate may put him up to some evasive plan,
But an M. P. is none the less an "Honourable Man!"

'Tis true that money may be found in overwhelming sums;
The givers dream not where it goes, though from themselves it comes;
They know not why in drawing cheques they ply the willing pen,
They'll swear 'twas not for bribery—these "Honourable Men!"

'Tis true, in Public Offices the chiefs their trust betray,
In giving situations for purchased votes to pay:
A Government supporter *will* have his price—but then,
Officials, Candidates, and all, are "Honourable Men!"

* * * * * *

But now, enough of banter! 'Tis indignation's task
To tear from roguery and fraud relentlessly the mask,
And place the culprit, high or low, under the self-same ban,
Denying him the title of an "Honourable Man!"

Though base the bribe's recipient—not less degraded he
Who profits by the crime, and pays the malefactor's fee;
Let us impale together, on our steel-pointed pen,
Rich knaves and poor, as all alike, dis-"Honourable Men!"

The Best Lord Mayor's Screened.

WE do not know whether the above title, which we have seen over many a coal-shed, is applied to the coals which have to pay the City toll, but we should say they would require a great deal of screening, under the "best LORD MAYOR," to hide the injustice of the tax which is levied upon them.

TOAST WITH A TANKARD OF ALE.—Measures, not men.

THE DELUSION OF THE DAY.—The poultry-mania may be defined—a species of insanity, which is evinced in brooding over chickens.

NEW DANCE.—As a companion to the popular dance, "Pop Goes the Weasel," shortly will be published "POP GOES THE TICKER," the favourite step of Medical Students, when wishing to "go it rather" at the Casino, or any of the Mobility's Shilling Balls.—Published by BOOZEY and Co.

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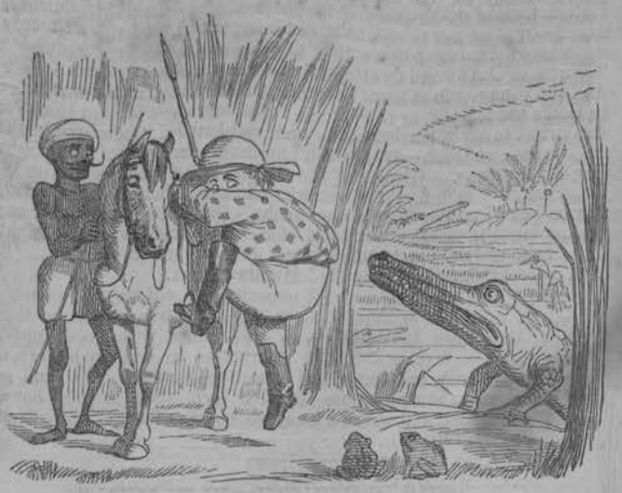
HOW MR. PETER PIPER ENJOYED A DAY'S "PIG-STICKING,"

NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.—PART 2.



AFTER A TREMENDOUS RUN FOR HIS LIFE, MR. PETER PIPER MEETS A TRUSTY SYCE, WHO, TO THE INTENSE DELIGHT OF MR. PETER PIPER HAS BROUGHT HIS HORSE.

ON HIS WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE, MR. PETER PIPER ENCOUNTERS A "SOUNDER," AND DISPATCHES THREE "HOGS" IN GALLANT STYLE.

HE PURSUES HIS WAY IN A TRIUMPHANT MANNER—

—AND ULTIMATELY REJOINS HIS FRIENDS AT "TIFFIN," WHERE HE AFFIRMS THAT A DAY'S "PIG-STICKING" IS THE HEIGHT OF ALL HUMAN ENJOYMENT AND BENGAL RATHER A JOLLY PLACE THAN OTHERWISE.

OUR HONEYMOON.

THURSDAY, MAY 8, 18—.

WHAT a silent, heavy grief seems to lie upon the house! The poor old mother—long since widowed by the sea; and then one son taken, and now made childless!—poor creature; it is wonderful—a lesson for life—to see her patience, her resignation. She goes about the house, and without a word—the tears trickling down her pale, quiet face, when she is out of sight of her daughter—without a word *setting things to rights*, and now and then trying good-naturedly, affectionately, to scold the young wife for making *sure of the worst*. "If she loses a husband, doesn't *she* lose a son?—a last, and only son, too, God help her! There has been worse weather than last night, and folks still alive and stout who was out in it." And then the old woman catches up the baby, and stifling her sobs, kisses it, and then away again, *making* household work that she may seem to keep her heart up.

Poor souls! Just as the news came of the loss of the boat—for all the things of the boat were washed ashore, and after that, a piece of the boat itself—though that 's not so certain, for some of the fishermen dispute it—just as the news came, and the poor young wife was struck down by her sorrow, like a dead thing—comes JOSEPHINE from the White Hart with my *things*.

JOSEPHINE—but I believe it is only her care for me—wants me to "come away directly from such a dismal place; enough to kill anybody to see such trouble, 'specially, too, when they can't help it; and besides they 're expecting us with such a dinner at the White Hart, and what 's the use of staying?" And still the little baby nestles close, and still its little hand presses my neck, as though it heard and understood her. And all this while its poor mother lies like one dead—and I *can't* and *won't* put it from me.

FREDERICK says nothing; but—I can see it—looks at JOSEPHINE, and then at me, for my answer. Not a word does he utter: but his looks ask, "Well, LOTTY, do you go or stay?"

"There may yet be hope, FRED; and it would be so sad to leave the poor things in their trouble; especially, too, when they gave us, with such a hearty welcome, such homely kindness, the best they had. Two or three hours, at least, we may stay; and it will be such a reward if good news should come, and after all, poor little baby here had still a father."

"Just so, LOTTY; to be sure—quite right, love," says FRED, and with a look that tells me how rightly I have determined; and more than that, how *very much* he 's pleased.

And now the little cottage fills with people; and in the midst of the trouble, how, I may say, it chastens the grief, and gives a beauty to sorrow, to see the simple kindness—the real, earnest help, that—in the hour of trouble—the dear souls come to offer. I never knew, never could have thought, there had been such feeling with such poverty. I used to hear that poverty *deadened the heart*—that poverty was selfish—that misery taught the poor to think only of themselves. And here everybody seems to feel the loss of the poor young wife and mother, as

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though they had a large share of the calamity. "Ha! Miss"—said an old man, not knowing me—"Ha! Miss, 'tisn't in fine weather that Christians learn to know one another."

Fred goes to the beach, beckoned out by a neighbour. I waited and saw him, with two or three fishermen, below: it was plain, they were debating something about the lost boat.

In a few minutes Fred returns. "Lotty, love, you can keep watch for an hour to-night?"

"Watch! what—alone, Fred? Alone?"—I couldn't help saying it.

"Alone! Haven't you Josephine? Look here, love," and Fred dropt into a chair, and took my hand. "See here, Lotty. I am told by the men that there is yet hope of the brave fellows. They may have been driven by the gale to a rock off the coast—a solitary rock that—as explained to me—may give them safety until the tide rises: but, if the boat shall have foundered, they must perish with the flood. The men are determined to make for this point and—and, Lotty, love, I have a favour to ask of you. Let me go?"

"Oh yes!"

And at the words, Fred caught me in his arms. "We may be late, a little late; but there's no danger, now; none; the wind's gone down, and we shall be back by early morning"—

"Early morning, Fred!" and I know, I *looked*.

"So make yourself easy, and only think what a happiness for both of us—for all of us—if we save the brave fellows, and leave the house to-morrow—the poor young wife—the baby that you've made so much of—and there, make yourself comfortable—and be a good girl and—and—"

And much more of the same *comforting* kind, that I couldn't and *wouldn't* at the time make out. All I know is, that Fred—and with such a happy, glowing face too—tore himself away, and I—I couldn't help it—sat down and just a little cried.

How long I might have *given way*, I don't know, if Josephine hadn't come in, and asked me—for she *couldn't* and *wouldn't* believe it—if Fred (not that *she* called him Fred) had really gone out *for the night?*

What was that to her?—

"It was quite the talk of the place. Everybody thought it so strange; and for her part she had never heard of such—no, it was not for her to call it neglect—still she must say, and she hoped I'd excuse her, if she was in my place—"

"But as you're not in *my* place, Josephine, pray remember and keep your *own*." This I said as spitefully as I could: for I did feel hurt; and what right had she to interfere—yes, I *was* angry, hurt—to interfere between me and Frederick?

"How did she know her master—yes, *her master*—would be out for the night?"

"Why, the folks said so; said it was impossible with the tide that they could get back before early morning, if *then*. All the sailor-men said *that?*"

"Was she certain?" and I know I looked vexed, frightened, pale.

"Quite certain; and though the sailor-men said it was very kind of master to go, for all that some of 'em asked what good he could do—his money was enough."

And so it was: I felt Josephine was right. It was ridiculous—more than *that*—to leave me in a strange place, and all alone. I was wrong—very wrong not to go back to the White Hart: and here I was left *all alone*. Josephine is a girl of sense.

"Of course, ma'am, you 'll never think of sitting up?"

"Sitting up, Josephine?"

"No, but what if I was you, ma'am—though there's not a bit of use in it—still for all that, and taking things as they are, I wouldn't think of going to bed."

"If it's idle to sit up, why not go to bed, Josephine?"

"Why, ma'am, because if you go to bed—not but what you might just as well, for *they 'll* not be home till morning; no chances of it with *the tide*, ma'am,—still, if you go in earnest to-bed, and go to sleep—"

"But suppose I don't go to sleep?"

"It 'll be all the same, ma'am; if you go to bed, you 'll never persuade master you didn't go to sleep; whereas, if you sit up, and he finds you sitting up, never having taken a thread of your clothes off, and never having taken so much as a single wink, why then, ma'am, don't you see—"

"No, Josephine. What ought I to see?"

"Why, don't you see that then you 'll have such a right to worrit and complain, which you couldn't have had if you'd gone, as I may say, between the sheets. Now a right—that is, a just right—to worrit and complain, is what no woman ought ever to think of giving up. For when we do, ain't we put upon directly?"

I knew it was wrong to listen to Josephine, but I couldn't help it: more than that, I'm afraid to say I felt a sort of satisfaction in listening to her. I *ought* not to have been left *alone*: it was *absurd*, and *more*, it was *very neglectful* of Frederick, and—

And so I sat, my blood getting warmer and warmer with my injuries, and I was fairly getting into a passion, when I heard the baby cry, and heard the mother sobbing, and trying to hush it.

I felt humiliated, ashamed of my temper. I immediately sent Josephine to bed, wherever she could find it, and sought the poor old woman, and the wretched mother.

"Baby's fractious, ma'am," said the old woman, "and poor heart—it's no wonder."

I staid awhile with them; and was schooled—I felt it, solemnly schooled—by the sweet patience, the resignation, with which they seemed resolved to await the morning.

"We 're in God's hands, my lady," said the old woman.

And the young pale mother kissed her child, and her lips moved—"In God's hands."

I returned to my room humbled, and rebuked. I sat, looking out upon the sea; so calm—so beautiful; with a pathway of moonlight fading far, far away.

It struck twelve. Again I thought of my husband's kind, good, generous heart; and again upon my knees I prayed for him; for all; and most for those who—if it should seem good in His sight—might not be of the widowed and the fatherless.

And so ended the eighth day of Our Honeymoon.

CHEAP HOME.

To live with economy, don't go to Rome,
Vienna, or Paris—no places like home!
You can purchase a lot of commodities there,
Which all the world over you won't meet elsewhere.
Home, home! cheap, cheap home!
For cheapness there almost is no place like home!

But cheaper would be many things we consume,
By adopting the plan recommended by Hume,
And taking off duties on all that we use,
From glass to *Gruyère*, and from butter to shoes.
Home, home! cheap, cheap home!
For cheapness there then will be no place like home!

Sagacious Austrians.

After the late revolt at Milan, and a few were hanged—an innocent, lame old schoolmaster among the number—the "authorities" in search of the patriots had, it is said, even the coffins opened that passed through the gates. Very natural, this; for where would Austria like to find the remains of Italian liberty so well as in a coffin?

ADVERTISEMENTS FROM THE "OXONIAN'S LIFE AND FAST MAN'S GUIDE."—A Journal of 1870.

THE REGIUS PROFESSOR OF VETERINARIAN PHILOSOPHY will begin a series of lectures at the Taylor Buildings, on Friday next. All applications to be made at his private residence; where a good stock of steeple-chasers and hacks is always on view.

TO PIGEON-FANCIERS AND OTHERS.—WANTED, a professor in a large establishment near the river Isis. He will have to undertake the spirituous and general conduct of a good many pupils, and is expected to teach riding, driving, the art of self-defence, and the use of the cue, besides giving lessons on the horn (tandem of course). He must be a proficient in the arts of horse-racing, jockeyship and book-making, and have a knowledge of cards and sleight of hand, as applied to them in the games of hazard, roulette, &c. A fashionable exterior and persuasive manner are indispensable. As the professor will have many opportunities of making money among his pupils, no salary will be given. All applications and testimonials to be sent post-paid to Mr. Hebdomadal Board, Post Office, Oxford.

ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY!!!—On Wednesday, a Grand Exhibition of dogs will take place in the Sheldonian Theatre; ratting in the pit to commence at 8 o'clock. The S—n—n P—c—n has kindly promised to show his unique stud of bull-dogs.

ABSCONDED.—A young man aged Twenty, thin, with fair hair and moustachios, with a slight lisp in his speech and a careless style of walk, last seen on the Woodstock Road; had on one of the new fashionable Terrier overcoats, colour black and tan with large china buttons, white trowsers with a broad green stripe, blue neckcloth and waistcoat, and a shovel hat. Whoever will give information that will lead to the discovery of his residence to the V—e C—n will be amply remunerated.

SUBJECT FOR A STAINED WINDOW.

IT is a blessed thing that the mediævalism which reigns in the architecture and decorations of the House of Lords does not equally preside over the manners and customs of their Lordships. During the ages of faith, or of darkness (whichever you please to call them), prelates of the Church militant would sometimes militate with weapons considerably heavier than argument, and more cutting than sarcasm. Were these the days when an ODO confounded his adversaries with a club, or a BEAUFORT talked of single combat with his uncle, there might have occurred last week what, amongst secular persons, is called an "affair of honour," between two personages no less dignified and venerable than spiritual Peers. During a discussion in the Upper House concerning the Canada Clergy Reserves, the BISHOP OF EXETER is reported to have used the following language, in allusion to his RIGHT REVEREND BROTHER OF OXFORD:—

"The BISHOP OF EXETER said, that what his Right Reverend friend had said of his (the BISHOP OF EXETER'S) having supported the measure of 1840, was not only not true, but was the very contrary of truth."

Now, it is needless to observe that this is a kind of remark, which, amongst laymen, is apt to induce serious consequences; a stand-up fight in a common public house, where it would be least unbecoming: a "hostile meeting," if uttered in a genteel one. Thus, such an observation made in the British Senate by one temporal Peer concerning another, would be in danger of leading to an adjournment at an early hour to Wimbledon Common. The BISHOP OF OXFORD, in the present instance, might, were these the Middle Ages, have demanded of the BISHOP OF EXETER that satisfaction which was usual amongst gentlemen, and not very unusual among Bishops. Instead of that, we have the pleasure to see, that

"The BISHOP OF OXFORD, for his part, had to call upon his RIGHT REVEREND BROTHER OF EXETER for an explanation (*Laughter*). Their Lordships need not apprehend that this demand for an explanation would involve a hostile meeting (*laughter*), but, all a Churchman's humility of mind, all a Bishop's meekness of spirit made allowance for (*laughter*), he must really put it to his Right Reverend Brother, that it was not agreeable to hear it roundly stated, that what one had said was not only not true, but was wholly contradictory to truth (*Hear, hear!*)."

Of course, this matter will go no farther; and we shall not even be called upon by CAPTAIN DE POPPS to publish any correspondence respecting it on behalf of DR. WILBERFORCE. But imagine how it might have ended in the days of pointed architecture and blunt behaviour, of heraldic splendour and optional orthography. As the canons of the Church interdicted the clergy from bloodshed, the two Bishops could not have broken a lance on their respective cobs, nor have fought *cominus ense*. They would, therefore, perhaps, have decided their wager of battle in the lists, a-foot, with staves and sand-bags; the crozier of each of the mitred belligerents serving for his staff. Fancy the unedifying spectacle exhibited in Hyde Park, before the QUEEN and PRINCE ALBERT, of the BISHOP OF EXETER being thwacked and thrashed in that ridiculous manner by the BISHOP OF OXFORD. Such a scene might, peradventure, have been witnessed if we were, unhappily, living in those days of which Tractarian prelates desire the restoration. Contemporary art, perhaps, would have recorded the duel between the two holy men in the style of the period, when the times, by history, and the saints, by painting, are represented as equally out of joint.

It must, however, be hoped that HENRY OF EXETER will henceforth keep a polite tongue in his head, albeit that head, through an opposite line of conduct, may not be likely now-a-days to incur concussion. He will do well to consider that the flat imputation of untruthfulness is unworthy of the name of PHILPOTTS, unless spelt with an F, two Ls, and one T.; and unaccustomed to proceed from the occupant of a seat on any bench that is not situated in a very inferior tap-room.

"She never told her Love."

ONE of the female chimpanzees died last week at the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens. It is believed—although she never breathed a word of her sorrow—that a hopeless passion for a young gentleman, a constant visitor, with a very promising moustache was the cause of her early decease. A warning this, for young gentlemen with goose-down moustachios.

LAMENT OF FOP'S ALLEY.

(*As dictated by a frequenter of that Thoroughfare.*)

I SIGH like a delicate Faiaw,
Ovacam by the bweath of a wose,
Which she—of its stwength not awayaw—
Has applied to haw beautiful nose.
Shall I tell you the cause of my woe?
Haw Majesty's Theataw—Fane
Of Fashion—is shut up, and oh!
I'm afwaid it won't open again.

How pleasing the show of kid gloves
In the Pit by the fellas displayed!
In the Boxes how charming the Loves
In the sweetest of dwesses awayed!
There aw sam things one neva fawgets;
What bliss those deeaw cweechaws to see!
As they kept looking through their *lorgnettes*,
And waw, sam of them, looking at Me.

Oh, moments too wapidly spent!
Oh, pleasyaws too speedily flown!
In an aiaw full of melody, blent
With the pawfume of Eau-de-Cologne!
When the hawt so deliciously leapt
To the chorwus of "Twa la la la!"
Or the stwain was pwolonged, till we wept,
Of *Amore*, or *Felicità*.

And then, on that exquisite sight
It was Pawadise, weally, to gaze,
When the Sylph from her lovaw took flight
In the Ballet's enwapchawing maze.
My twanspawts waw satch, I am shaw,
As no vaubal expwessions can paint;
They waw almost too gweat to endyaw,
And at times made me weady to faint.

This scene of enchantment, why changed?
What saweamstance have we to thank
Fwom the Op'wa faw having estwanged
The affection of Fashion and Wank?
Faw my pawt I think it's Fwee Twade,
Which the whole Awistocwacy quite
Will have wuined, I'm sadly afwaid,
Thwugh those dim fellows, CORDEN and BWIGHT.

It can't be because the Select
Have acquiaw'd a diffawent taste,
And their leisyaw and money object
Upon fwivolous pleasyaws to waste:
But whatever the weason may be,
The wesult is a tewible baw,
And I cwy when I think I shall see
The delightful old Op'wa na maw!

Unintentional Calumny.

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS"—never mind who—"was in the chair, supported by HIS EXCELLENCY THE CHEVALIER BUNSEN, HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE WEIMAR, COUNT KIELMANSEGGE, LORD W. PAULET, MR. T. JAMES NELSON, DR. SUTRO, physician, and DR. STRAUBE, surgeon to the Hospital." This statement is taken from the newspaper account of a public dinner. How very incautious it is! On the face of it, the sentence appears to imply that the PRINCE was tipsy at the head of the table, and required seven men to hold him up!

What shall I do with my Money?

A very Simple Question answered by an old Money-lender.

IN all money matters never do things by halves—excepting in lending it—and then never lend more than one half the sum that is asked of you; for you may be sure that the person who is borrowing has asked for twice as much as he wants, in the full consciousness that he is not likely to get more than one half.

THE SPREAD OF EDUCATION.—An alderman being asked about the spread of education said, extremely perplexed, "I can't tell you what it is, unless it's 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'"

SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 2.

Servant Gal. "WELL, MAM—HEVERYTHINK CONSIDERED—I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T SUIT ME. I'VE ALWAYS BIN BROUGHT UP GENTEEL; AND I COULDN'T GO NOWHERES WHERE THERE AIN'T NO FOOTMAN KEP'."

ILLUSTRATED PASSPORTS.

SOME ingenious individual has proposed that every foreign passport shall be stamped with a daguerreotype likeness of the bearer. This project is intended to aid in the detection of what may be termed the ugly customers who travel abroad; but it would perhaps be easy to put another and a false face upon the matter by a few touches of the pencil. One great objection to the plan seems to be, that the artists who get their living by daguerreotype portraits would be ruined, if the Governments abroad should commence the practice of issuing a passport with a correct likeness included, for a few francs, to every traveller.

This is no doubt the age of Illustration; and the idea of bringing out passports with cuts may possibly tend to give some little popularity to a system which has, hitherto, been altogether unpopular. As nobody remains the same for any length of time, and as illness may frequently alter the features, it would be hardly fair to subject a traveller to suspicion, because the light happens to have gone out of his laughing eye, or the cheek that was plump when his portrait was taken, may have sunk so low as to have destroyed all resemblance. Should any case of the kind occur, the Passport System will begin to assume a new series of alarming features.

Training for the Church of Oxford.

EXERCISES for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity have been announced as about to be held at Oxford. As that semi Roman Catholic seat of learning must of course desire to encourage clerical celibacy, it may be presumed that these exercises are, in part at least, intended to adapt the Bachelors to continue such. Accordingly, the Oxford exercises for Bachelors of Divinity ought to include practice in sewing on buttons, mending surplices, starching cravats, and ironing out bands; operations which they may have to perform for themselves whilst they remain Bachelors: and which they may not always be able to get properly done for them if ever they marry.

An Old Romance in a New Channel.

WE hope we need not inform our intelligent readers that St. George's Channel is called by the French "La Manche." However, we take the liberty of reminding them of this little fact for the pleasure of convincing them how literally MONSIEUR BILLOT, by the publication of his *Lettres Francques*, has entitled himself to be called, "LE DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHE."

VOTE BY AUCTION.

IT is easy to see what bribery at Borough elections will come to. You can't prevent it; so you had better permit it. Open dealing in votes is better than clandestine corruption. Englishmen hate all underhand transactions: and the spirit of frankness that reigns in British boroughs will, if unrestricted, very soon assert itself in the sale of electors without reserve or secresy, by public auction. We foresee the scene which will ere long be exhibited before the polling-booth at Bribely. That respectable borough is in course of discharging the electoral trust which has been confided to it; which it does by an arrangement analogous to MESSRS. TATTERSALLS. Mounted in a pulpit, hammer in hand, behold MR. EDWARDES COPPOCKS, the constituency's auctioneer; below him stand the candidates, their agents and the multitude. On the end of a barrel, set upright before the assembly, is stationed the Lot to be disposed of, consisting of a ten-pound householder, not a little inebriated. The crown of this gentleman's hat has been knocked in, and his coat has been torn in a constitutional struggle; his knees bend a little under him; and he blinks and grins, with a pot of beer in one hand, and a pipe in the other. MR. COPPOCKS proceeds to appraise the valuable commodity in an oration of this kind:—

Lot One-hundred-and-one. A free and independent Elector, inhabiting a house rated at Ten Pounds per Annum; Plumber and Glazier. What shall we say for this free and independent Elector? Renting a house at Ten Pounds per Annum, and paying Rates and Taxes. Plumber and Glazier. Shall we say One Thousand Pounds for this free and independent Elector? A free Plumber. How much for the free Plumber? An independent Glazier. Nobody say One Thousand Pounds for this independent Glazier? An unbought Elector. Five hundred pounds for this Elector unbought. An intelligent Elector at Five hundred Pounds. Four Hundred?—Three?—Two?—One?—An intelligent Elector and only one hundred pounds. Walk the intelligent Elector down a few paces—and back. One Hundred pounds only is asked for this intelligent, unbought, free and independent Elector! His principles are more straightforward than his steps. Only One Hundred Pounds—and nobody bids; and his principles straightforward. Set him up again—if he can't stand, let him sit. Fifty?—Thirty?—Twenty?—Ten?—Five? One! Thank you, Sir. One Pound is bid for this incorrupt Elector. Only One Pound for this Elector, and incorrupt. Replenish the incorrupt Elector's tankard. Going at One Pound. Two! Two Pounds offered for this incorrupt Elector—a British Freeman. Going at Two Pounds. At Two Pounds, and a British Freeman. A British Freeman for whom SIDNEY bled—at two pounds—and HAMPDEN fought, going at Two Pounds. At Two Pounds only and—Three! For whom HAMPDEN fought and SIDNEY bled, at Three Pounds. And Ten! Three Pounds Ten. And HAMPDEN and SIDNEY—only Three Pounds Ten—HAMPDEN, SIDNEY and RUSSELL—going at Three Pounds Ten Shillings—bled—Three Pounds Ten! Four! Going at Four. Assist the British Freeman to hold up his head. And his birthright is Magna Charta—and going at Four Pounds! Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights—and—Five Pounds! At Five Pounds going!—this incorrupt, intelligent, unbought, free, and independent Elector, incorrupt and Five Pounds only—and intelligent and only Five—and unbought—for Five only; and free and independent, and going at Five Pounds. Six! Seven! Going at Seven. And his birthright Magna Charta. At Seven Pounds! And his inheritance the Bill of Rights. Supply the inheritor of Magna Charta with another Pipe. And Seven Pounds. Eight! Nine! Nine Pounds for this unbought Elector. Going at Nine—going—going! Ten Pounds! Ten Pounds for this incorrupt Elector! Going at Ten Pounds. For whom RUSSELL, SIDNEY, and HAMPDEN bled—at Ten Pounds. Going!—and his inheritance the Bill of Rights. Going! And his birthright Magna Charta. And Ten Pounds. And Habeas Corpus. Going! Habeas Corpus and Magna Charta! Habeas Corpus and the Bill of

THE VOTE AUCTION!

MARCH 19 1853

Rights! Going at Ten Pounds. Going. Bill of Rights! Going. Magna Charta! Going!—going—going—going—Habeas Corpus!—Gone!

And Mr. Edwardes Coppocks knocks down the precious Lot, who, thereupon, rolls off his barrel amid the cheers and laughter of the spectators.

NOT A BAD CUSTOMER.

Fortunate Digger (*loq.*) "Half a hogshead of Port, waiter, and a ton or two of your best Cigars." [*See Times*, "*Australian Intelligence*," Feb. 9.

SHORT PLEA FOR SHORT-HAND.

We observe, with sympathy, that the poor reporters in the House of Commons have been making new appeals to the Ventilators, as the officials facetiously call themselves—though, by the way, as *ventilator*, according to the Latin Dictionary, means, secondarily, "a juggler, a hocus-pocus man," the name may not be so unsuitable as it appears. The gentlemen in the gallery speak of "ice-cold air, suddenly forced down upon their heads, when the chamber is at its hottest," to the rapid propagation of colds, coughs, deafnesses, rheumatisms, and all sorts of afflictions, from a sneeze to an influenza. It seems, too, that the ladies are the proximate causes of this. The statement is shocking, but true, as in order to keep their brass-grated gallery cool and comfortable, doors are set open, and the unhappy reporters below—not sufficiently distracted by the charming chatter and laughter of their fair neighbours—are thus cruelly "ventilated" for their benefit.

Now, of course, it is of the utmost importance that Lady Adeline Amundeville and her girls should be able to hear Lord Henry's speech without having to wait for the *Times* in the morning; that Mrs. Rabbi and her black-eyed party, including the rich young Jewess from Frankfort, should see Parliament, among the other sights of London; and that good-natured Mrs. Guy Flouncey should bring in her bevy of laughing young friends to hear Mr. Disraeli scorch Sir James with his sarcasms, and to giggle at Colonel Sibthorp's volcanic bursts of political virtue. But whether these important objects might not be obtained without a holocaust of reporters (many of whom have families) is a consideration worthy of a humane Senate.

Why, we would ask, are the ladies to be thrust out of sight at all, and obliged to reverse the rule given to little boys, by being heard and not seen? Why, gentlemen Commons, do you not admit them into the chamber? Your betters do it, in the House of Lords, which is also a much finer house than your big box, with its roof like the bottom of a barge, its Catherine-wheels and inverted parasols for lights, and its foolish monsters grinning in the vulgar windows. Why not put the ladies in that comfortable gallery over the clock, usually empty, except when a Peer looks in to hear whether his nominee can speak, or when Ram Chunder Bung Jowl, and his interpreter Dr. Mc. Cuttysark are brought that the Mofussilite may comprehend the working of the British Constitution by seeing how the attorneys can "whip" against a law reform bill, or how speedily fifty members can vote away five millions of taxes. Give that pleasant gallery to the ladies, and let the Marquis of Steyne and Ram Bung sit in the pews below. Are you ashamed of being seen lounging and yawning? Is it that the Brigade is hardly the thing you like to be seen fraternizing with? Do you ever pretend to your wives that you have been at the House when you have actually been at play or at the play, and you fear being bowled out by a sudden visit and an Opera glass. *Speramus meliora*, yes, and will even *believe* better of you, despite the Election Committees.

So, gentlemen, be good enough to provide for the ladies in the House, shut up their present gallery, and do shew a little gratitude to those who Murrayfy your grammar, and transmute your stammering and floundering speeches into Ciceronian eloquence.

As for the reporters, if the Ventilators, or "hocus-pocus men," will do nothing for them, why do they not put their hats on? By a transcendant fiction of the House, strangers are invisible, and who shall arraign them, moreover, for imitating the habits of those whose words they are bound to copy? And if Lord Charles Russell (a civil man enough) sends up a polite message on the subject, let him, with equal politeness, be asked to change his arm-chair for a gallery stall for an hour, and so comprehend the position. His Lordship's health might suffer, but there would be a large balance in his favour, on account of the improvement of his company.

DEATH IN THE JAM-POT.

The Analytical Commissioners of the *Lancet* have been dipping their fingers lately into the preserve-pots of the Metropolis, and "*Oh, jam satis!*" must, we fancy, be the exclamation of everybody who reads their Report. For, among other pleasant discoveries, we find it stated,

"That the raspberry jam analysed contained a very considerable quantity of copper. That the four samples of gooseberry jam examined all contained copper. That copper, sometimes in large amount, was detected in 12 of the 14 samples of orange marmalade analysed. That the nine samples of greengage jam were all more or less impregnated with copper, it being present in considerable amount in five of the samples. That the greengages contained in three different boxes of crystallised fruits all owed their deep green colour to the presence of copper. That the limes and greengage present in a little glass jar of fruit preserved in jelly also owed their brilliant colour to a salt of copper. That copper was detected in no less than 33 of the 35 samples of different preserves analysed; three contained traces only; in 11 the metal was present in small quantity; and in 19, either in considerable or even very large amount."

Preserve us from preserves, say we, in future! Even as it is, we own an introspection makes us anything but comfortable, and we tremble to think of how many internal coats of copper we may incautiously have given ourselves. In our fondness for the jam, we fear indeed we have been playing "old gooseberry" with our constitution; and we should certainly be making very decided gooseberry fools of ourselves if we were any longer to partake of it.

Before the *Lancet's* searching fingers
Had found the limes where copper lingers,

that fruit, we confess, was a confirmed weakness of ours: but the "little glass jar," which was analysed as above, has proved quite a jar of electricity to us, such a shock has it imparted to our nervous system. Nor have we any longer an appetite for crystallised greengages: for, knowing now to what they owe their colour, we should be "deep green" ourselves if we ventured any more to taste them.

With the above appalling facts before them, we would seriously recommend any of our readers who may have a "sweet tooth" in their heads, to go immediately to the dentist's, and have it out. There is no telling how soon it may eat them into danger.

Railway Assurance.

We understand it is in contemplation, by some of the principal Railway Companies, to try the experiment of starting, daily, a guaranteed train, for the accommodation of those who are desirous of being secured against accidents. There will be no difficulty in carrying out this arrangement, as it has been proved that caution is the only thing wanting to prevent the sacrifice of life; and preference tickets may be easily issued at an advanced price, entitling the holder to safe conduct to the end of his journey.

ANALYSIS OF THE DELUGE.

We have inflicted upon ourselves the punishment (which, we hope, will be looked upon as more than ample penance for all our literary sins) of wading through Lord Maidstone's *Deluge*, and have found at the bottom of it nothing but what Mons. Billot would call "a page of mud."

Prince Albert's Band.

For some time past the papers have resounded with the harmonious intentions of Prince Albert, to make one of his regimental bands the most perfect combination of military music. Seeing that His Royal Highness is appointed (over the heads of veterans) to the Grenadier Guards at £3000, if he had foregone the band it would certainly not have been for want of brass.

A PRUDENT RESOLVE.

'Ousemaid. "WELL, MR. ROBERT, I SUPPOSE YOU 'LL BE OFF TO THE DIGGINGS ALONG WITH THE REST OF THE GENTLEMEN!"

Flunkey. "NOT IF I KNOWS IT, MARY, MY DEAR. I AIN'T BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO FIZZICAL EXERTION; AND I DON'T INTEND TO BEGIN HARD WORK AT MY TIME OF LIFE."

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE "WASHED AND DONE FOR."

WE understand that the Post Office authorities intend shortly adding to their establishment an extensive drying ground. This has become necessary in consequence of the mail-bags being liable to saturation in leaky vessels, especially on their passage by steamer to Australia. It appears that in despatching a letter to a Colony through the Post Office we are in fact sending it to the wash, for the probability is that the communication, whatever it may be, will remain in soak, till the vessel that is charged with it gets to its journey's end, or what is more likely, puts back again.

The newspapers have lately given an account of a scene at the General Post Office, where the correspondence forwarded by the Australian mail steamer was hung out to dry, after the ducking it had experienced. Of course a great portion of it was wholly illegible, as ordinary ink will easily wash out, and common writing paper is soon reduced by moisture to a pulp, but those persons writing to the Colonies will in future do wisely to write their letters on prepared linen, with indelible marking ink. We purpose carrying on our own communications with Australia through the medium of a few pairs of old stockings, which we happen to have on hand, as they are no longer fit to go on foot; and merchants will do well to draw their bills of exchange on their worn-out shirt-collars. We trust that every mail steamer going to Australia will be compelled to carry a mangle and a good supply of starch, so that the correspondence may be "got up" from time to time, in a fit state to be sent home after the process of washing. The whole of the letters should be hung up occasionally in the rigging to dry during the voyage, and a few active hands should be taken on board to do the necessary ironing. The letters—such of them at least as survive the soaking process—will probably be delivered in clothes baskets, should they ever reach their destination; and washing-books will, we hope, be immediately supplied for keeping the Colonial accounts of the General Post Office.

THE POSTMAN'S PROVERB.—The extreme stinginess evinced by the salaries of the Letter-Carriers may explain the saying that it is a hard job to get blood out of a post.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE FREE—OF THE CITY?

WE can all of us appreciate the blessings of freedom; but even freedom may be purchased too dear, when the invitation to be free reaches us in the shape of a threatening letter, demanding a sum of money, and menacing us with an action for penalties if we will not appreciate the blessings of freedom, by accepting it at the price which the City authorities attach to it. We have now before us a printed letter, signed by the City Solicitor, who exclaims, in effect, though rather in prosaic terms,

> "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not,
> Who would be free themselves must——"

pay the sum of £6 5*s.* 4*d.*, or show cause to ANTHONY BROWN at Guildhall, why an action should not be commenced for penalties incurred by the crime of keeping a shop in the City of London without having obtained the "freedom of the said City." We were not aware until now, or, at least, the thought never came across us before, that London proper is inhabited by a large slave population, whose emancipation may, nevertheless, be had from the great London Liberator—whoever he may be—at the moderate price of £6 5*s.* 4*d.*, which is not above one quarter of the value of an inferior or damaged nigger. We must admire the moderation shown by the City in its mode of dealing with its slaves, for, though the traffic might be made the source of large profits in the way of pains and penalties, the City Solicitor is only desired to demand £6 5*s.* 4*d.* per head of his un-emancipated fellow creatures as the price of their freedom. As a further mitigation of the horrors of Cockney slavery, the Committee desire the City Solicitor to say, "that the heavy fines formerly payable, and the objectionable oath formerly taken, are now no longer required." We trust the captives of Cornhill, the fettered ones of Fetter Lane, and the whole slave population of the City will appreciate this humane relaxation of the rigours to which they were formerly liable. We may possibly attribute this amelioration of the condition of the London slaves to the circulation of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* within the Metropolis. We suspect, however, that there is no great desire on the part of the bondsmen of the City to purchase their freedom at the price proposed; and we would warn the authorities against the contingency of a Cockney civil war, which might end in the emancipation of the City slaves, without the payment of the £6 5*s.* 4*d.*, which the threatening communication of the City Solicitor has demanded.

THE LETTER OF THE REFORM BILL.

IN this great commercial country, human value is estimated by the pound. A man is described to be worth so many pounds a year. The Reform Bill made the qualification for the elective franchise in boroughs consist in being rated at ten pounds—and some members of the constituency thus created have, it seems, been very precisely appreciated accordingly. A gentleman, one MR. JOHN MILLS, plasterer, resident in Sun Street, Cambridge, stated in evidence before the Cambridge Election Committee, that

> "There was a little window near, and £10 was handed out to each. Witness got £10 . . . . At the last election it was notorious that £10 was the price of a vote; that was the 'general figure.'"

MR. MILLS and the majority of his fellow electors, being of the same "general figure," we suppose, may be said to vote as ten pound householders.

Black Art in America.

AMONG a lot of slaves of different vocations advertised for sale in the *New Orleans Picayune*, is a "fine painter." We have heard of a RAPHAEL or a CORREGGIO being sold for thousands: how much did this fine painter fetch?

INDICATIONS OF OPULENCE.

THE enormous wealth of the English gentry may be inferred not only from their mansions in the counties, but also from their seats in the boroughs.

A BLUNT REQUEST.—"Your Money, or your Life."

THE LITERATURE OF THE PLAY-BILL.

THE public have been somewhat amused lately by the use or abuse to which the play-bills of certain theatres have been put by a couple of managers, one of whom has been seized with a desire to show his wit, while the other has made an astounding display of his learning. We hear that the example is likely to be followed by some of the smaller fry of dramatic potentates, one of whom is preparing to place on the boards of his establishment one of our fine old ballad operas, with an attention to costume, and other details that will be best explained by the following copy of a "fly leaf" it is in contemplation to issue with the play-bill.

THE WATERMAN.

"The success which attended the production of *Raising the Wind* last season at this establishment has encouraged me to attempt another revival on the same scale, and a long course of reading during the summer has directed my attention to *The Waterman*. The very uncertain and doubtful position 'The Waterman' now holds on the river has rendered my task one of the greatest difficulty, and I have therefore felt it necessary to explain the authorities which have guided me on this occasion.

"The continual inroads of steam have enveloped the character of the waterman in such obscurity that *Tom Tug* is almost lost in the mist of the Steam Tug, and imagination may thus be justified in clothing him in any garb, from the coat and badge to the 'striped and chequered shirt' of a much older era. I have retained the oilskin hat out of deference to an old stage tradition of which I cannot learn the date; and a perusal of an old black-letter M.S. addressed by INCLEDON to some person unknown, requesting 'that his white stockings may be sent home as he has to wear them in *The Waterman*,' has settled conclusively in my mind the question of knee breeches or trowsers. It will be seen that I have adopted the former, and I am supported in my theory by GEOFFREY of Monmouth Street, who recollects making a purchase of an ancient pair of shorts as far back as the year 1836 from a retired sculler.

"In an old coloured frontispiece to the ancient ballad of the Fireman Waterman in the CATNACH collection (and here let me say how much I am indebted to CATNACH on this and all other occasions) I find the Fireman Waterman represented wearing a tunic to the knee, holding in one hand a scull, and in the other the lobster spoken of by the poet, which the heroine had received from a rival—

> 'Who sent it wrapped up to her *by a man*,
> When what did she do but invite
> To eat it the Waterman Fireman.'

"*Bundle* and his associates I have equipped in the brown coats, red waistcoats, and brown breeches, which were introduced upon the stage during the last century. In the wardrobe of the MESSRS. NATHAN, to which I have been allowed access, I have seen several of these suits, some of the coats of which are made of serge, and indeed I have met with breeches of the same rude material. BLANCHARD, of Covent Garden, is spoken of as early as 1829 by a contemporary critic, as having dressed the character of *Bundle* to perfection, and by the kindness of an old dresser, for some time laid upon the shelf, I have been presented with a plate from which the costume of *Bundle* has been carefully copied.

"The scenery has been the subject of much research, and the exterior of *Bundle's* house, with its old cottage architecture, its rude verandah, its wild appurtenances of chimney-pot, gable-end, and doorway could only have been thus faithfully rendered by an artist, who, during the summer and autumn paid repeated visits to the shore for the purpose of filling his whole imagination with the associations of Battersea.

"The scenery of Act 2 commences with the scene of Act 1—a fine stroke of dramatic unity which we meet with in TERENCE, DIMOND, PLAUTUS, REYNOLDS, SOPHOCLES, CENTLIVRE, EURIPIDES, HOLCROFT, VOLTAIRE, HAYNES BAYLEY, DIODORUS SICULUS, PARVUS RIDICULUS, and a great many others.

"In the quarter of a century which has nearly passed since the retirement of INCLEDON, much has been done, but more has been neglected, and we owe much to ourselves, in addition to what we owe our ancestors. If my humble efforts contribute to the payment of the smallest instalment of either of these debts, my ambition will be more than satisfied." (Signed) "THE MANAGER."

ENCOURAGEMENT OF ROBBERY.

WE think we can find for MR. PANIZZI a subject which will probably occupy a little of that spare time, which he is always spending for his own amusement—really because he has got nothing to do—in our Police Courts.

The subject in question is for him to look through that part of the British Museum catalogue which is already finished—the labour of perhaps half an hour—and to see how many of the recent works of the best French authors are the *Brussels* editions. We fancy he will be rather surprised at the considerable number which will reward his laborious investigation. We then beg of him to put to himself the question—providing always he has not an engagement at Bow Street—whether, by keeping these pirated copies in the national library, he is not directly offering an encouragement to robbery? He must know that the Belgian *contrefaçons* are to the French press what the American reprints are to English literature, and he might as well have the latter in his collection (for we have often thought that the library was much more MR. PANIZZI's collection than the Nation's) as retain copies of the former on his book-shelves. It would be a fine taunt for the American minister to throw in our teeth, when the subject of International Copyright comes again under discussion, to hand in a list of these Brussels robberies, as an earnest of our sincerity in the good cause; and if we were told "You see—you don't like being robbed yourselves, but don't mind robbing others," we do not see how, with these thefts in our hands, MR. PANIZZI could, with all his talent, get us honourably out of the accusation.

Now we wish MR. PANIZZI, as soon as he has collected all these damning volumes together, to make a regular bonfire of them before the accusation of encouragement of literary robbery is really made against us; and we are sure it will be an afternoon's work which will redound infinitely more to his credit than any he could spend in a magistrate's office, busying himself over the infliction of angry fines upon poor neglectful publishers.

CAUTION IN SHOPPING!

AT a meeting held the other evening at Exeter Hall, for the promotion of Early Closing, DR. PETTIGREW is reported to have advocated the necessity of that practice, on medical grounds, and for the sake of health.

Air, in which a lot of human beings have been breathing and perspiring, and gas has been flaring, all day and half the night, must be not only nasty, but really poisonous.

That it is so is apparent from the sallow unwholesome complexions and debilitated frames of the young men who constantly live in it.

They, however, are used to it, of course, poor wretches; never mind them. But only think what a dreadful thing it must be for a young lady, in the bloom of health and beauty, to get her blood infected with fever or consumption, or goodness knows what, and fall sick, and very likely become disfigured, or perhaps die, by venturing, incautiously, into the tainted atmosphere of a late closing linen-draper's horrid shop!

Speculation Baffled.

THE Jewish Relief Bill provides, amongst other things, that Jews shall not be eligible to any office in the Church. This provision will defeat a very rational curiosity; to know whether a Jew would make more money out of a bishopric than has been made by some Christian Prelates.

LATEST FROM THE DIGGINGS.—This is a prosy country. In fact, you never hear the name of any poet mentioned—except GOLDSMITH.

A Humdrum Conundrum?

WE are not much addicted to the practice of wandering to a great distance for a joke, which is an article that may be too "far-fetched;" but we fancy the following is rather "neat"—as imported from the Celestial Empire:—

Q. When or where or what sort of fowl is not a fowl?

A. A Pekin fowl is the bird alluded to, for though he is a Co(a)ch-in China.*

* There may be some doubt whether this should not have been a prohibited article, but we have admitted it, subject to the usual tax—on the patience of the reader.—ED.

GOOD SECURITY.

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, GIVE ME A BROWN?"

Swell. "SIXPENCE IS THE SMALLEST MONEY I HAVE, MY LITTLE LAD."

Boy. "VEL, SIR I'LL GET YER CHANGE; AND IF YER DOUBTS MY HONOUR—HOLD MY BROOM!"

DYING BY DIET.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"I SAW such a funny thing in the paper the other day—it was headed 'Curious Physiogical (I hope I have spelt the word right) Discovery.' It said that a MONSIEUR ROULIN had been feeding silkworms with food of different colours, and by that means making them spin silk of the same colour as the food. And it also mentioned that the very bones of animals may be tinged with what they eat. Law! I wonder if it is the same with a human being—and if so, whether it would be possible to affect the complexion by food. It would be so nice to be able to obtain a clear delicate colour that would *wash*, without being obliged to resort to any of those *preparations*. And then how funny to have it in one's power to be either a *blonde* or a *brunette*, according to one's fancy, or as might be found convenient—and perhaps to change from one to the other if desired, or *advisable*. Can you, dear *Punch*, or any of your scientific friends tell me if there are any articles of diet which have the power to make these alterations and what they are? for I should so like to know. I should not mind their taste very much—though, of course, I should rather they were nice: only fancy how delightful to realise a beautiful white neck, hand, and arm, by a course of open jam tarts! A word in answer to your

"JULIA."

*** JULIA must not think about open jam tarts. The effect of such delicacies in a complexional point of view may be called pimplific. JULIA is probably not disposed to be blue; but that is the only tint which it is possible to acquire by such means as those to which she alludes: it may be obtained by perseverance in small doses of nitrate of silver, at the risk simply of being poisoned. Plain living, and plenty of exercise will effect the greatest alteration in respect of hue that the cheek of a young lady can undergo: namely, to fresh, pure, and glowing, from dull, spotty, and sallow. JULIA is recommended to try oatmeal porridge. She should not eat too much bread and butter.

Dramatic Reformation.

MDLLE. LUTHER is performing with great success at the French Plays. We wish a LUTHER would appear on the English stage—for it is in great want of one.

ART WAITING ROOMS.

IN very commendably bringing the subject of railway accidents before the House of Peers, LORD MALMESBURY remarked the grave fact that when, on entering a railway office,

"The passenger looked round, he saw the bill announcing the arrival and departure of the trains, and by its side was posted—he must say, with most ingenuous candour on the part of the directors—another bill, advising him, in the most seductive terms, to insure his life."

Railway Companies might improve on this system of starting trains of serious thought. They should illuminate the walls of their waiting rooms with moral sentences expressive of the uncertainty of human existence, such as MEMENTO MORI, MORS JANUA VITÆ, &c.; which, executed in the old English character, would have a picturesque, if not a pleasing effect. The intermixture with these legends of tombstone cherubs, skulls, and femoral bones, and views in cemeteries, well painted, would be very suitable: and to these æsthetic decorations might be added the figure of old TIME with his scythe and hour-glass. Whilst the former of those instruments would suggest a warning to the passengers, the latter might convey a lesson to the directors themselves, if anything whatever, except pecuniary loss, could teach them the necessity of being punctual.

The Rookery near St. Paul's.

GREAT satisfaction will have been given by the statement of LORD PALMERSTON, that Government seriously contemplates the abatement of those pestilent nuisances, the dirty Courts situated in Doctors' Commons. The public have been too long subject to be dragged into these dens of infamy, and plundered, besides being eaten up with a parcel of vermin, who devour from £3,000 and £4,000 to upwards of £8,000 a year.

NO MEDIUM.—There is no medium in a moustache:—it is the type of either the Guard, or the Blackguard.

A CABINET CONTRAST.

YOU may know a man, according to an old saying, by the way he answers a question. Would anybody like to know two of the cleverest men of the day? *Punch* is happy to effect the introduction, by presenting the following extract from the note-book of his own special reporter in the House of Commons:—

"MR. SHORT asked MR. GLADSTONE which day he should bring in the Budget?

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER said, that he would endeavour to reply to the Honourable Member's question in as complete a manner as it was possible for him to do, consistently with his obligations to the administration with which he had the honour of being connected. The Honourable Member's question naturally divided itself into three parts, and it might, perhaps, be most convenient to the House, if he disposed, in the first place, of the last. This was the financial portion of the question. In so far as the term Budget was understood to imply the usual statement of the finances of the country, he was prepared, unhesitatingly, to accept the Honourable Member's language, and to recognize the phrase as equivalent to such statement. Then, in the next, that was to say, in, really, the first place, the Honourable Member, in addressing the question to himself, rather lost sight of the fact, that the constitutional leader of the House of Commons, and, therefore, the manager of the business of the House, was his noble friend on his right (LORD JOHN RUSSELL). But waiving, as he might perhaps be justified in doing, this consideration, and applying himself to the third division of the Honourable Member's question, that relating to the date or time of an intended ministerial act, he was prepared to say, that he should introduce the Budget upon the first Monday after Easter (*Hear, hear*).

"LORD DRAWLEY STUMBLE, in a statement of half-an-hour's duration, called the HOME SECRETARY'S attention to an alleged insurrection, which had, he said, broken out in the workhouse of Skillygolee, and he demanded, first, whether a tin dish-cover had, as was reported, been clapped upon the matron's head; next, whether the master had been pelted at dinner time with potato parings; thirdly, whether, in consequence, the Eleventh Dragoon Guards had been called out; fourthly, whether any of the paupers had lost their lives in the affray; fifthly, whether the clergy, or Romish priests, had been mixed up in the affair; and sixthly, under what circumstances the disturbances had taken place, and whether his Lordship had any objection to lay the papers on the table of the House.

"LORD PALMERSTON (*rises*). Sir, it's all *bosh*, cooked up by some penny-a-liner. (*Sits down amid cheering and laughter*)."

MEDICAL INTELLIGENCE FROM AUSTRALIA.—A Surgeon writes from the Gold Fields to say that he has now quite discarded the lancet; and opens the vein with a pickaxe.

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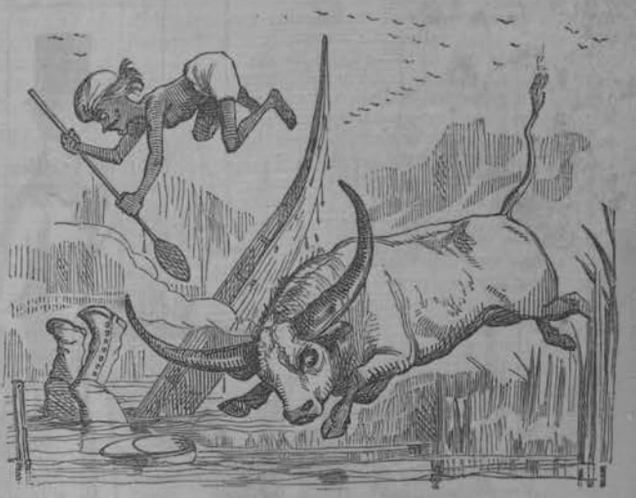
HOW MR. PETER PIPER TRIED HIS HAND AT BUFFALO-SHOOTING,

NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.—PART 1.

MR. PETER PIPER IS MORALLY CERTAIN THAT HE CAN'T POSSIBLY FIRE WITHOUT UPSETTING THE CANOE



MOMENT OF INTENSE ANXIETY—MR. PETER PIPER FIRES AND HIS PREDICTION IS FULFILLED.

THE SHOT, HOWEVER, TAKES EFFECT—THE BUFFALO BECOMES A CORPSE, BUT MR. PETER PIPER THINKS IT HARDLY WORTH WHILE SECURING THE BODY.

MR. PETER PIPER HAS NO FAITH WHATEVER IN "THOSE GIMCRACK CANOES," AND BEGINS TO THINK BUFFALO-SHOOTING "VERY POOR FUN" AS COMPARED WITH "PIG-STICKING." HE TAKES A LITTLE REFRESHMENT.

OUR HONEYMOON.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 18—.

I WAS sure I should not sleep; so took a book, and making myself comfortable for the night, I resolved to read away the time, for morning *would* come, though never so slowly.

Yes: I knew I should not sleep a wink and then—how far I read I have no recollection—and then fell into a deep slumber, and dreamt of FREDERICK. Such a terrible dream! He was struggling, drowning, and—I awoke with the terror, when it was broad daylight. How gloriously the sun rose from the sea! What tranquillity was on the waters! I opened the window, and the sweet breath of the morning brought a sudden comfort to my heart.

It was impossible—I tried to think—that any evil could have befallen him. Impossible, with such beauty in the sky and on the sea—such sweetness, breathing of happiness from all around. Everything seemed full of hope. The soft, musical plash of the small waves said hope—and hope rose in a hymn from the lark, a fluttering speck in the blue heaven.

I felt soothed, comforted. There was silence throughout the house. Not a sound. Poor souls! They doubtless slept: utter weariness had brought *that* comfort.

Wrapping myself up, I stole on tiptoe from my room, and left the house. How beautiful was the morning! What a pity, and what a reproach that bed should ever cheat us of such sights—such purifying, strengthening influences! I almost vowed that, for the rest of my life, I'd rise only a little after the sun. On second thoughts, remembered that hasty vows were very, very rash.

I took the path down the cliff to the beach. I turned the point of rock that gave me a wide, wide view. There was not an object on the sea. All was blank; and I felt, on the sudden, chilled and sad. But still the beauty of the morning deepened—still the waves gently murmured—still the birds louder and louder poured forth their songs—and with new hope, new strength, I walked on and on.

And now, in the far, far distance, a boat appears. It must be *that*: I am convinced—certain. And now, another and another—and each and all alike, and I am again disheartened, perplexed. After all, it was hazardous and foolish in FREDERICK to go himself. JOSEPHINE was right: his money would have been sufficient.

I felt my temper rising. I was beginning to be very angry; and then the thought rebuked me—the thought that some danger, some mischance might have happened—

No: I would not think so—I would control such idle fancies: and I would wait patiently, hopefully. And so I went straying onward and onward; now picking up a shell, and now—with straining looks—gazing over the sea: and still other boats and vessels arose, and passed away—and with every one a new hope, another disappointment.

Then I sat down, and as the ships sailed onward, to cheat the time, I tried to fancy the history of some vessel. Where was she going? What were the hopes, the anxieties of those on board? What a world of feelings—a world of faith and love!

And so, in utter vacancy of heart, I tried to while away the time. And still the sun rose, and the morning was arrayed in the fulness of its beauty. I had gathered a few shells. In idleness I had placed one to my ear, and was listening to its sounds. What—a little sea wizard—what did it prophesy? What did it say? I could make out the name of FREDERICK—that seemed with rising, falling sound, to whisper to me. Yes; my fancy put a tongue into that shell, gave it a voice, and made it sing, gently sing the word that was *my* music.

And so sitting, so listening, I heard myself loudly called and there, having followed me, and crying and waving her hands, was JOSEPHINE. We flew to one another.

"Oh, ma'am, all's safe—all's saved—so happy, so—"

"All!"—

"Yes, ma'am. All the men, and the poor wife and mother—oh, I never knew such weeping, and such thanksgiving—now with their arms about his neck, and now upon their knees. Quite touching, ma'am—but quite beautiful."

"And, I suppose, your master was too fatigued to seek me himself?" and I knew I bit my lip.

"Master, ma'am; we haven't see nothing of him as yet. I was only talking of the crew of the boat, and all of 'em safe and sound—though they 've lost every stitch, and the boat besides."

"And your master! No news—no tidings of him—"

"Can't get back, they say, ma'am, with the wind as it is, till the afternoon; perhaps not till night; perhaps not then. I heard one of the men say, in his own words, there wasn't such another bit of sea in the 'versal world. But only to think how the poor things escaped; for it 's quite a miracle—quite a wonder."

"Indeed. Poor souls! How?"

"Why, ma'am, they were what they call run down in the storm by a bigger boat—but they all got aboard, and was carried a long way on the other side of the coast,—whilst their bits of things, as we already know, with a piece of the boat, was flung upon the beach, just, as one may say, at the poor souls' door-step to make us all miserable—and to take away master on a wild-goose chase; not but what, of course, it 's very kind of him—nevertheless, to keep you out of your bed all night for nothing—when his money, as I said before, would have done quite as well or better than him: and in such a case, when money does as well, my maxim is to let well alone."

Now, I knew, I felt it was wrong to let JOSEPHINE go upon such a rambling talk; nevertheless, I could not but think that the girl had some reason in what she said. FREDERICK—he cannot, with any justice, deny it—FREDERICK need not have left me all alone; sitting up all night—watching in the morning; besides being terrified by so dreadful a dream. When money would have done, why not have spared my feelings? I *would* be very angry. "Surely," said I, with a shiver I wouldn't repress, "surely, the morning's turned very cold."

"To be sure it has, ma'am; and if it hadn't, it couldn't be otherwise with folks who, without wrapping themselves up, will go wandering out on the wet beach, without any breakfast, picking up shells, and thinking nothing of their own health, when they *ought*, for there 's not many like 'em in this world, *I'm* sure."

And still I let her talk. "We 'll breakfast directly your master comes back," I said, trying to smile.

"I 'm afeard, ma'am, you 'll be pretty hungry if you wait till then. I wouldn't frighten you for the world; but it isn't so sure—the sailor men all say so, and they must know—not so sure that he 'll be home much afore bedtime."

My heart seemed to shrink at the words. I hurried on. Now and then, I turned to gaze across the sea: looking in silence, JOSEPHINE still interpreted my thoughts.

"No, ma'am, no; there isn't a boat a bit like master's boat—not a bit; and so, ma'am, as what 's done can't be undone—that is, as master can't be here for breakfast, and breakfast *is* here for you—"

"Hold your tongue, JOSEPHINE; I shall wait for your master. But here we are at the house." And before we could half-way ascend the cliff, the wife and old mother, with the husband and son snatched from the sea, all came to meet me. What thankful words! What looks of happiness!

"We've lost all—all," said the wife, with a beaming face; "but we've lost nothing—nothing; for haven't we saved *him*," and she grasped her husband's arm.

The man was full of thanks. Was sorry that the gentleman had been put to such trouble on his account. He was afraid I had taken on upon it; afraid I had got cold, sitting up: and he should be so glad when he could thank the gentleman face to face, if he might be so bold.

"And when," I asked, "when might I expect the return of—"

"Well, it might not be until the afternoon; indeed, not before—and perhaps—"

My heart was too full to hear more: to answer a syllable. I went to my room. Hour after hour passed. I walked on the cliff—and still the day went on. I returned to my room: again and again returned—again and again quitted it. The good people were frightened at my looks; and JOSEPHINE watched me—I saw that—with a strange anxiety.

The sun set: and as it sank beneath the sea, and the wind rose—I felt as though I stood alone—friendless, hopeless. All—all gone, sunk with the sun, and the wind moaning above the wreck.

Night came. Ten o'clock—eleven—and still the wind rose with every minute; still the sea roared and dashed beneath my window.

If that day passed—if that one hour elapsed—and he came not back, I felt I was alone for ever—for ever alone.

My watch lay before me. Each sound seemed, like a needle's point, to enter my brain. Half-past eleven—

There is a shout from below, and in an instant, FREDERICK holds me in his arms.

OUR NAVAL VETERANS.

WE hear that in consequence of the remarks that have been made on the inconveniently advanced age of some of our Admirals and Captains in the Navy, it is in contemplation to issue an Admiralty order, prohibiting any one in command from hoisting his flag until he can produce three juvenile wigs, and two entire sets of teeth, as a qualification for his position. Every Admiral on active service will be expected to sleep in his wig, and to have his teeth at hand during the night in case of a surprise, so that he may be enabled to place them in his mouth at a minute's notice, and give distinct directions to the officers under him. Any departure from this rule will subject the offender, whatever his rank, to be superseded during HER MAJESTY'S pleasure.

The messman on board any of HER MAJESTY'S ships will not be permitted to serve out to any Admiral or Captain more than a single "go" of gruel at bed-time, on any foreign station. The senior officer only will be allowed to put his feet in hot water, in any friendly port, and this indulgence elsewhere is strictly prohibited.

A Public Servant who really deserves a Warning.

THE *Courrier de l'Europe*, in reporting the debates of the House of Lords, writes most impudently

"*Séance du 1er Mars.*—Sans intérêt."

Now this is too bad! It is lucky our clever French contemporary does not pass his literary existence at Paris—or else, as sure as dungeons and despotism go together, he would soon receive a warning for writing these shameful insults, as they happen to be unfortunately but too true. And besides, if carried away by his love of the truth, he says these things of the House of Lords, we wonder what, in the name of impudence, he will be saying next of the House of Commons!

A Puff for Austria.

THE latest news from Vienna puts us in possession of the important fact that "the Emperor has at length been allowed by his physicians to indulge his intense longing for a cigar." We trust we shall not be thought to have abandoned our abhorrence of the Emperor's policy, if we say that we are glad to learn from the incident of the cigar that the recent attempt at assassination has ended in smoke. We wish he would learn from the Havannah what an excellent quality it is to be "mild."

HEAD WINS.—The greatest attraction of the present season at Drury Lane Theatre has been an individual who walks with his heels up and his head down, and who has furnished, perhaps, the climax to the ups and downs of this "great national establishment."

ST. STEPHEN AND HIS CHERUBS.

ST. STEPHEN sat late at his new chapel gate
In a state of resigned expectation
Of the winding up of a lengthy debate,
Not the least affecting the nation.

When, up in the air, the Saint is aware
Of a sound as of wings and of voices,
And he lifts up his eyes in pious surprise,
To see what the cause of the noise is.

It comes from a rout of cherubim stout—
Parliamentary apotheoses—
Their cheeks once so chubby, beslubbered and grubby
With the tears that have run down their noses.

With agonised swings of their poor little wings
They try vainly to wipe their fat faces,
With bitter complaint, o'er the head of the Saint,
Flying out from their late pleasant places.

"What means this wild grieving?" said holy ST. STEPHEN.
Quoth they, "We are victims to law, Sir."
"Won't you sit and explain?" But they answered again,
"How sit? when we hav'n't *de quoi*, Sir!

"The seats are all gone that we late sat upon—
Ta'en away by our hard-hearted brothers;—
And the worst of the ill is, that, do what we will,
There 's no chance of our meeting with others.

"Here 's the Cherub of Clitheroe, whither, oh whither, oh,
Is he to go look for a borough?
Here 's the Cherub of Chatham, they all went in at him,
Though they'd play just the same tricks to-morrow.

"And the Lancaster Cherub 'll feel his loss terrible,
As his seat to get warm was beginnin';
And the Hull Cherubs 'twain must go canvass again,
With the Cherub of Rye, young MACKINNON.

"They who over the same bridge of gold in for Cambridge
Walked triumphant—one rich and one clever,
Before they can meet with as cozy a seat,
May go wand'ring the kingdom for ever!

"And what adds aggravation to our sad situation,
Is the fact—which all folks must admit, Sir—
That the few thus ill-treated by being unseated,
Are no worse than the many who sit, Sir!"

Then the Saint with a grin stroked the beard on his chin,
And with voice, than which none could be blander,
Said, "In my house, you see, the proverb should be,
'Sauce for goose is *not quite* sauce for gander.'"

NAPOLEON'S ENTIRE.

ONE of the new French senators is a sea-captain, whose claim to senatorial dignity is said to consist in his having proposed to effect the escape of NAPOLEON THE FIRST, by enclosing him in a beer-barrel. The Emperor however could not be persuaded to think sufficiently small beer of himself to remain for a time in cask; and the Imperial one was unwilling to pass for 18 imperial gallons. We can scarcely blame the decision of NAPOLEON on this occasion; for he had become so decidedly stout, that his weight—in a barrel—would have baffled the strongest porter. It must be remembered, also, that if a search had been made by the British, and the cask had been subjected to a tap, the truth would have probably burst forth; and what might have been intended to pass for a barrel of beer would have become a butt of ridicule.

"There's the Rub."

WHILE estimating the strength at our disposal in the event of an invasion, we seem to have lost sight of a most respectable body of artisans who would be invaluable as auxiliaries to our regular army. We allude to the French polishers, who might be most beneficially employed in polishing off the French.

HIGH SKY HIGH.

THE experiment of MR. SANDS at Drury Lane, who traverses a ceiling with his head suspended in the air, has been defended against some attacks on the illegitimacy of the entertainment by the assertion that the feat belongs to the very highest walk of the drama.

A VALUABLE HEAD OF HAIR!

THE Paris ladies are wearing gold and silver dust in their hair. Their heads, so dressed, must be worth a mint of money. We have heard of damsels being so distressed as to be compelled to cut off their hair and sell it; but these ladies would command a large price for theirs, or probably they would keep it themselves, and coin their own silver or gold, by simply cutting off a curl, or as much as they wanted, for their immediate necessities. Perhaps they pay their bills in this way? Perhaps, if a *lionne* is hard pressed for cash by some inexorable diamond merchant, or has not wherewith to discharge her debts at lansquenet, she unfastens her head-dress and pays her creditor in gold-dust by putting into his hands an immense tuft of false hair, with a request "that he will oblige her with the difference." With this expensive fashion, a "Rape of the Lock" might become a very dangerous felony, and there 's no doubt a hair-brained lover, if detected in the act of cutting an auriferous ringlet off the head of his beloved mistress, would be carried off to the *Bureau de Police*, and treated no better than a *chevalier d'industrie*, who had been caught picking her pocket. For ourselves, we do not much admire young ladies whose heads are full of nothing but gold and silver, though the *femmes-de-chambres*, who, of course, claim the washing of their hair-brushes as their perquisites, must be of a very different way of thinking.

Then, again, we always entertained an absurd notion that a woman, let her be ever so old, invariably looked upon the appearance of silver in her hair with the greatest horror; but fashion, it seems, will reconcile the fair sex almost to anything. However this practice, if it spreads, of carrying your purse in your hair, will have the one great effect, before long, of altering the distribution of wealth upon the stage: and instead of an old gentleman pulling out of his breast-coat a pocket-book plethoric with bank-notes, we shall quietly see him bare his bald head to the audience, and hear him exclaim "Here, young man, take this wig; it contains three ounces of gold-dust—take it, and be happy!" In the meantime, we are afraid that poor lovers will find the fashion quite turning the ladies' heads, for with their beautiful tresses powdered with five-franc pieces and Napoleons, it is but natural to suppose they will look at nothing short of a gold, or at least a silver key to open such very expensive locks!

THE BELLE SAUVAGE AT COURT.

AMONG the orders for Court mourning published the other day, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN directs the ladies to wear "white gloves, necklaces, and *ear-rings*." Can it be that our countrywomen of the aristocracy appear at the British Court with foreign bodies stuck through their ears? Such decorations might be expected to be met with at the Palace of HIS MAJESTY OF DAHOMEY, but an intelligent Public must regard with surprise their exhibition at that of QUEEN VICTORIA. It is quite obvious, whatever may be said to the contrary, that rings in the ears are only less incongruous with civilization than the like ornaments in the nose or lips. Ladies who go to Court may consider themselves as belonging to the superior classes; but in wearing pieces of metal in perforations drilled through portions of their skin, they assimilate themselves to creatures the lowest in the scale of humanity; nay, lower than that. They not only assume a resemblance to savages, but also to pigs; moreover the pig does not wear rings by choice, but on compulsion, to prevent him from rooting with his snout, whereas there is no use whatever in their being worn by the lady.

A SAFE SPECULATION.

SOME years ago a publication was issued at Paris, which had an immense success. The title of it was "*Les Français peints par eux-mêmes.*" As a companion to the above, and one which would meet, we think, with an equal success, as it would have the advantage of showing a totally different side of the picture, might we suggest to some enterprising Parisian publisher to start a new serial under the title of "*Les Français peints par Monsieur Cobden.*" We are positive the series would have all the interest of a romance, and would not require the help of any coloured illustrations, as the facts would be sufficiently coloured in themselves. Moreover the charm of novelty would be as great to the English as to the French themselves. Here is a certain fortune to any publisher who has the energy to grasp it. All we ask in return for the suggestion is a copy of the work when published. The amusement we are sure to derive from it will be more than ample repayment for our liberality.

EXTREME SENSITIVENESS.—The man who has once been kicked imagines that every man's leg is raised against him.

A VEIL.—A Lace Blind, worn by a woman, not to hide her blushes, but to save her complexion.

Omnibus Driver (*addressing another*). "YOU 'RE A PRETTY FELLOW, YOU ARE. YOU CALL YOURSELF A MAN? WHY, I 'VE SEEN A BETTER MAN THAN YOU MADE OUT OF TEA LEAVES."

THE MEN OF LAW.

AN attempt is made every year to get the tax taken off attorneys, but these unfortunates having "no friends," the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER always feels pretty safe in hitting them. There seems a sort of rude injustice in subjecting a particular class to a heavy duty, and a motion gets carried every now and then to exempt the victims from the burden, but on further reflection the feeling seems to relapse into an opinion that "it serves them perfectly right," and the attorneys go groaning on from year to year, under the infliction of a heavy charge on their certificates. For our own parts we feel it to be a mercy to all parties concerned, to continue a tax calculated to diminish the number of those who are eager to prey on the public, and who, in the event of a falling off in the number of clients, are ready to prey savagely on one another.

Some people are of opinion that a tax on attorneys keeps a certain disreputable class out of the profession, but we cannot believe that anything lower than some of those who manage to get in can be kept out, by any possibility whatever. There are, no doubt, many unfortunate attorneys who are obliged to offer "pledges to prosecute," and are compelled to part with one suit before they are in a position to commence another. The fact is, however, that

"They care for nobody,
Since nobody cares for them,"

and we leave their fate therefore entirely in the hands of Parliament.

PUZZLES IN COURT PLUSH.

THE titles of some of the grand menials who dance attendance at Court are calculated to mislead unsophisticated foreigners. For instance, in the account of the Levee the other day, we find mentioned not only Gold Stick in Waiting and Silver Stick, but the Gentlemen Ushers of the Black and of the Green Rod. An enlightened Bosjesman, reading this intelligence, would never dream that these great officials were what, by leave of CARLYLE, may be called transcendental flunkeys. He would conclude not only that two of the high domestics at Saint James's Palace were mere Sticks; but also that the barbarism of flogging was maintained in the education of the Royal Family. It would further appear to the intelligent native that there was a peculiar cruelty in that system as administered to the illustrious children—there being provided for their punishment, not only an ordinary black or dry rod, but they also having another rod, green and griding, kept in pickle for them to inflict aggravated pain.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MAY the Austrian Scaffold that has been raised in Italy be preparatory to the erection of the constitutional Building.

PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO WOMEN.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"Looking into the paper the other day, I saw a speech about 'Assaults upon Women and Children,' which I read. It was by MR. FITZROY, in the House of Commons, proposing to have a severer punishment for the wretches who beat their wives. I admired it *very* much, all but *one* passage, which I consider *satirical*: it is this—

'He was only asking them to extend the same protection to defenceless women, as they already extended to poodle dogs and donkies.'

"If we are to share the protection of *poodle dogs* and *donkeys*, I suppose they will put *collars* round our necks, to prevent our being lost, and *saddles* to support our *burdens*, when we are put upon. But what we want is *proper* protection. Fining a brute of a husband is worse than no use, because the money comes out of the *keep*; and so, in the end, the punishment falls on the wife. No, *Mr. Punch*; what the law should be is, that every wretch who is guilty of cruelty to a woman should be well flogged: that is how the QUEEN has been protected; and the same protection ought to be given to every other woman in England. I am sure I speak the sentiments, as I bear the name of

"Your own JUDITH."

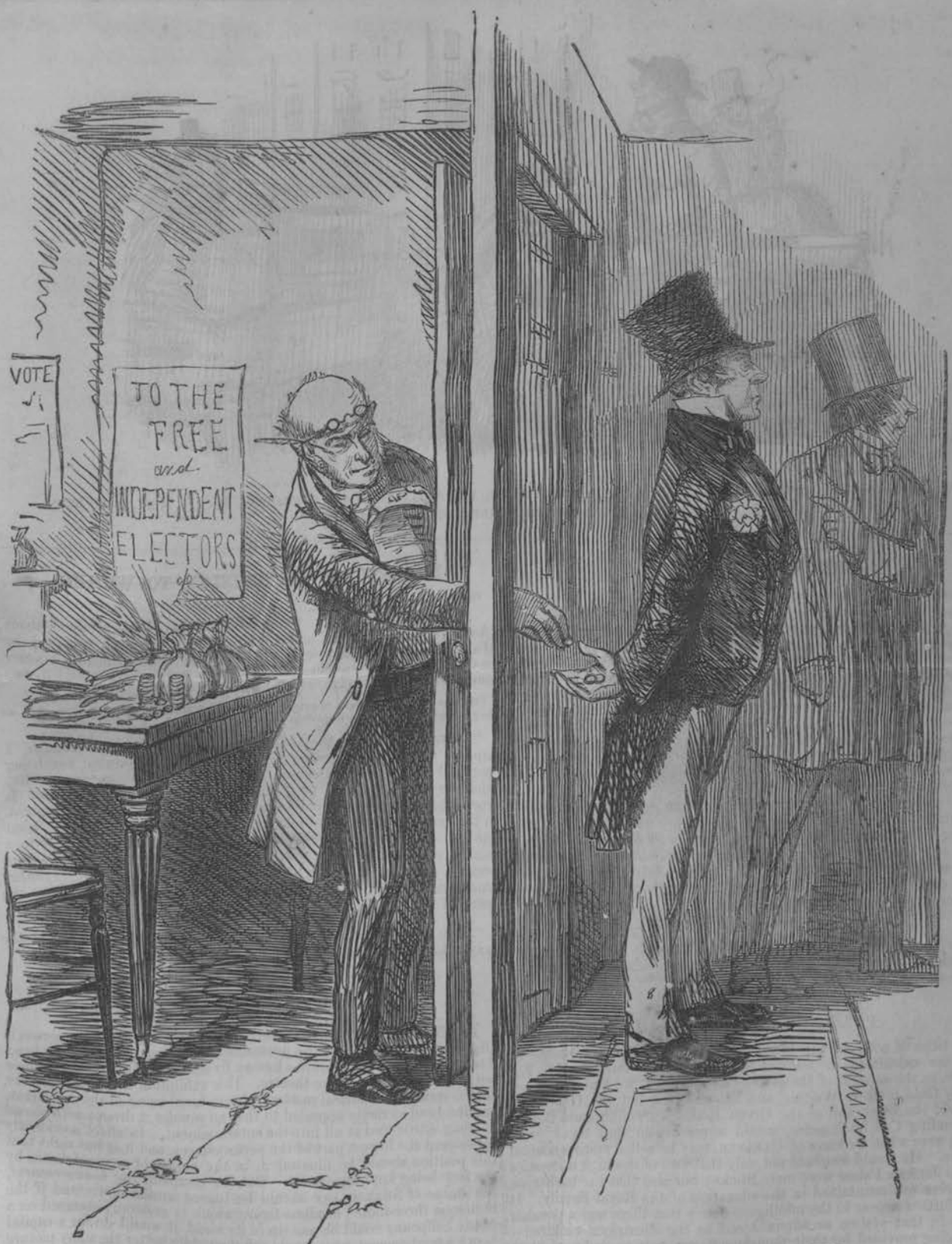
"P.S. The man who would lay his hand upon a woman—save in the way of kindness—deserves to have a whip laid upon himself." "J."

THE NEW WALK OF THE DRAMA.

THE New Walk of the Drama seems to be the ceiling, for a person is advertised to walk across the proscenium of Drury Lane with his head downwards, just as if he were a human fly going to scrape acquaintance with the other Flies of the theatre. This exhibition is typical, however, of the state of theatrical matters—brute force being in the ascendant, and the head so rarely appealed to that no wonder it droops with shame at being introduced at all into the entertainment. Intellect is evidently considered the lowest part of the performances, and it is but right that this position should be illustrated, in the person of a mountebank, by the feet being kept uppermost. But, to complete the *bouleversement*, the statue of SHAKSPEARE should be turned upside down, and if the ludicrous three-footed headless figure which is generally stamped on a Manx halfpenny could be put up in its stead, it would do for a capital booth advertisement, as it would tell the public better than any picture outside a caravan that the management of Drury Lane was at present all legs and no brains.

UNE IDÉE NAPOLÉONIENNE.

THE former Kings of France were fond of boasting that "*L'état, c'est moi.*" We suppose we shall soon be hearing LOUIS NAPOLEON bragging in a somewhat similar spirit:—"*Le coup d'état, c'est moi.*"



THE PARTY WHO, ETC.

FREE AND INDEPENDENT, ETC.

THE ORDINARY LEGAL EXPENSES OF AN ELECTION.

MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. PUNCH ATTENDS THE READING OF A NEW PIECE.

MY friend RAPID was much stung at my last chapter. He declared that I had been unjust alike to dramatic critics and dramatic writers, from not knowing enough of the inner life of the theatre: "You should come with me, my dear *Punch*," he said, "to a reading and a rehearsal, and then you will see how things are managed!" I asked no better, I told him. And accordingly, since we spoke, he has managed that I should be present at the reading of one of his pieces, by the innocent device of assigning to me the honours (without the emoluments, I am bound to add) of a *collaborateur*. As the piece was what he called an adaptation, or what I should call a translation, from the French, I did not feel that I was trenching seriously on RAPID'S credit by winking at this little fraud. I have just come from the reading of *our* piece, and I write while the impression it has left is fresh, but without any conscious bitterness. Poor RAPID is in a great state of indignation, but he is at least a kind of step-father to his bantling, while I, being at most only its godfather, and having given it my countenance or "mug," feel no other responsibility, and can record its treatment in the Green-room with perfect equanimity.

The reading was fixed at twelve, and the time was kept by most of the company with fair punctuality—allowing for the ten minutes grace which RAPID informs me is traditional, and therefore of course sacred in the theatre. It is true that MISS FLITTER, the "principal lady," did not make her appearance till after a delay of twice ten minutes, when all had long been ready to begin, and after RAPID had already swallowed two tumblers of vapid water from the Green-room filter in his nervous anxiety for her arrival. And when she did come, as the cast of the piece included most of the company, and the Green-room was small, considerable derangement and re-arrangement were necessary before she could be accommodated as comfortably as became her position in the theatre; and her temper was not improved in consequence.

The delay, however, gave me an opportunity of being introduced to the principal members of the company present, who received me with the greatest affability. MR. PUMPKIN himself was as cordial as could be expected from one in so high a position. HULKER, stage-manager, and what RAPID calls "leading man," STILTS, the celebrated performer of what is known as "heavy business," which I find includes a wide range of parts, from virtuous and reduced fathers in comedies, to moody ruffians in melodramas; CYPHER, the elegant walking gentleman; SWELLINGTON, the light comedian—who I was glad to find did *not* wear canary trousers and chocolate coats in private life; BROADGRIN, the low comedian—a nervous and melancholy looking person by daylight; with black-eyed MISS SHADRACH, the singing lady, and little MISS PUDSEY, who does the smart chambermaids, together with others of the T. R. Long Acre *troupe*, less known to fame—were all in the highest degree pleasant with RAPID, and civil to myself. Even a fagged and distemper-splashed gentleman, introduced to me as MR. SIZE, the eminent scene-painter—who crept into the room as timidly as if he were a mere painter-stainer, instead of (what he is) a great artist in conception, and a very LEONARDO DA VINCI for ingenuity of contrivance, mechanical, and pictorial—had a pleasant word and a greeting for us. Altogether I was agreeably surprised at the brotherhood and good nature which prevailed among the society. Surely, I thought, actors are not the jealous, intriguing, slanderous beings they have been represented to be. What equal number of barristers practising in the same court, or doctors physicking the same quarter of the town, would be as companionable and as good-humoured with each other as these children of THESPIS?—a phrase often used by PUMPKIN at the dinners of the T. R. L. A. Theatrical Fund, of which he is a prominent member and committee man.

MISS FLITTER being at last settled to her taste, the reading began. Not being particularly interested in the piece, I occupied myself in watching the company. I was struck with the singular alternation among them of absolute inattention, and close attention. I observed that HULKER was all ears for the scenes where the leading man was prominent; but that he closed his eyes, and seemed asleep or lost in reverie during the comic portions of the piece, in which BROADGRIN was to be allowed to give the rein to his chaste humour. The case was the same with the rest. I perceived that each came not to hear the piece as a whole, but only those parts of it which were to be intrusted to him or herself—so that RAPID had seldom more than two listeners at a time, while the rest yawned, or whispered their neighbours, or fidgetted, or dozed, or flirted, or played little practical jokes (out of sight of MR. HULKER and MR. PUMPKIN, I am bound to say), or otherwise passed the time as they best might. The most attentive person I saw was a respectable man in a fustian coat, whom I afterwards found out to be the master carpenter—admitted to the reading, as the piece involved "startling effects" in which his skill was much required.

The reading concluded, PUMPKIN and HULKER took RAPID and myself aside, with the manuscript, and began what they called "getting it closer"—that is, cutting out all of RAPID'S dialogue which was not necessary to carry on the action, and a good deal, incidentally, which was. In vain RAPID begged to be allowed to perform this delicate operation for himself. PUMPKIN assured him it would "go" much the better for his cuts, and promised him, if he would submit quietly, permission to solder and piece up the gashed and severed portions afterwards. It struck me that though the quality of RAPID'S dialogue was not such as to inspire much regret for these curtailments, still this process of cutting was one which ought to be entrusted to the author—particularly, as I saw that neither PUMPKIN nor HULKER were at all solicitous about coherence or connexion, and that their notions of Grammar were large and loose. Poor RAPID winced and fought occasionally for a favorite bit; but he was borne down, and in a quarter of an hour his poor production was returned to him, much in the condition that a macaw in the Zoological Gardens, too far gone for biting, might be expected to present if left for the same time in the principal monkey-house of that establishment. I could not, in my heart, say that anything was gone the least worth retaining, but I repeat that this unpluming ought to be confided to the author, that he may at least so manage matters as not to leave his work in bald and absolutely featherless patches.

But this was nothing to what followed after the pencils of PUMPKIN and HULKER had done their work. That, after all, was only a sort of Nemesis of the scissars. Those useful implements had figured so largely in the production of the piece in RAPID'S room, that they had a sort of right to assist in its final shaping for MR. PUMPKIN'S stage. Besides, how often had RAPID commended the "judicious application of the pruning-knife" to pieces of his brethren? Here was a retribution, I felt, not altogether undeserved.

But after PUMPKIN and HULKER, BROADGRIN took up his tale, and insisted that STILTS had it all his own way in the comic scenes, and quite "killed" him, BROADGRIN, and that either STILTS must be "cut down to lengths," or he, BROADGRIN, couldn't undertake the part of *Tom Trot*. Besides, whatever was done, he wanted more jokes—didn't comprehend the fun of the part—didn't feel himself in it at all—he might be very stupid—he no doubt was very stupid—but he didn't *see* it; not that he wanted anything done for *him*—oh, no—it was the piece he was anxious for—of course. And after BROADGRIN came STILTS, to tell us *he* couldn't be a mere "feeder" (lion's provider of good things) to BROADGRIN, he hated buffoonery, and would rather be out of the piece altogether than play in *those* scenes, unless BROADGRIN'S part was "kept down"—not that he cared, for his own part—but the piece would suffer, we might depend upon it. And then came stately MISS FLITTER, with an air of mock humility, to know which part we meant for her—the chambermaid or the walking lady?—for, of course, she supposed, we didn't think of *her* for *Arabella*, who comes on just after *Cecilia's* song, and hasn't a single good exit from first to last. And MR. HULKER himself—who had, all this while, been conferring privately with the prompter, scene-painter, and master carpenter—now came with *his* few suggestions (suggestions from a stage-manager are like invitations from the QUEEN): that the second

scene of the first act, in which he had his strong bit, should be transferred to the third scene of the fifth act, where he was weak and wanted "bringing up;" and CYPHER thought the piece would go better if SWELLINGTON's part were "cut down to cues;" and SWELLINGTON privately hinted, that there was too much "bricks and mortar," and that if *he* was us, he'd be somethinged before he'd have the play swamped by all that infernal heavy business of CYPHER's; not that he cared particularly—RAPID knew he'd do anything for him and for the theatre; he was always glad to put his shoulder to the wheel, that was well known—but still CYPHER was *heavy*, infernally heavy, and the public thought so. Had we seen that notice of his *Wildblood* in the *Spittoon* of last Sunday? He'd advise us to read it;—and so forth.

In short, there was not a soul in the cast of the piece, down to STRUGGLES (who plays "little bits" of servants, and waiters, and fifth-rate countrymen, and so forth), who had not his suggestion to offer; beginning and ending invariably with his own part, and as completely ignoring the existence of anything else in the play, any general aim it might have had, its proportions, the growth of its interest, the natural sequence of incidents, the relative importance of the different characters, as though no such things existed; and I am bound in truth to state they were not apparent in *our* piece. It was a swarm of pent-up vanities let loose, a cloud of mosquito-like jealousies and rivalries and hates and fears, buzzing round the head of the unhappy RAPID, and threatening alike the fate of the play and the author's peace of mind. All partook in it, from the great PUMPKIN himself down to the humblest deliverer of a message. Indeed, as PUMPKIN set the example, no wonder it was generally followed. Only the scene-painter and the master carpenter seemed satisfied and serene. It is true they were both undisputed masters in their own domains.

At last we extricated ourselves from this seething flood of selfishnesses, this Maëlstrom of conflicting eddies of conceit, self-will, passion, ignorance and imbecility.

"There!" said RAPID, as we blundered from the hall into the street, "what do you think of a play-writer's chance now?"

I did not answer him: but it occurred to me that, after all, considering the quality of the ware dealt with, no great harm had been done by all the chopping and changing, the doctoring, transposing, and interpolating his production had undergone. Works of Art only have a right to the immunities and respects due to Art. I felt that the remedy for what RAPID complains of must lie in the hands of the RAPIDS themselves, quite as much as of the PUMPKINS. While the former produce pieces with so little of the character of true works of dramatic art that they can be thus handled, without falling to pieces altogether, and while they themselves are so dependent on the latter as to be unable to maintain their own rights and position, as inventors and creators—so long will the actor rule the author, or, in other words, so long will the model school the artist, and the tool give the law to the workman. While RAPIDS only write, PUMPKINS will rule—nay, I am not sure if their rule be not salutary, so far as RAPID's success is concerned, for at least they have experience and familiarity with the sources of routine effect, while he has less than they have of this, and little or nothing that they have not. Of course I didn't hint anything of this kind to RAPID. But it is a comfort to me to think he will read it. I have not the least expectation it will do him any good.

SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 3.

Old Lady. "WHAT IS IT, BOY?"

Boy. "PLEASE 'M—IT'S A PAIR OF WHITE SATING SHOES, AND THE LADY'S FAN WOT'S BIN MENDED—NAME OF MISS JULIER PEARLASH!"

Old Lady. "MISS!!!?????"

Voice from Area. "OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT, MUM. IT'S ME!"

Superfluously Strong Language.

MR. PELLATT, the other evening, mooted the question of substituting declarations for oaths. As anybody who believes in Christianity may reasonably object to do what it apparently forbids in black-or-white, the removal of all compulsion to swear is obviously requisite for liberty of conscience.

INSANE QUERY.

"A VOICE from Hanwell" asks, Why is a Thunderstorm in top-boots like a roasted Snowball? As orators say, we "pause for a reply."

COLLOQUY ON A CAB-STAND.

(*Adapted for the Boudoir.*)

"OH! WILLIAM," JAMES was heard to say—
JAMES drove a hackney cabriolet:
WILLIAM, the horses of his friend,
With hay and water used to tend.

"Now, tell me, WILLIAM, can it be,
That MAYNE has issued a decree,
Severe and stern, against us, planned
Of comfort to deprive our Stand?"

"I fear the tale is all too true,"
Said WILLIAM, "on my word I do."
Are we restricted to the Row
And from the footpath?" "Even so."

"Must our companions be resigned,
We to the Rank alone confined?"
"Yes; or they apprehend the lads
Denominated Bucks and Cads."

"Dear me!" cried JAMES, "how very hard!
And are we, too, from beer debarred?"
Said WILLIAM, "Whilst remaining here
We also are forbidden beer."

"Nor may we breathe the fragrant weed?"
"That 's interdicted too." "Indeed!"
"Nor in the purifying wave
Must we our steeds or chariots lave."

"For private drivers, at request,
It is SIR RICHARD MAYNE'S behest
That we shall move, I understand?"
"Such, I believe, *is* the command."

"Of all remains of food and drink
Left by our animals, I think,
We are required to clear the ground?"
"Yes: to remove them we are bound."

"These mandates should we disobey—"
"They take our licenses away."
"That were unkind. How harsh our lot!"
"It is indeed." "Now is it not?"

"Thus strictly why are we pursued?"
"It is alleged that we are rude;
The people opposite complain,
Our lips that coarse expressions stain."

"Law, how absurd!" "And then, they say
We smoke and tipple all the day,
Are oft in an excited state,
Disturbance, noise, and dirt create."

"What shocking stories people tell!
I never! Did you ever?—Well—
Bless them!" the Cabman mildly sighed.
"May they be blest!" his Friend replied.

THE HUMOURS OF CHANCERY.

UCH fun!" seems still to be the order of the day in the Courts of Equity. The sport is rather killing, perhaps; and though it is a joke to one set of parties (the lawyers), it may be death to another set (the suitors); but nevertheless we cannot resist the opportunity of calling attention, from time to time, to the humours of Chancery. Here, for instance, is a funny affair, the fun of which all but those who pay will perhaps be able to appreciate:—

"ATTORNEY-GENERAL *v.* BLACKBURN.

"The relator took these proceedings in consequence of a dissension between the congregation of a chapel and the Trustees; in consequence of which various Meetings had been held, and a person who had been chosen as Chairman was forcibly ejected from his seat, and another placed therein."

There does not seem a great deal to go to law about in a parish squabble; and one would think that the calling in of a single policeman might have preserved the peace; but No! for the report goes on to state that—

"MR. GLASSE and MR. DICKES appeared for the relator; MR. WIGRAM and MR. PEARSON for one set of Trustees, MR. TEED and MR. KYLE for the other set; MR. COLE for another party."

The "relator" must be a singular, or rather a dual personage, if it requires two counsel to represent him; and as he seems to have set the game going by rushing into Chancery, we should be inclined to regard him as an individual "divided against himself," and thus explaining the necessity for a couple of learned gents to embody him.

The Trustees, it seems, go in sets; and we should like to know which is the more precious set of the two—the "one set" represented by MESSRS. WIGRAM and PEARSON, or the "other set," for whom MESSRS. TEED and KYLE have consented to abandon their individuality. The cast of characters comprises also a kind of *persona muta*, under the rather indefinite appellation of "another party," of whom MR. COLE has kindly consented to take the part, though the name does not even appear in the Bill—an act of condescension on the part of MR. COLE, which is rarely found among performers of his great ability.

The whole affair seems to be one of those humorous *imbroglios* which are constantly got up, without regard to expense, in our Chancery Courts; and we cannot too much admire the liberality of those who are willing to pay a strong body of first-rate forensic talent, for the purpose of making themselves appear ridiculous in the eyes of the public in general.

JUSTICE FOR WOMEN.

MR. FITZROY deserves eternal honour for having taken up the cause of the ill-used Women, and asked, at the hands of Parliament, some of that protection for the weaker sex which is not denied to the brute species. Undoubtedly all who can feel for the "poor dumb animals" should sympathise with an ill-treated wife, who becomes too often "a poor dumb animal" in a Court of Justice, when called on to give her evidence against her tyrant. MR. PHINN, the very promising Member for Bath, recommends the addition of the humiliating punishment of flogging, in a clear case of brutality towards a woman, and we confess we are inclined to think that nothing can be too degrading for one who degrades himself in the manner alluded to. We have no doubt MR. PHINN speaks the honest sentiment of many a genuine Bath Chap, when he recommends the lash, as the only means of scoring quits upon the backs of those who think nothing of leaving the marks of their ferocity on the eyes and limbs of their helpless victims.

Touching a Cord.

THE price of hemp is rising fast in the Austrian part of Italy; where the hangmen begin to anticipate some difficulty in finding halters. We hope, however, for an obvious reason, that some means will be found to supply the Government with rope enough.

A BIT OF OUR MIND.—The best way to curb a wild young man is, decidedly, to bridal him.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 7.

CRISPIN, now a fellow of Christopher's, was a scholar of Margaret's in my time. He came from somewhere in Lancashire, I believe; he had a very broad provincial accent, and was very poor. He was liked by the Dons (except the Bursar, who was always having rows with him about his College bills), but no one could have been more unpopular with the youngsters. I recollect, with self reproach, how I abominated the very sight of him. He ran counter to all the special likes and dislikes of an undergraduate. He seemed to take a pleasure in being disagreeable to us. It would ill beseem me, in these strictly moral pages, to complain of his superhuman steadiness of study, or his miraculous regularity at chapel. Though it certainly was a little provoking to have him constantly cited as a model, or when one was shut up in a THUCYDIDES lecture to hear RICKARDS drawling out, "Take it, MR. CRISPIN, as no one seems able to make anything of the passage." (Hang that RICKARDS!) But CRISPIN was personally odious to us. His habits might be described as young BLAZER of *H.M.S. Thunderbomb* hit off the manners and customs of the Polynesian islanders in his journal, "Manners, none; customs, disgusting." You know, CHARLEY, how fond undergraduates are of soap and water and clean shirts, not to mention emphatic coats and waistcoats. You needn't blush, I was not alluding to that cheerful suit of tartan which you adorn at this moment. Well, CRISPIN, as I firmly believe, never washed himself. BULFINCH and I enclosed him a pound of soap once, with our compliments, as a Valentine. He used to put on a clean shirt on Sundays, and a fresh collar in the middle of the week, turning the old one down, as was plainly visible across the street. Sitting next him in Hall on Saturday was no joke, I can tell you. Then his clothes, the monstrous conception of a provincial artist, were always in the extremity of dirt, grease, and seediness. But, to see him eat, my dear fellow, shovelling cobbage, as he pronounced it, into his mouth, like coals into a cellar! I draw a veil over such horrors. Poor LESLIE VAVASOR was carried out unwell the first time he witnessed the banquet of this POLYPHEMUS. Then, we thought him awfully stingy. He never would subscribe to the boat or the cricket club—he never rowed or played, he said. You know the half-crown a term charged for condiments in the battels: well, he actually wanted to be let off that item, on the ground that he wasn't fond of pepper and salt. That was rather strong, wasn't it? He never gave a party unless he had some other Lancashire man in to tea and improving conversation. There is a story of his having got through all the hot water on one of these festive occasions, and, after a few minutes' silent thought, shouting, "Never mind the expense, let's have another kettle." I am not sure that he didn't put his back to the door and say that no one should leave the room till they had floored the new supply. Well, you know, we hated the fellow, and as he went stumping along in a pair of highlows, with a chum, talking moral philosophy or the history of Greece in Trinity Meadow, he was the object of general derision.

But now, CHARLEY, mark the end of this. He went on toiling, and though not above the average in abilities (he had not half the wit that you have, you idle vagabond), he got a first class and a fellowship at Christopher's. Moreover, he makes five hundred a year by pupils, lives some months on the Continent every Long Vacation, and is better off than a man in town with his thousands. And it is wonderful how success has improved him. He gives breakfasts and dinners, and does it pretty well for a man that is not used to it. He looks decently clean now, and seems to brush his hair, and in his Anglo Catholic waistcoat and neat white tie, really has somewhat the air of a gentleman. Here he comes outside a horse which he bought of TOPPING for thirty pounds. Not much of an animal in the eyes of a connoisseur like CODLINGS, but to his taste just the thing. Yes, it is a straight-shouldered leggy brute, as you say, but it is quiet, and suits his style of riding. Certainly, he does not sit him as MR. MASON would; but don't laugh at him, Sir. He has done what you and I could not do in a century: with everything against him, he has made his fortune by hard labour, and, if you will, parsimonious thrift. But he is a hero in his way, and heroes, you know, generally have to go through a little dirt.

Filthy Lucre.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Household Words*, speaking from experience of the delights which our intending Emigrants will find awaiting them at the Diggings, says, by way of finish—

"They will have to eat dirt, drink dirt, breathe dirt, get only dirty water to wash in (and but little of that), and have their souls obscured in clouds of dust, and clouds of dirt during the whole period of their labours."

Well: nobody after this will deny, we think, that in Australia at least "money is dirt."

A SHORT CRITICISM OF LORD MAIDSTONE'S DELUGE.—Rather watery.

A JESUIT.—The "Area Sneak" of religion.

VERY ODD!

Lecturer on Electro-Biology. "NOW, SIR! YOU CAN'T JUMP OVER THAT STICK! AHEM!"
Subject. "JUMP? EH! UGH! LOR BLESS ME, JUMP? NO, I KNOW I CAN'T—NEVER COULD JUMP—UGH!"
Thunders of Applause from the Gentlemen in the cane-bottom chairs—(i.e. believers).

"WONDERFUL THINGS."

A NEW weekly periodical was announced a short time since, called *Wonderful Things*. We thought at the time its title was a taking one, and knowing what a large majority of readers are caught by a title quite as readily as a plebeian *millionaire*, we remember that we laid a mental wager with ourselves that our contemporary would soon enjoy a circulation only second to our own. We fear, however, that our bet was pretty nearly as unsafe as if we had made it at a Betting Office; for beyond the publication of the first two numbers, we have seen no advertisement of our predicted rival since. We can hardly think it could have failed from any want of "copy," for on a subject so prolific almost any pen could write. Here, for instance, are a text or two which might be easily dilated on, and which with our usual philanthropy we freely offer for the use of any used-up contributor. Nobody out of Bedlam will deny, we think, that among "Wonderful Things" we may fairly class the following:—

A Cab which is not a vehicle of abuse.
A so-called "Quiet" Street without a barrel-organ in it.
A "Quart" Bottle of Beer that you can squeeze above a couple of half-pint glasses out of.
A Lodging-house Knife that will cut.
A Government Steamer which can be at sea a whole week without being forced to put back for repairs.
A Dress Circle whose centre is discoverable without a sixpence to the box-keeper.
A Punctual Railway Train.
A Glass of Thames water that you can drink without deodorising.
An "Alarming Sacrifice" where the process of selling does not invariably include the purchaser.
A Statue which the British Nation need not blush to godfather.
A Carpet-Bag or Omnibus that it is possible to fill.
A Clean Street in the City, or one not under repair.
A "Warranted Foreign" Cigar which you may not safely bet is cabbaged from a London market-garden.
A New Orleans Paper without the advertisement of a Slave Sale in it.
A Homœopathic Practice which is not quite a *sine-cure*.
An Umbrella which has not been borrowed.
An Area that for four-and-twenty hours has been innocent of a policeman.
A Betting-Office, where whatever horse you wish to back, you may not safely calculate on being "taken"—in.

We are forced to break off here from our usual "want of space"—a want that we are always pretty sure to feel whenever we are not inclined to be diffuse. But we think we have already said enough to show that the Catalogue of "Wonderful Things" would be about as difficult a thing to finish, as the Catalogue of the Library at the British Museum itself.

Imposition and Humbug Market.

BUSINESS in some lines is rather heavy; in others may be considered looking up. Spiritual Rappers are quoted at £1 1*s.*; but are in small demand. Transactions in Astrology continue to take place at from 10*s.* to £5 5*s.* for cash, principally by private negociation; and over the water, ZADKIEL is understood to be inquired for, under the name of SMITH; but as regards purchasers the market is flat. Electro-biology is rather inanimate; though a few provincials have been done at from 1*s.* In animal magnetism, French *séances* are given from 11 to 4 at a premium, with medical advice and experiences of high phenomena of the human mind: and partial sales of considerable magnitude have been effected amongst the higher classes at the West End.

A Rabid French Conundrum.

The Rabid Question. Who was the first man, according to a Frenchman's notions, who ever ate mushrooms?

The Rabid Answer. ICARUS, when he tried the sham-pinions (*champignons*).

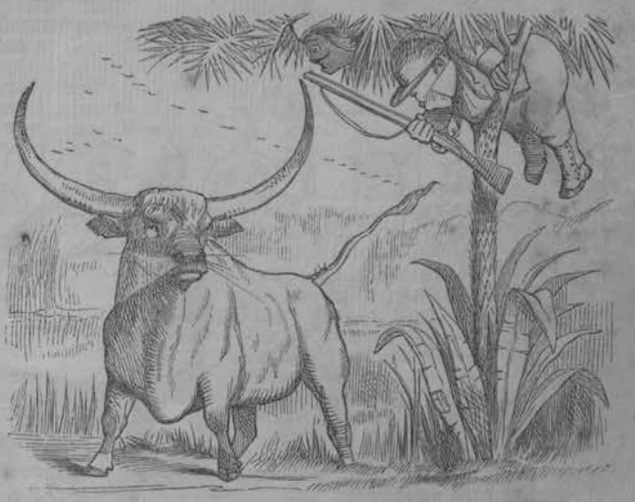
GREAT CIVIC BANQUET FOR THE MIND.—The LORD MAYOR and the civic authorities, at the motion of MR. ANDERTON in Common Council, are actually bestirring themselves to get up a Free Library in the City. This is a fact which—we hope, at least—speaks volumes.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, March 19th, 1853.

HOW MR. PETER PIPER TRIED HIS HAND AT BUFFALO-SHOOTING.

NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.—PART 2.

TERRIFIC DESCENT OF A HERD OF BUFFALOES. MR. PETER PIPER IS SEIZED WITH A PANIC—



—AND WITH CONSIDERABLE DIFFICULTY CLIMBS INTO A TREE FOR SAFETY. PECULIARLY PERPLEXING POSITION OF MR. PETER PIPER.

BUT A WELL-DIRECTED SECOND BARREL SETTLES THE MATTER SATISFACTORILY, AND MR. PETER PIPER "KNOCKS OVER" THE "MONSTER" IN GALLANT STYLE.

HAVING SECURED THE SKIN AND HORNS AS TROPHIES OF HIS PROWESS, MR. PETER PIPER RETURNS TO BURHAMPOOR IN A TRIUMPHANT MANNER.

OUR HONEYMOON.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 18—.

I THINK, the very finest morning since we left home. Perfect May is all about us: and what an air of happiness throughout the cabin of a house. The old mother, with her heart in her face, looks like a beautiful old picture: and the young wife, though she *can't talk*—as she says—beaming with thanks. Baby itself has caught the happiness, and stares and crows with all its might. Such a sweet little creature! FRED asks—in his odd way—if I shouldn't like to take it home? And JOSEPHINE ventured to wonder—if she may be so bold—how I can see so much in *that* baby? Never thought I cared for babies.

Dear FREDERICK; he takes—or rather he won't take, won't have them—all the thanks, and prayers, and praises of the poor folks, as if he had no right to them whatever; as if he had undergone no danger—risked nothing; when I'm told the passage was terrible, and with such a tide and wind, it was quite a miracle he got home till this morning: when he'd have found me dead, I'm sure—yes, to have lived out another night would have been impossible. I know myself, and it *couldn't* be.

And now we are to go back to the White Hart. I can't help thinking that we've had enough of the White Hart; indeed, I *do* feel a little tired, and shall be so glad when we've *settled* at home. That dear "*Flitch*"—for FRED says, "*Flitch*" it must remain; though again and again I've told him it's open to a joke, as mamma says, and people should never begin the world with a joke; it isn't what the world likes or thinks respectable—that dear "*Flitch*" shall be such a bower! as FRED says, such a Garden of Eden for the tea-tree.

Ten days! We've been married ten days, and that's only a third of the time we're to be away. Only a third! Well, after all, though one mustn't say so, I don't see why people should go away for a whole month; especially, too, with a home like ours empty and waiting for us. I said as much to FRED early this morning. "*To be sure!*" said he, "very right, darling. We'll go back on Monday." *Not for millions*, said I, to myself. For of course, I know what envious folks would say; we had become tired of one another, and wanted to get back for better company. I did hint as much as *that* to FRED: but he's such an odd, dear creature. "Ha, LOTTY," said he, "what a beautiful world this would be, if there was no world!" What did he mean? but when I don't understand, I always think he means the best: at least I try, like a good wife, to do so.

Well, the carriage is ready, and we say good bye. How the good souls cried about us! Where have the people come from? Such a gathering of men, and women, and shouting children! And our hostess will make me take a set of such lovely shells; if I will only be so good as to put 'em somewhere on a shelf at home when I'm far away, that if she may be so bold as to hope so, I may sometimes think of 'em, *and*

baby. The old mother has quite stript the garden and lays such a nosegay on my lap. And now we're off, and the folks shout, and the women of the house wave their hands, and the fisherman holds up the baby high above his head—dear little soul!—to take a last look at us.

The weather itself is happiness; and the country seems to feel it and enjoy it. The hedges are white with hawthorn, and there seems a blessing in the very air. A day, when one's heart opens and loves all the world. As the carriage rolls along, I could shut my eyes, and almost dream we were travelling to Fairy-land.

How soon the miles are run over, and here again the White Hart. I don't know; but it looks colder, duller since we've been away. FRED sees I think so. "Very well, LOTTY," says he, "we'll have a calm, quiet to-morrow, and then on Monday we'll strike our tent and go—"

"Where, FRED?"

"We'll go—why, we'll go home. Yes, LOTTY, we'll show how much we love one another by not caring for the world, and going direct to our fireside. We'll take our flight on Monday, and folding our wings, like pigeons, descend into the garden of the '*Flitch*.'"

"I should like it above all things, but what would *people* say, FRED?"

"My love, when you took this man for your wedded husband," says FRED, his hand towards himself, "you certainly deceived me and violated that serious engagement, if at the same time you married anybody of the outside world. Wedding-rings, my love, are only made for one." But he *is* such an odd creature. "Yes; on Tuesday we'll take our supper with our toes at our own hearth."

"I should be delighted, FRED; and as for the world, love, I hope I'm now above it."

"I know you are, LOTTY; and, therefore, we'll go home and—"

"But the paint, dear! For as for what one's acquaintance would say, why happiness, as you have beautifully told me—happiness grows at our own fireside, and is not to be picked in strangers' gardens—and therefore, I'd go home with delight, love; but consider the new paint—"

"That's something," said FRED, looking in my eyes, and laughing. "Yes: I'd forgotten the paint."

(I own it: I was grateful for the paint, because, not that I should have minded it, but I know what people would have said, if we'd come home before the month. Tired of one another, of course; no resources in our own hearts, and must fly to the world. Yes: I *was* thankful for the paint.)

"Well then, I tell you what, LOTTY," said FRED. "We'll hold a bed of justice and—"

"A what? FRED!"

"A bed of justice, love," repeated FRED, very seriously, so I couldn't laugh, "and determine where we shall go. Or, to make it shorter, there is a globe in the drawing-room, and we'll give it a turn or two, and with our eyes shut, so choose. Or, what is better still, we'll go straight over the way," and FRED pointed to the coast of France that, in the clearness of the day, is quite distant and bright.

"That will be beautiful," said I. "France! Well, that will be a surprise to Mamma and Mary and Margaret; and I'll bring 'em all back a beautiful—"

"My love," said FRED: "my ever dear LOTTY;" and he placed his arm round my waist and drew me close to him, rumpling all my curls about his shoulder, "my rose, my pigeon, and my pearl,"—(what *was* he going to say?)—"in taking you from your native British Isle to introduce you to our natural enemies—as philosophers speak of rats and cats—to our natural enemies, you must not forget your duties and your rights as an English matron."

"Well, FRED," said I, "I hope I know my duties; but"—and I did laugh—"what are my rights?"

"Bone of my bone"—replied FRED, very gravely—"don't be impatient. Learn and practise your duties; and as for your rights, why, leave them to come as best they may. Right, my love, is a plant of slow growth. You can't tell how long justice herself was a baby at the breast of Truth, before justice could run alone. As for women's rights, my forlorn one, they were sent into the world somewhere, but certain philosophers believe—and I confess myself one of them—believe that women's rights have been frozen in the North-West passage. Who knows? They may drift back again at the great thaw."

I didn't understand a word; and so I nodded. "But then," said I; "about France and—"

"And that brings me back to my exhortation. Sweetest daughter of Eve—"

"Don't be foolish, FRED," said I.

"Bud of Eden and chosen floweret for my button-hole—"

It was of no use to interrupt—so I let him go on.

"Before we quit our beloved Albion, it is necessary—it is most essential, my darling, to our future peace, and the perennial growth of our fireside flowers—(and without thorn the rose)—that we should come to a serious understanding; should ratify a solemn compact between us."

"What!—another!" said I, and I know I laughed.

"Another. Being man and wife—"

"I should think that sufficient," was my very courageous remark.

"Being man and wife, we should have nothing hidden from each other—"

"I hope not; indeed, FREDERICK, I am sure *not*. One soul!" was my exclamation.

"Very true: one soul in two dwellings. Because where there is secresy in married life, especially when visiting France—"

"But why, visiting France above all places?" I asked.

"Or rather, when leaving France," continued FRED, looking at me very earnestly; "the result *may* to the feelings of a husband be most distressing. Imagine, my beloved LOTTY, what would be my emotions as your husband if—if the wife of my bosom were found out."

"Found out! my dear;" and I *was* mystified.

"Found out, my love: for I know too well—it is impossible it should be otherwise—the guilty thought that possessed you. I saw it tinging your cheek, lightening in your eye—"

"Guilty thought!" and I was fast becoming serious—angry.

"Put it from you—crush it—annihilate it—"

"Now, FREDERICK," said I, and I drew myself with a sudden twitch from him, "I'll have no more of this: I won't listen to another word, until you tell me what you mean. Found out! Guilty thought! I ask what you mean?" and I threw myself back in a chair, and was ready to cry, but wouldn't.

"I mean this, my dear. You allow with me that there should be nothing secret between man and wife?"

"Most certainly."

"That there should be nothing hidden?"

"No—to be sure not: of course not."

"Very well, love; on that understanding I will take you to France."

"But why on *that* understanding?"

"Because, when we leave it—strong in your principles—you will scorn smuggling."

Now, I don't think 'twould ever have entered my head, if he hadn't named it.

MOTIVES FOR GOING INTO PARLIAMENT.

"I Would have been very grateful for some small appointment, and all have their motives for going into Parliament, I suppose."

Such was the avowal made before an Election Committee the other day by a too candid candid-ate. He would have gone into Parliament for the sake of a "small appointment" for himself, at the risk of no small dis-appointment to his confiding constituents. "All have their motives," no doubt, for becoming Members of the House of Commons, but all are not so very forward in avowing their motives as the individual to whom this blunt declaration is attributed.

We might certainly be puzzled to find out what motives some people could possibly have had in going into Parliament, for they get no appointment and are in every way "out of place" in the House of Commons. Some probably enter the Legislature with "patriotic motives," but there are many who, if they knew their country's true interest as well as they think they do their own, would, from the purest "patriotic motives," keep out of Parliament altogether.

Judicial Experience in Ireland.

AT the late Kerry Assizes, as *Saunders's Newsletter* states, JUDGE PERRIN had a narrow escape; a fellow on being sentenced to two years' hard labour for robbery, having flung a stone of two pounds' weight at his head—and nearly hit it. MR. JUSTICE PERRIN will now, perhaps, rather better than when he charged the Grand Jury of Clare, understand what it is for soldiers to be pelted by a mob.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

THERE is a COLONEL DICKSON who is just now complaining very loudly of his treatment by the DERBY Government, after services alleged to have been rendered to "the party" by that gallant individual. We would recommend to the consideration of disappointed men in general the wholesome truth, that they who consent to be occasionally "used" must expect to be sometimes "ill-used."

ENGLAND A NATION OF MASQUERADERS.

WE were not aware that Englishmen were clever at masquerading. On the contrary, we thought they were heavy, dull, mutish, and had no talent, or face, for wearing a mask. But we were wrong—for listen to MONSIEUR EDMOND TEXIER, an Anglo-maniacal *feuilletoniste* in the *Siècle*:

"The continental Englishman—the Englishman one sees in Paris—is not the same person as the Englishman in England, and especially in London. Englishmen have a mask which they leave at Dover when they embark, and which they put on again when they return home."

Now we have often been at Dover, but were not aware of this practice. The quantity of masks which must be stored up in the Castle—considering it has been computed there are always near upon a million Englishmen, residents or travelling, in France—must be more than sufficient to turn every cannon-ball in the arsenal into a *Bal Masqué*, and to convert every Battery along the coast into a masked one.

Who is the storekeeper, we wonder, of this extraordinary *dépôt* of masks? Is it NATHAN?—or the authors of *Masks and Faces?*—or has the redoubtable JULLIEN been appointed the Master-General of this new description of Ordnance. We can only say, that if the Englishmen do take off their masks, before visiting France, it is a great pity they do not keep them on, for the race of English one meets in Paris, staring *gobemouche*-fashion about them, look generally as happy as the class of Frenchmen we encounter, with their hands in their pockets, patrolling in gangs of threes and fours and more round Leicester Square. It is a *mille-tonnerres* of a pity that, on landing at Dover, they had not thought of putting on the masks which the English had left behind them, for undoubtedly the poor *Mounseers* would have looked all the happier for the change. However, whenever we are leaving Dover, we shall enquire where we are to deposit our mask, so that we may know where to apply for it again on returning from France.

By the bye, this habit of our countrymen taking off their faces previous to leaving their country may account for their coming back with such totally different countenances—so disguised in hair—so continentalised with beards and moustaches—that they are scarcely recognisable by their dearest friends as being the same humble JOHN-SMITH persons. MONS. EDMOND TEXIER has kindly explained a metamorphosis which the great OVID himself would have experienced as great a difficulty as ourselves in accounting for.

CONSOLIDATING THE LAW.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR privately informed *Mr. Punch* the other afternoon, and then, by that gentleman's advice, publicly apprised the House of Lords that the consolidation of the laws was actually in hand, and that "a few easy subjects" had been just taken, in order that "specimens" of the work might be laid before Parliament. *Mr. Punch* immediately sent several of MR. PICKFORD's vans for a small portion of the statutes, and amused himself during the rest of the evening by reducing a few tons of law to something like sense. He is happy to offer his labours as guides for his friend the CHANCELLOR's consolidators.

BEER.—All the Acts to be burned. Any person may brew and sell, and no person may adulterate or give short measure. Any complaint to be instantly referred to a jury of twelve medical students. Punishment for adulteration—swallowing two gallons of the offensive fluid. For short measure, confiscation of stock in trade to the use of the jury and the poor.

GAME.—All the Acts to be burned. Any person who occupies, or has the occupier's leave, may shoot. Anybody else to come under trespass law. No person to buy game in Newgate Street, put his seal over the beak, and send it to a lady as the pick of a capital day at the Dook's. Penalty—exposure in the pages of *Punch*.

ECCLESIASTICAL.—All the Acts to be burned, and all the Courts likewise. All the wills to be re-bound and indexed, and placed in a room in the British Museum, with a catalogue, the preparation of which MR. PANIZZI is expressly ordered not to hinder by meddling with it. Marriage licences to be obtained at the *Punch* Office, free of charge, on the personal application of the bride only—if young: by letter—if advanced in life. Divorces will for the future be unnecessary, as no marriage licences will be issued to any persons who are likely to misconduct themselves.

WOMAN.—*Mr. Punch* has been unable to find any act for the protection of this article. He suggests as heads for an act, that all assaults upon her should be punished by hard labour (reading the *Morning Herald*, in a very bad case), low diet, and flogging. That a reciprocal duty should be imposed upon her of being tolerably civil, except when too much put upon. He would suggest that a mother-in-law be licensed, like a cab, and not permitted to take up her station in any inhabited house without written permission from the son-in-law, signed elsewhere than at home, and attested by two bachelor acquaintances. No husband to be responsible for his wife's debts, unless contracted in his presence. Any person convicted of sending circulars announcing "Great Sacrifices," or "Awful Bankruptcy," to have five years at the treadmill.

EXCISE.—All the Acts to be burned. All the duties taken off, and the deficiency supplied by a just property tax, by economy, and by tremendous duties, to be imposed on Parliamentary speeches of more than ten minutes, advertising vans, British cigars, quack advertisements, sales of Church preferment, railway collisions, Protectionist articles, fancy shirts, smoke from furnaces, priests interfering in elections (Irish to be charged double, as doubly mischievous), acrobats who employ children, crossed letters from ladies, underdone salmon, overdone beef, poems by LORD MAIDSTONE, theatrical box-keepers, thieves' attorneys, the Court of Chancery, and the dealers in marine stores, with some other nuisances of which *Mr. Punch* will be prepared to hand in a schedule when MR. GLADSTONE takes the Bill into committee.

THE LAST KICK OF FOP'S ALLEY.

AIR—"*Weber's Last Waltz.*"

My wawst feaws are wealised; the Op'wa is na maw,
And the wain of DONIZETTI and TAPSICHOWE are aw!
No entapwising capitalist bidding faw the lot,
In detail at last the pwopaty is being sold by SCOTT.

Fahwell to *Anna Bolena;* to *Nauna*, oh, fahwell!
Adieu to *La Sonnambula!* the hamma wings haw knell:
I Puwitani, too, must cease a cwowded house to dwaw,
And they 've knocked down lovely *Lucia*, the *Bwide of Lammamaw*.

Fahwell the many twinkling steps; fahwell the gwaceful fawm
That bounded o'er the wose-beds, and that twipped amid the stawm;
Fahwell the gauze and muslin—doomed to load the Hebwew's bags;
Faw the *Times* assauts the wawdwobe went—just fancy—as old wags!

That ev'wy thing that's bwight must fade, we know is yewy twue,
And now we see what subluawy glowwy must come to;
How twue was MAIDSTONE's pwophecy; the Deluge we behold
Now that HAW MAJESTY's Theataw is in cawse of being sold!

Quite an Election Treat.

LOOKING at the result of most of the Election petitions, we are more pleased than we can express, in noticing that "Money" not only "causes the mare to go," but, when used in matters of bribery, likewise "causes the M.P. to go"—about his business.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

WE are not at all surprised at the result of the inquiry into the Derby Election. To us there is a something in the very name of HORS(E)FALL which seems obviously to intimate that its owner would be unseated.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

Cabman. "WANT A CAB, SIR? TAKE YER ANYVERE, ANY DISTANCE, ANY PRICE, AND WHEN YER PLEASE! TROT YER DOWN TO VITECHAPEL, OR 'ACKNEY, OR SPIN YER ALONG LIKE ONE O'CLOCK TO HEGHAM, STAINES, OR WINDSOR."

THAT DREADFUL TAX—THE ATTORNIES'.

THAT long-suffering body of men—(they have not always been decorously denominated a body, but simply limbs—limbs of the law)—the London and pastoral Attornies, have again appealed to Parliament to be relieved of that most wicked, most uncharitable, most degrading tax, the tax on the yearly certificate for elucidating to simple, foolish folk, the many obscurities that will now and then (are there not spots in the sun, and spots on a leopard!) blot an Act of Parliament. Tax Attornies! Why not tax finger-posts that direct belated people on the proper primrose-path?

We confess it: year after year have we witnessed the noble efforts of that combined—but most persecuted—body of men, the metropolitan and rural Attornies, to relieve themselves of the soul-crushing yearly certificate—£12 for a London Attorney, £8 for the Attorney among the far-off daisies. This session they have girded their loins with red-tape, and come up very strong indeed to Parliament. They have put a bolder face upon the matter than they were wont to do; even as a door-plate may receive a brighter burnish. They have too long been persecuted. Tread upon a worm, and continue to tax an Attorney, and both will turn—especially the Attorney.

It is quite right that certain folks of vulgar callings should pay a tax; because they make sordid profit of their business. Whereas the Attorney is a professional man; a guide, philosopher, and friend; a pillar of light—of blue light. Well, when the window-tax went, we thought, as a logical deduction, the Attorney-tax must go after it. But, it appears, we have yet to fight the battle of pure intellect ("without prejudice").

Let us take a few—only a few—of the individuals required to pay for a license to exercise their daily calling, and we shall at once be struck—it may be struck almost insensible, for such *will* be the blow—with the injustice committed upon Attornies.

Hawkers and Pedlars pay £4 per annum; and very right, for they make their money by selling the worst of bargains. Now, the Attorney brings law, like cat's-meat, to your door; and will sell you even a penn'orth.

Card-makers pay £50 a year. Right again. Cards are an element of chance; now nothing is more certain than the bill of an Attorney.

Medicine vendors pay £2 per annum. Very proper. But why should law pay, seeing that law has no bowels?

Poulterers who sell game pay £2 10*s*. And so they ought: they sell the game unplucked. Whereas the Attorney plucks his game to hand, often leaving it without a single feather.

We might—but we will not—multiply illustrations to show the horror of that dreadful Tax—the Attornies'.

"HE'S BEEN AND GONE AND DONE IT!"

IN the *Times* of March 16th., we read the following lucid explanation, which is certainly worthy of a Member of Parliament:

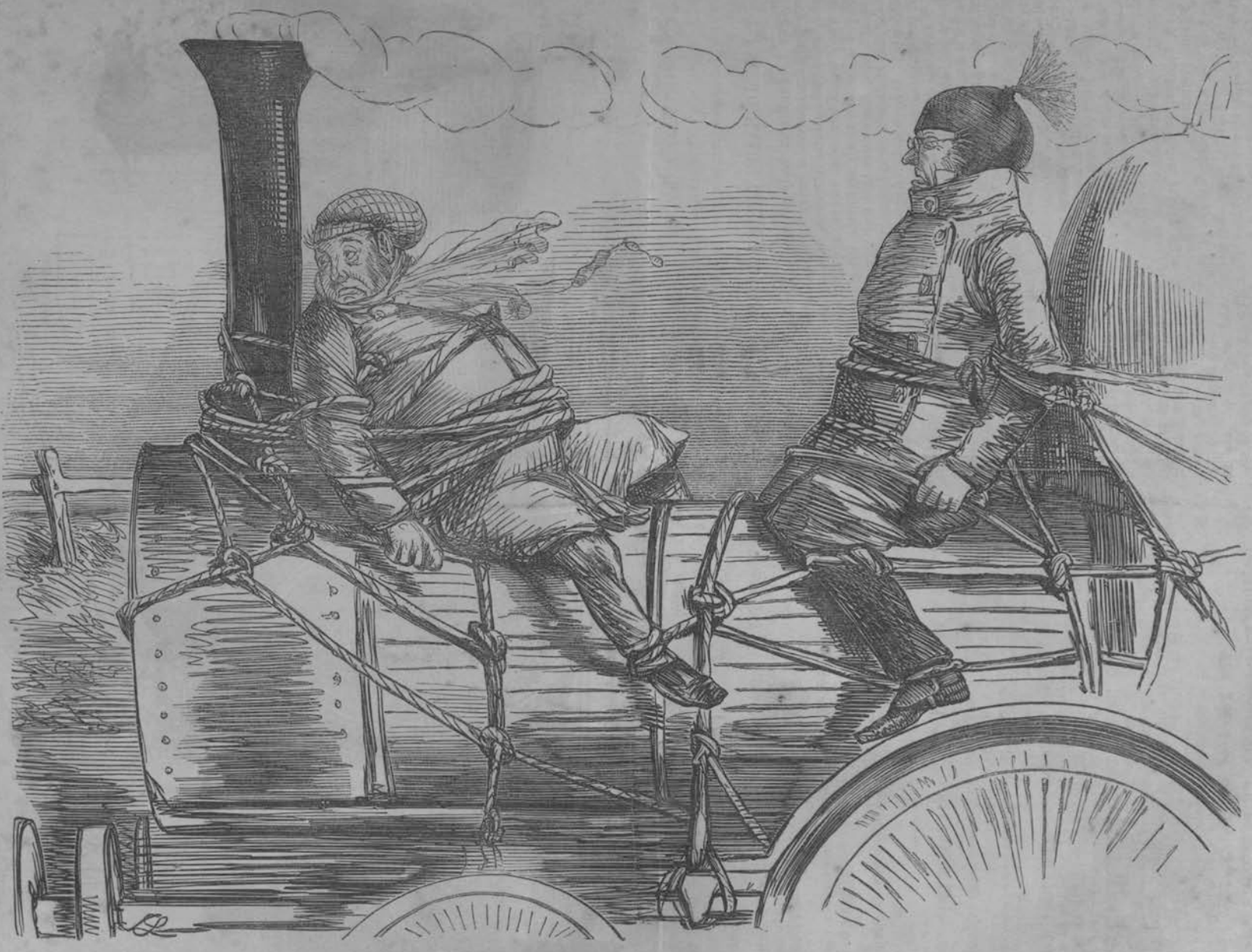
"We are requested by SIR J. FORSTER FITZGERALD, Member for the County of Clare, to state that the vote he gave in favour of a new writ for Bridgenorth was *in consequence of his having gone on the wrong side of the House.*"

Poor misguided M.P.! We can imagine he must have laughed rather on the wrong side of his mouth when he found out he had been voting "on the wrong side of the House." But we should like to know how many votes have been thrown away—how many ministries have been thrown out—from precisely the same cause. Why there's no doubt the Derbyites would still be in power, and that MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI would be at the present moment our Caucasian Leader, if their votes had not been given, like that of poor SIR J. FITZGERALD, "on the wrong side of the House."

The Force of Habit.

MR. GLADSTONE was once asked by a little boy to tell him something about CERBERUS, when the great orator, clearing his throat, eloquently began: "Why, my little dear, we must divide the subject into three heads." The little boy instinctively ran out of the room.

MOTTO FOR THE TOMB OF ITALIAN LIBERTY.—Insurgam!



HOW TO INSURE AGAINST RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

TIE A COUPLE OF DIRECTORS *À LA MAZEPPA* TO EVERY ENGINE THAT STARTS WITH A TRAIN.

MARCH 26, 1853.

A PLACE UNDER GOVERNMENT.

COLONEL DICKSON, the irate ex-candidate for Norwich, complains that after he lost his election the HOME SECRETARY refused to see him, though he, the Colonel, had been informed that he was to have the salaried chairmanship of a Commission, and that "the Sewers had been kept open for him." Of the gallant Colonel's fitness to avail himself of such an opening, we have nothing to say, though he, himself, appears to regret that he did not find his way to the Sewers, in pursuance of what, at one time, seemed to be the Government estimate of his capacity. Considering the amount of corruption that floats about during a general election, and for which the party in power is expected to provide place, the keeping open of the Sewers seems to be a very prudent arrangement. It is to be hoped that if Government took advantage of the Sewers, as a provision for electoral corruption, there has been a sufficient "flushing" of them since, or they would be found to be in a very unwholesome condition.

THE SALE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE SPEECH OF THE AUCTIONEER.

MY noble Lords and Gentlemen,—I'm in the proud condition
Of offering this morning, to public competition,
The scenery, machinery, the armour, swords, and spears,
The organ and the wardrobe, fixtures and chandeliers,
The grates, the chairs, the cisterns, the tables small and greater,
Forming the whole effects within HER MAJESTY'S Theatre.
Now bring the lots on porters' knots, and boldly bid away:
For "Thirty devil's dresses" tell me! what shall I say?
The catalogue says "various?" The catalogue says true,
They seem to be of every shade, but chiefly devils blue.
Give me a bidding—anything? How fearfully you eye them;
The deuce is in the dresses still, for nobody will buy them.
But here's a very useful Lot!—a bidding I entreat!—
How much for "Two ghosts' dresses," with satin shoes complete?
What, only half-a-crown the two!—that hole 's not done by moths—
Three shillings! Thank you—half their price as common table-cloths!
But here's a Lot to which my mind with confidence reverts—
A very useful Lot indeed—"Six dozen ballet shirts."
To any country gentleman they'd really be a prize:
A happy peasant ready-made a ballet shirt supplies.
All agricultural distress a Lot like this puts down—
Going—going—gone at two and six—they're yours at half-a-crown.
Now here's a valuable Lot! Nine baskets full of flowers,
The very thing for any one in want of blissful bowers.
Four shillings! Did I ever see a sacrifice like this?
What—no advance? Does nobody want an abode of bliss?
Oh, what an opportunity the present meeting scorns!
Perhaps, gentlemen, you're not aware, these roses have no thorns.
If no one makes me an advance, I really knock it down;
'Tis giving property away. They 're yours, Sir, at a crown.
The next Lot is a precious lot of interesting things—
"Four trophies, six-and-twenty snakes, with thirty pair of wings;"
This is, in fact, three Lots in one: if separately sold,
The trophies, singly, should have fetched nearly their weight in gold!
But since 'tis so, it can't be helped—a bidding, if you please.
A gent asks what the trophies are? Caddies, I think, for teas!
"They can't be opened!" some one says. Defects we will not blink,
It may have been the stand that held *Lucrezia Borgia's* ink;
As to the snakes, I'm authorised to state before their sale
That six of them are wanting heads—one, is without a tail.
The wings I 'm told are sylphides'; the pair of finer gauze
Were worn by TAGLIONI with thunders of applause.
What for the Lot? Three shillings, Sir? The sum I blush to name.
What, no advance! They 're yours, Sir, then; and thank you all the same.
Next Lot is p'rhaps the prettiest lot in all the morning's sale,
Described as "Twenty banners mix'd, flags, and a peacock's tail."
The banners their allegiance most cunningly divide,
And represent a separate house upon each separate side.
What shall I say just to begin?—the beauty is immense.
Ten pounds! A shilling. Thank you, Sir! Will none say eighteen-pence?
Four shillings! Why, the peacock's tail is worth as much again;
But I must knock them down, alas! Now, how much for the rain?
'Tis suitable for any wind—north-easter or sou-wester—
You recollect its great effect in HALÉVY'S *Tempesta*.
Some gentleman said half-a-crown!—the rain for two and six!
Will no one help to send it up? How very low it sticks,
Almost an element entire going for no price at all:
A wag observes, in rain of late there's been a fearful fall.
What, no advance? Then down it goes. Now for the wind and crash,
The very same that used to send *Ninus's* tomb to smash.
What shall I say for crash and wind? I think there's been a blunder,
The wind ought not to have been sold separate from the thunder.
One shilling only for the wind!—how lowly you appraise it;
I only hope that none of you will ever have to raise it.
A shilling for the wind! 'Tis gone!—that gentleman in black;
He says he 'll take it with him now; hoist it upon his back.
Next Lot comes from a little room the scene of great events,
To competition I submit the Treasury's contents.
And first a nest of pigeon-holes. A shilling!—bid again;
Two shillings! Thank you, p'rhaps the nest a nest-egg may contain.
Does any one advance on two?—some one said half-a-crown—
'Tis yours, Sir; you have really bought the cheapest thing in town.
The next Lot is an iron chest. Bid something now in reason—
The purchaser will find in it the profits of last season.
Its state will show the miseries a manager environ,
'Twould really melt a heart of steel to see his chest of iron.
A pound. I thank you! Knock it down; the truth must be confest,
Often the singer's highest note comes from the manager's chest.
Now for the painting-room: This Lot includes "Cut wood and cavern,
Island of Cyprus; vestibule *Ninos'* abode and tavern"—
A pound the Lot! A gentleman asks if it's understood
Whether the Lot includes the right of game in the "cut wood?"
Two pounds are bid! Why, *Ninos'* house is worth some eight or nine;
The tavern may be opened in any other line.
Going at two pounds! Will no one then another shilling say?
It seems I 'm only here to give the property away.
Now! here 's a Lot, for which, indeed, attention I implore,
"Two water ripples and a roof, a chamber and sea-shore;"
The ripples are so natural I think I hear them play;
For ripples, chamber, roof and shore, what will you let me say?
A pound the lot! Why, gentlemen, this really is a sin!
Who says the roof 's not water-proof, and lets the ripples in?
Two pounds are bid; in summer time you 'll save the sum or more,
For who need go to the sea-side, having just bought sea-shore.
Two guineas! Thank you, Sir; although—the honest truth to speak—
You 'd pay as much at Margate, Sir, in lodgings for a week.
And now the greatest Lot of all—that painting of renown,
The curtain, which has, in its time, seen many an up and down.
But really—no one bids at all! This sale 'tis time to stop,
So, porter, don't put up the lot, but let the curtain drop.

FENCES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

IN the late revelations of Bribery, it is astonishing how plenteously have figured the names of MAJORS and COLONELS. This is either not very creditable to HER MAJESTY'S service, or it is very creditable to Bribery. If officers and gentlemen were found to be extensively mixed up in dishonest stockjobbing, for instance, or in thimble-rig, would thimble-rig and stockjobbing, likewise, reflect disgrace on, or derive respectability from, gentlemen and officers?

It would seem that

> "The name of Major honours this corruption,
> And chastisement doth, therefore, hide his head,"

officers and gentlemen being only "guilty of bribery through their agents"—as JONATHAN WILD was guilty of theft.

ALARMING ELEVATION OF SPIRITS.—Brandy has just risen twenty-five per Cent!!!

OFF SHE GOES, AND BACK SHE COMES.

THERE seems to be a prospect of replacing the *Australian* by the purchase of a ship, which is at present in the market, and which would probably be found a very fitting substitute for the ill-fated vessel alluded to. We beg to refer the Australian Mail Company to the catalogue of the properties of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, in which the last lot of the Ninth Day's Sale is described as

"THE TEMPEST SHIP AND THE APPENDAGES."

We recommend the Company to treat at once for this highly effective craft, which gallantly survived the Tempest for several nights, and which would form a most appropriate addition to the fleet, of which the *Melbourne*, the *Adelaide*, and the *Australian* are such distinguished ornaments. The *Tempest Ship* of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre will, at all events, escape some of the inconveniences that arose on board the *Australian*, for the former has no boilers that may refuse to "feed," and no pipes or valves that are addicted to "choking." We can scarcely doubt that the adventurous passengers, who have twice shown their faith in the *Australian* by twice embarking in her after her mishaps, will be quite ready to evince the same confidence in the theatrical craft, by retaining their berths in the *Tempest Ship* of HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, should she be purchased for the Australian station.

PARODY FOR A REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

THE quality of bribery is deep stained;
It droppeth from a hand behind the door
Into the voter's palm. It is twice dirty:
It dirts both him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis basest in the basest, and becomes
Low blacklegs more than servants of the Crown.
Those swindlers show the force of venal power,
The attribute to trick and roguery,
Whereby 'tis managed that a bad horse wins:
But bribery is below their knavish "lay."
It is the vilest of dishonest things;
It was the attribute to Gatton's self;
And other boroughs most like Gatton show
When bribery smothers conscience. Therefore, you,
Whose conscience takes the fee, consider this—
That in the cause of just reform, you all
Should lose your franchise: we do dislike bribery;
And that dislike doth cause us to object to
The deeds of W. B.

The Beginning and End of a British Seaman's Career.

THE Merchant Service has generally been called "the Nursery of our Navy," and we suppose the Navy itself may be called "the Dormitory or Sick-room of the Service;" considering that, when once our brave old Admirals are carried up over the shoulders of younger men into it, they are generally so weak and advanced in years that they rarely ever leave it again. There they pass quietly their few remaining years, and it is a pleasure to notice how extremely snug some of the places are made to receive them, so as to comfort them in their declining days.

AS IT SHOULD BE.—In one of our weekly contemporaries, we observe the "Railway Intelligence" is inserted next to the "Obituary."

MR. PUNCH AT THE PLAY.

CHAPTER VII.

RAPID has fulfilled his promise. I have been, under his auspices, to a rehearsal of *our* piece, and I am glad of it; for though the theatre was very cold and comfortless, and I was a good deal bumped by the carpenters moving about pieces of scenery, and though altogether it was obvious I was generally in the way—almost as much so, indeed, as the author himself—still I now see the reason of many things which have hitherto puzzled me in our theatrical arrangements, and which the reading had not explained.

The theatre by daylight is a place not to be rashly ventured into. Independently of the chances of falling down a trap, or breaking your nose or your shins against flats, and wings, and set pieces, and the strong probability of catching cold, there is a chilling and disenchanting effect in that empty sweep of canvass-covered boxes, a gaping, cavernous naked appearance about that skeleton pit—it looks for all the world like an old dandy's mouth, with the false teeth withdrawn—which depresses a spectator who is new to it. The straggling rays of daylight which look in here and there through odd windows, as the curious boys peep through the curtain of my show, are blue and ghastly in the dusty gloom of the place. Their effect reminds me of the chill I have seen produced by a sudden flash of truth among the speechifications after a public dinner.

We made our way to this temple of disenchantment through an indescribable dinginess, dirtiness, and out-at-elbowishness, such as no place but a theatre can exhibit. In the hall, where messages and notes are left, I passed some poor supernumeraries and small performers (aspiring no higher than what is called "general utility," which may be anything from the left leg of an elephant up to a Lord in Waiting) humbly waiting for a sight of the acting manager. Such pale, sharp, hungry faces—such pinched, white-seamed, tight-strapped, napless, shirtless shabby-gentility—is unknown in the daylight world. And further on, in the dark passages, grimy old women, worse than Temple laundresses, or college bed-makers, were sweeping—queens of light, I dare say, once, and fairy centres of blazes of triumph in the days of ELLISTON and FARLEY.

In the fireless Green-room (into which we peeped *en passant*) was nobody but a pallid little old womanish child of thirteen, or thereabouts, in a scrimp cotton velvet jacket and a short whitey-brown muslin skirt, standing on one leg in a painful manner, with a perfectly sad face, under the eye of an imaginary ballet-mistress, I suppose.

I felt strongly, after this rehearsal, what hard work an actor's life must be; how it must wear and grind the heart out of man or woman to lounge here for so many hours, doing little or nothing. I am not surprised the poor little actresses take to picking each other to pieces, for want of something better to employ them, during the tedious, halting, off-and-on hours of rehearsal.

It struck me that there were many things being arranged between manager, prompter, and stage-manager, carpenter and property man, that had better have been settled beforehand: exits and entrances, and numbers, the working of various mysterious engines of machinery called "sloats" and "scruto-pieces," the bill of fare of a papier-mâché banquet to be given in the course of the piece, and so on. During which discussions the actors lounged and yawned and kicked their heels and gossipped in little knots, and the actresses sat wearily on the edge of the proscenium boxes and did crochet work, or retired to the recesses of the same boxes and had mysterious cold collations, or snatched such other rest and refreshment as they could. Some of the ballet I observed industriously cobbling at their worn white satin shoes, or making up little head-dresses, or such fal-lals, destined to set off some fairy or peasant that night, beyond her fellows. I was struck with the good breeding and quiet docility of these poor little girls—God help 'em!

I had heard the usual scandal about the belongings and behavings of the ballet. But the day dresses of most of them seemed to me to give the lie to evil report. Vice does not disport itself in a washed out *chalis* at 1*d*., nor hide its brazen face under a close black-chip at 2*s*. 6*d*. I saw more trace of hard work, late hours, scant feeding, and early care in most of those poor pale faces, than of the insolent flush of pampered vice, the glow of Greenwich dinners, and the purple light of Star and Garter festivity.

I had no conception till to-day of the immense importance of the stage manager in a theatre, and the insignificance of an author. HULKER (I was told by RAPID) is considered a first-rate stage-manager. His functions, so far as I could discover by respectful observation, seemed to consist principally in rating the smallest actors with most dignified severity, cursing a knot of unfortunate lords (who could not hit the proper mean between jaunty assurance and abject servility, in entering the presence-chamber of a monarch, represented by HULKER himself), assenting to the views of the manager, repressing in a pitying manner any attempt at interference on the part of poor RAPID, throwing

out impressive opinions with no particular bearing on the matter in question, and, above all, discovering mares' nests and parading the contents with perfect self-complacency. He seemed to attach enormous importance to the distinction between the street door and the door leading to the garden; and had he exerted his energies half as much in keeping the actors to their parts, as he did in demonstrating to them the absolute impossibility of a man's making his exit O. P., and his next appearance P. S., I have no doubt that RAPID would have felt more grateful to him, and the piece would have been none the worse.

As to any power of marshalling the ladies and gentlemen under his command, enlightening them as to the meaning of the words they were charged with, or shaping the action of the scene, I could not discover anything of this kind in HULKER. But, as I said before, it did one good to hear him wither a "super:" his manner of rolling his words at the poor trembling shilling-a-night wretch, and looking him fiercely over as he hurled denunciations and contempt at his head, was calculated to enforce the most wholesome notions of subordination; just as his bland and courteous deference to the least whisper of the manager (who, to do him justice, spoke to the point when he spoke at all), was equally adapted to impress on the company a due sense of the importance of their chief and paymaster. I tried to follow the action and dialogue of the piece, but found it impossible. The actors seemed to have a sort of freemasonry, or cipher, in respect of both. The dialogue was shambled, scrambled, stuttered, spluttered, and mumbled through, without intention or emphasis—except a very marked one, by the way, on the last words, or "cue," as the actors called it, occasionally desiring each other in an impatient manner to "come to the cue."

RAPID did occasionally venture to entreat a little attention to his words. Probably, as I was present, he felt this the more necessary. But, on the whole, he was not successful. Some of the actors retorted on him with elaborate sarcasms. By the less majestic, he was told it would be all right at night—others snapped at him openly—and I saw clearly that these ladies and gentlemen, with very few exceptions, trusted entirely, for any effect their impersonations might have, to the excitement of the lights, music, and applauding audience of the evening. It did not appear to me that, as a general rule, they conceived the possibility of *acting* at rehearsal—of securing the effect to be produced by repeated and careful trying at it. And if the words were cavalierly dealt with, the action was not much more considered. Close attention was, indeed, paid to the entrances and exits, the "crossings" and "retirings up," and such stage exercises. But I could not perceive the least solicitude about those minor details of movement—that give and take of action—which I observe are so perfectly understood by the French actors, whose performances MR. MITCHELL'S kindness has enabled me to study frequently this season. The busiest man in the rehearsal, I thought was the prompter, who was short-sighted and nervous, and whose struggles to succeed at once in "marking his book," and keeping up in anything like a decent manner with the progress of the rehearsal, were very severe. His chief labour consisted in finding the place in the MS., a performance which was repeated at every appeal to him for the words, by any actor or actress at a stand still. I also noticed that the carefulness of the actors and actresses was in an inverse proportion to their merits. The worst were the most reckless and most inclined to rely on the stimulus of that time of promise—"at night." The best were the only ones who threw themselves at all into their work.

I wondered why it was not considered the duty of the stage-manager to make all act, or do their best towards it. It clearly was not held to be so. I saw several of the most helpless walking-ladies, for example, who I am sure would have been grateful for any help, teaching, or guidance whatever. The little I *did* see offered in this way might have been better spared, as it was nothing but insisting on the mechanical imitation of some gesture, or the parrot-like repetition of some speech with no explanation of the sentiment to be embodied, the meaning of the scene, or the import of the character with which the uninformed but willing mind was painfully struggling.

I thought, until to-day, that rehearsal was a training for representation. I see now that (as I witnessed it) it is merely a going over of the thing to be represented, principally with a view to avoid hitching of the scenery, and bodily collision of the actors. I see that it is conducted without regard to the comfort or self-respect of the persons engaged, that the time of all is recklessly wasted, the strength of women coarsely and carelessly overtasked, the convenience of every one but those in command entirely overlooked, and the meaning and intentions of the author ignored, pooh-poohed, and over-ruled. The only commanding figure of the whole impression is HULKER. He stands out in my recollection as a magnificent impersonation of blustering dignity and condescending emptiness—the most stately and hollow of stage shams—one of the few masks I have seen in my life, absolutely without brains behind it.

I have no doubt that rehearsals are not all like this: that there are theatres without a HULKER—where the Green-room fire is lighted, and the room itself swept and garnished for such of the performers as may not be wanted on the stage—where the small fry of the place are not kept causelessly waiting for hours of cold, hunger and fatigue—where the ballet are not sworn at, and the "supers" are not bullied—where the author is held to know his own meaning, and allowed to express it—where the words are required to be spoken, and the action to be gone through instead of telegraphed—where the prompter can find the place at a moment's notice—where the stage-manager is not always laying mental wind-eggs—where willing ignorance can find a guide, and docile inexperience a teacher: in short, where the business of the theatre is dealt with as one that requires brains, and acting treated as the most charming of arts instead of the most sordid of trades.

But RAPID'S theatre was not of these favoured ones.

GENERAL PIERCE'S CREED.

AT the end of a speech, replete with bombast, delivered by GENERAL PIERCE at Washington, on his inauguration as PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, and indicative of his intended policy in that capacity, the General made the following profession of his faith as touching slavery:—

"To every theory of society or government, whether the offspring of feverish ambition or of morbid enthusiasm, calculated to dissolve the bonds of affection and law which unite us, I shall interpose a stern and ready resistance. I believe that involuntary servitude, as it exists in different States of this Confederacy, is recognised by the Constitution. I believe that it stands like any other admitted right, and that the States wherein it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the constitutional provisions. I hold that the laws of 1850, commonly called the compromise measures, are strictly constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect. I believe that the constitutional authorities of this Republic are bound to regard the rights of the South in this respect as they would view any other legal and constitutional right, and that the laws to enforce them should be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but cheerfully, and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs."

So far, however, GENERAL PIERCE'S Creed has at least the merit of consistency. In this "connexion," as himself would say, it contains no objectionable phrase, except "involuntary servitude." That is mealy-mouthed. Why not have said at once "NEGRO SLAVERY?" Surely GENERAL PIERCE was not ashamed of the name—he is not ashamed of the thing. And he should have boldly said so, and carried his Belief out. It lacks, to complete it, a few additional clauses. As, "I believe that might is right; I believe that Negroes are property alike with cattle. I believe that we are at liberty to flog slaves at pleasure. I believe that there are no ties of relationship between coloured persons which we ought to regard. I believe that there is no cause or just impediment why we should not, if we choose, traffic in human flesh—if black. I believe that we are not forbidden by any law, either of justice or humanity, from separating black child from parent, black husband from wife. I believe that there is no such thing as duty towards a black neighbour. I believe in the supremacy of popular feeling in the United States. I believe in a duty to that. I don't believe in a duty to any other power."

Instead of which fearless exposition of his tenets, GENERAL PIERCE proceeded to preach the following sermonet:—

"But let not the foundation of our hopes rest upon man's wisdom. It will not be sufficient that sectional prejudices find no place in the public deliberations. It will not be sufficient that the rash counsels of human passion are rejected. It must be felt that there is no national security but in the nation's humble, acknowledged dependence upon God and his overruling providence."

Examine this, for goodness' sake. By "sectional prejudices," PIERCE means Abolitionism—he uses the word in that "connexion." Then, in brief, his precious exhortation amounts to this: "It is not enough that we must not talk about abolishing slavery; we must also trust in Providence."

Did drunkenness—did madness—ever utter aught more awfully absurd than this impious snuffle?

The sequel to the Creed of GENERAL PIERCE should, consistently, have been "Hit the Nigger hard; he has no friends on earth: and there is no Friend to help him elsewhere!"

We read that "50,000 in the streets declared that 'PIERCE is the man for the times.'" That was the response to the General's Creed. Had it concluded with the appropriate and logical negation, no doubt they would have said "AMEN!"

SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 4.

Servant Gal. (*who has quarrelled with her bread-and-butter*). "IF YOU PLEASE, MA'AM, I FIND THERE'S COLD MEAT FOR DINNER IN THE KITCHEN. DID YOU EXPECT ME TO EAT IT?"

Lady. "OF COURSE I EXPECT YOU TO EAT IT, AND AN EXCELLENT DINNER, TOO!"

Servant. "OH, THEN, IF YOU PLEASE 'M, I SHOULD LIKE TO LEAVE THIS DAY MONTH." [*Exit Idiot.*

A MISREPORTED MAGISTRATE.

GOVERNMENT must take a leaf out of LOUIS NAPOLEON'S book. Our contemporaries ought not to be allowed to publish false intelligence. A monstrous fabrication has lately been committed by the British Press. The daily and weekly newspapers have concurred in recording a case that (never) occurred at the Middlesex Sessions. According to these deceitful prints, an unfortunate person, one MARY HILL, aged twenty-two, was convicted of stealing a watch. MR. SERJEANT ADAMS, the Assistant-Judge, asked if anything was known of her previous character. The police officer concerned in the case said that she was the associate of reputed thieves and bad characters, and that she was with a regular gang when taken into custody:—

"The Assistant-Judge then sentenced her to seven years' transportation. The prisoner, who had gone down on her knees imploring mercy, on hearing this rose up, and in a towering rage screamed out to the policeman, 'You — pig, oh you — pig! You — perjured thief!'

"The Assistant-Judge: The sentence upon you *now* is that you be transported for *ten years*."

Such a statement as this is obviously calculated to occasion remarks which must be unpleasant to MR. SERJEANT ADAMS. Any one, believing it, would naturally be inclined to say that the learned SERJEANT, not content with administering the law, made it; improvised it on the bench; that he had discovered a new crime, that of abusing a policeman, and instituted a new penalty for it, three years' transportation; devising sentence for the emergency: prescribing punishment *pro re natâ*, as the doctors say. At this rate, MR. SERJEANT ADAMS would be not only Judge and Jury, but also QUEEN, Lords, and Commons, in his own person; and therefore much too many for the office which he so discreetly fills.

Our contemporaries really ought to be officially "warned" to take care how they report the sayings and doings of our Judges, and particularly those of MR. SERJEANT ADAMS; and if they neglect that warning, their types ought to be seized and their offices shut up, and their proprietors, printers, publisher, editor, contributors, and reporters, as many of them as can be caught, sent to Newgate, in order that they may learn to promulgate no more news calculated to place a MINOS in the light of a MIDAS.

The Old House and the New.

BEFORE the Reform Bill the influence of the Aristocracy in boroughs was the thing complained of. Now—as the revelations before the Election Committees have demonstrated—it is the influence of the Sovereign.

A LIGHT DAY'S WORK FOR A HEAVY DAY'S WAGES.

HERE is the most liberal advertisement we ever saw. It lately appeared in the *Law Times:*

LAW.—Salary £1 10*s.* per week. The Advertiser will pay 30*s.* per week each to any number of Writers capable of copying, per day Eighteen Sheets, or Seventy Folios on Parchment, or an equal quantity of other work. Office hours from eight to eight, half an hour to Dinner, quarter of an hour to Tea.

Apply by post only, to Chichester Rents, Chancery Lane, London.

To copy eighteen sheets or seventy folios on parchment per day would be a difficult job—a stiff bit of writing—for only two or three people. But the generous author of the above advertisement, aware of the Herculean nature of the task which he wants to get done, announces that he is ready to give 30*s.* a week to each of any number of persons who will undertake to accomplish it. Of course, this handsome and confiding proposal must be met in a corresponding spirit; understood to mean by "any number of writers," any reasonable multitude: and not taken as an invitation to all the scribes in Town to rush to Chichester Rents in the expectation of getting employment, every one of them, at £1 10*s.* a week each for copying eighteen sheets between them. That the Office hours are from eight to eight, is obviously an intimation that when each writer has finished the little work that he individually has got to do, there will be more for him to turn his hand to if inclined, so as to enable him to earn a considerable addition to his weekly 30*s.* The short time allowed for meals must be owing to the necessity, from the pressure of business, for constant attendance in the office; for the intervals for eating cannot have been measured according to the amount of food which the lightly worked writers might be expected to be capable of affording out of their immense salaries.

THE NEW TALE OF A TUB.

THAT crazy old steamship, the *Australian* (by the bye she has been scarcely launched a twelvemonth), has again, we see, been forced to put back into Plymouth. After all the "repairs" she was reported to have undergone, she left the Sound, it seems, in anything but sound condition: for within a very few hours she was as full of leaks as a Welshman's market garden, and it was only by incessant working at the pumps that the passengers contrived to keep their heads above water. They will now, we suppose, go to work at the Directors, and their experience at the Pumps will here obviously assist them.

As for the ship, after breaking down so often, she should now be broken up—unless, indeed, her owners were to sell her to the Admiralty. Her performances are already almost worthy of "the Service," and by the usual course of management she might soon, we think, be made as useless as almost any other of our Government steamers. Indeed we should not wonder if, in time, she might be brought to rival even the *Megæra*.

Prospect for Paternal Rulers.

DESPOTISM is said to have hindered the development of the resources of Italy; nevertheless, it is probable that the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, and BOMBA, and the POPE, will very soon find that, under their paternal systems of government, she has become a rising nation.

THEATRICAL CRIBBAGE.—It has been goodnaturedly said, that MR SANDS must eventually win the game, for every time he plays he scores "one for his nob and two for his heels."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their [illegible] in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, March 26, 1853.

BELGRAVIAN TRAINING FOR YOUNG LADIES.

To ANTHONY ROWLEY, *of Oakley Hall*, ESQUIRE.

MY DEAR ROWLEY,—Sincerely do I condole with you under the privation of Hunting, which you have suffered from the late frosts. But still you have your land and people to attend to, and may be consoled in your affliction by the consciousness that you are residing upon your estate, and doing your duty as an English gentleman.

You flatter me greatly by consulting me on a matter of such importance as your daughter's education. But permit me—as a candid, though a fashionable friend—to assure you that your views on this subject for MISS ROWLEY are quite obsolete. "The usual accomplishments on a solid English basis"? My dear Squire, you might as well talk of a *soufflé* on a sirloin of beef. 'Music of the great masters'? Yes; indeed: but who are they? Not the old dullards who wrote oratorios and symphonies, compositions which all sharp and genteel people consider ridiculous: but those eminent foreign artists who come over with the nightingale—yes, and the cuckoo—to give concerts and lessons, and whose sublime countenances, tufted and moustached, are exhibited in lithograph, at the principal music shops. 'French enough to jabber intelligibly in case she tumbles against a foreigner'?

My worthy mummy—my fossil-friend—my antediluvian specimen of the good old school!

Why, don't you know that it will be requisite for a young lady in the position of MISS ROWLEY to speak French better than her native tongue—that the primary object of her mental cultivation must be to enable her to converse freely with the continental noblemen, and other Lions, with whom she will have to dance through life? She ought to become capable of meriting the compliment which the COUNT DES SINGES paid the other evening at MRS. SANDWICH TRAY'S to the daughter of his hostess, in saying that she had nothing English about her except beauty. French, my dear Sir, is now the young lady's educational medium; a sort of solvent for all the knowledges, wherein each of them is to be taken, as it were, in a draught. Or rather, perhaps, the knowledges may be regarded as vehicles for the French. If you read your *Times*, as I trust you do, you may have seen an advertisement which lately appeared in it, illustrating this fact. The announcement is headed BELGRAVIA EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE for YOUNG LADIES. It represents the establishment as conducted by a gentleman with a French name, and designates all the branches of learning taught there in the same language; that is to say: *Français, Histoire, Géographie et Astronomie, Allemand, Italien, Piano et Harmonie, Chant, Dessin et Peinture, Physique et Chimie Amusantes, Danse, Exercises Callisthéniques*:" all by eminent Professors, mostly foreign. You see, Sir, that "*Ici on parle Français*" with what you may call a vengeance. This is where you should send MISS ROWLEY. How delighted will you be to hear her quote the *Histoire* of *Angleterre*, and talk about our GUILLAUMES and EDOUARDS, and JACQUES, and SIR RALEIGH, and CROMVEL, and VILANTON and Vaterloo—and discourse of *Géographie et Astronomie*.—Heaven and Earth—in the language and accent of Paris! One item of tuition I have omitted; let me here supply it for your express edification. It is:

"Anglais—REV. J. BULL, M.A."

I have simply altered the reverend teacher's name to one which you may perhaps consider more appropriate. So you see that even *Anglais* itself is apparently taught in *Français;* thus your ears will also perhaps be charmed by your daughter reading English poetry with a French intonation: imparting a new grace to the language of SHAKSPEARE, whom our neighbours call the divine WILLIAMS.

Then you may expect that MISS ROWLEY will be divested of all ideas of the sort that FATHER NEWMAN terms "insular." She will breathe a small continental atmosphere; for, as in the region of the City there is a Little Britain, so, you see, is there a Little France in that tract of Tractarian country denominated Belgravia. With the tip of my left thumb at the end of my nose, and the corresponding fingers in a state of energetic vibration, I subscribe myself,

Your faithful Friend and Monitor,

PUNCH.

85, *Fleet Street, March* 1853.

OUR HONEYMOON.

SUNDAY, MAY 11, 18—.

A DELIGHTFUL walk through the meadows to that beautiful church. How familiar seemed to me many of the faces! How often, in future days, shall I think of that old church; how often will the scene dawn upon me; how often the sheep-bell tinkle in my memory. I am sure of it—my mind is so full, so stored with the sights and sounds of the place. How happy, what a blessed fortune will be mine if these days—days that still have had their hours of pain and trial, but hours that have taught my heart the best of lessons—how happy if these days are but the earnest of a long, long future! It is almost daring, presumptuous to think it—and yet, all about me fills me with confidence and hope. "In some places"—as dear FREDERICK says—"and in some hours, it is wicked not to hope; and hoping, foretaste the good." And then, he is always turning things—the most odd as well as the most common—to a lesson. Every day, I feel I learn so much—my heart so goes to school to him.

Last night only, I was about to make a little difficulty—and as FRED says, difficulties are the worst things people *can* make, they so improve with practice—I was about to object something, when FRED suddenly desired me to watch and learn of *Prince*, the landlady's dog that had come into the room. The evening sky had been overcast; the dog lay at my feet; suddenly the sun shone, and a little patch of sunlight brightened a corner of the carpet. Immediately, *Prince* got up, and with a wise look trotted to the bright place, and laid himself in it. "There's philosophy"—said FRED: "only one patch of sunlight in the place, and the wise, sagacious dog walks out of the shadow, and rolls himself round in the brightness. My dear LOTTY"—said FRED—"there's a lesson for folks who love to make difficulties. Don't be proud in your humanity—take no arrogance to yourself because of your woman's wisdom—but be instructed even by a lap-dog. Let the teaching of *Prince*—my beloved one—be not cast away upon you, so that wherever there shall shine one patch of sunlight, there make it out, and with all your best enjoy it."

The easiest of all trades is to make difficulties. I thought of these words of FRED'S when I put on my bonnet this morning; for—my taste did rebel a little—the bonnet had suffered a shower or two, and was *not exactly* the sort of bonnet to go to church in: I was about to do or say something foolish, when FRED'S words came into my head, and I tied my bonnet with a resolute hand, and—for it was spotted all over with the rain—felt quite a heroine!

FRED smiled so graciously when—upon entering the church—I made for my old place, and took my seat next to the old soul in the red cloak. After the service, we again wandered through the churchyard. We both paused at a grave new dug. "The tenant, I suppose," said FRED, "takes possession this afternoon. Well, LOTTY, you did right—very right, love."

"I'm glad of that, FRED: but *when* did I do right?"

"When you seated yourself in the church. Very right. What are the finest sittings in church, when we must even strip, and lie down here? How small it is, for what it has to hold! Nothing packs so much, so closely, as a grave, LOTTY. Nothing in the world so big, nothing so fine, that this won't swallow. All JOB'S camels and flocks—when JOB flourished again—nay, all SOLOMON'S Temple, in so far as JOB and SOLOMON were touched—all went into a hole like this; a hole that, always swallowing, is for ever empty. After all, it may do one good to look into such a place once a week—once a week to snuff the smell of the fresh earth; there's an odour in it that *might* kill certain working-day vanities."

Well, we wandered across the meadows; and making a round, came to a farm-house. Tired with my walk, we asked for house-room and refreshment. We were heartily welcomed; but the farm was full of guests and neighbours. It was plain, something out of every-day life was afoot. And so it proved;—the farmer and his wife, with a troop of friends, were preparing to go to the church to have their last baby christened. I think I never saw so beautiful a girl! But then FRED

declares I see beauty in all babies; whereas he vows they're all alike. But then, is it to be expected he should have *our* eyes?

We have rested and refreshed; and the people, setting out, we leisurely follow them. I am so taken, charmed with the baby, that—I declare—I *will* send it something. This determination I repeat again and again after our return to the White Hart.

"What will you send it?" asked FRED; as—the evening advanced—we were again seated until bedtime in our room at the White Hart. "What shall it be, LOTTY?"

"Well, I can't say, but *something*."—

"'Tis a great pity you wern't its godmother," said FRED, gravely.

"I shouldn't have minded that, FRED;" and I laughed.

"Then you would have a right, or rather a duty, to bestow a gift. Now what shall it be?" said FRED, musing.

"Oh, a cap, or a frock, or—"

"No, no: vanity of vanities," replied FRED. "Nor cap, nor frock. I tell you what, LOTTY: give it something that, when it grows up, shall be of the best service to it."

"To be sure," said I. "A nice little silver mug.

"Nor cap—nor frock—nor silver mug," said FRED half seriously. "But—a hat-peg."

"A hat-peg!" I cried.

"A hat-peg," answered FRED, very solemnly. "A hat-peg."

"Go on," said I, for I could see by his looks he meant something.

"You see, my love, that unformed red, little baby—"

"Now unformed! I never saw a more regular baby."

"Is, it may be, in the innocence and longitude of its long clothes, the appointed wife for another baby.—Perhaps, the husband and future bread-winner is at this time in advance of his spouse, and has cut his teeth: perhaps, he has already made the manly effort, and succeeded in it, of running alone—"

"Well?"—

"For when you read of the baby girls and boys sent yearly into the world—spangling the earth plentifully as daisies—it *is*, it must be a frequent and curious speculation to a woman of your contemplative mind—"

"Now, FREDERICK—"

"To think how one wife lies in the cradle, thoughtless of the tyrant who is destined to enslave her; and how the despot himself takes his morning pap, his white sheet-of-paper of a mind yet unwritten with the name of her who may have, in the far years, to sit up for him; sitting and watching with the resolution to tell him what she thinks of him when, at unseasonable hour, he shall return zig-zag home."

"Well; what has that to do with a hat-peg?"

"Much; everything. Listen, core of my heart, and be instructed. I will tell you a true story—never yet in print—a story of a hat-peg—a hat-peg made of marvellous wood—a hat-peg grown deep in fairy forests."

"Oh, a fairy tale! I thought," said I, "'twas a true story."

"Nothing can be truer than fairy wisdom," said FRED. "It is true as sunbeams; and though you cannot coin 'em into golden coin—and then count 'em and weigh 'em—they are true, true as light."

"Very well," said I, prepared to listen.

"Once upon a time," began FRED, with a most sedate face, and with an instructive manner, as though he was telling a story to a very child—"once upon a time, a girl was born to a couple who, with everything in the world to make them happy, still pulled at the wedding-chain; and every day would hear the rattling of the marriage links. The wife was a sour-tempered shrew; and the husband—at first an easy, good-natured man—became sullen and savage. For even in the early time of wedlock, he never sought his home that his home was not comfortless. The working world outside was even better, brighter, than his own fireside. Whatever troubles he had upon his head, when he crossed his own threshold, such cares seemed heavier upon him: a hard fate—a sad condition, LOTTY, for the man who has to struggle outside for the shoulder of mutton to be provided within."

"Very sad, and very wicked," said I. "And these folks had a child?"

"Yes; and there was great fuss made at the christening; although, even at that festival, the mother quarrelled with the father of the baby, and the father—for a moment, in his heart—wished his wife anywhere but where she was. Well, folks brought presents to the child: caps, frocks, spoons, mugs. All the gifts had been made, when—according to the old story—an old, old woman brought *her* present. 'I can bestow nothing fine,' said she; 'but I give what is better—this bit of wood,'—and the angry mother was about to throw it into the fire or out of the window; when the husband took possession of it. 'This bit of wood,' said the old woman, 'will be worth all the other gifts.'

"'And what, dame, shall be made of it?' asked the father.

"'When the babe shall become a woman and a wife, then let the piece of wood—it is from a magical tree—the piece of wood be made into a hat-peg.'

"'A hat-peg!" cried all.

"'A hat-peg,' repeated the old woman. 'A peg where the good man shall hang his hat when he comes home; a hat-peg of such wonderful wood that, no sooner shall the good man's beaver be hung upon it than—no matter what his out-of-door care, his out-of-door toil—his whole house shall be to him as bright as a garden, and his fireside hum with pleasant music.' Now, the tree where this wood was cut from still flourishes. And wise the wife who, from its magical boughs, shall resolve to make such a hat-peg."

THE MITCHAM MOVEMENT.

THE progress party at Mitcham are pushing civilisation into the very heart of that hitherto benighted suburb. For some time it was thought hopeless to carry the magic lantern of enlightenment beyond Clapham, and indeed for some time the polite arts were supposed to have permanently pulled up at Kennington Gate, but the progress has at length been carried by the omnibus through the turnpike, and several of the side bars on that trust. We are happy to find that the spread of intelligence is now more rapid than heretofore, and indeed so greatly accelerated is the news of the day among the Mitchamites, that the population generally had become aware of the fire at Windsor Castle, and were actually talking of it within the comparatively short space of six days after its occurrence. Extensive preparations are being made for keeping up a continuous current of information among the inhabitants, and a suite of rooms has already been taken to answer a similar purpose to that of the Exchange Rooms at Glasgow and Liverpool.

We have seen a prospectus of this establishment, which is arranged according to the following programme:—

Room No. 1. The *Times* of yesterday.
Room No. 2. The *Times* of last week.
Room No. 3. A back number of *Punch*.
Room No. 4. An odd number of *Household Words*.
Rooms Nos. 5, 6, 7, and 8. Old Magazines and Conversation.

All this indicates a move in the right direction, and we shall be glad to see Mitcham exercising that due proportion of weight in the balance of power, which from its position on the Map of Europe it is fairly entitled to.

SUGGESTION FOR THE GOOD OF ARCHITECTS.

FOR the advancement of architecture—an art in which we are rather backward—our principal public edifices ought to be now and then rebuilt, to which end it is expedient that they should be occasionally burnt down. This object will be best accomplished by their being so constructed as to be continually liable to catch fire, and it is satisfactory to reflect that the requirement in question is very generally fulfilled by the arrangement of the flues in these buildings, which, for the most part, is such as to distribute not merely warmth, but fire all over them. There exist, in many of them, heaps of musty old records, not only involving tedious legal questions about property, but also holding out temptations to impertinent historical inquiries, tending to augment our present cumbrous stock of knowledge, already so troublesome to acquire. As it would save much laborious discussion if this rubbish were all consumed, let us hope that no alteration may be made in the present contrivances whereby the lumber-rooms it is contained in are kept warm—when they are not kept wet. Because there is some, though not much, fear, that some other means will be adopted for warming these, and other offices and national structures, seeing that the devouring element, the other day, committed arson and high treason together at Windsor Castle.

Valuable Suggestions for the Admiralty.

THAT the age of a naval veteran should rather be under than above that of a Theatrical ditto, the latter having been found quite old enough for any successful engagement.

That no admiral be allowed to remain "on active duty," unless he can dance the naval hornpipe, and be able also to repeat the performance without the omission of a single hitch or shuffle, if honoured with an *encore*.

THE SLAVES OF THE CITY.

THERE is something quite remarkable in the tenacity with which the inhabitants of London persist in hugging their fetters, notwithstanding the perseverance with which they are called upon to be free. The cause of freedom is in fact growing rapidly into discredit, through the repugnance which is so decidedly evinced towards the "freedom of the City." Every now and then the article gets somebody to accept it, when it is "presented in a gold box;" but it must be for the sake of the gilding of the exterior that the "pill" is swallowed by an occasional recipient. The fact is, that however glad we may be to enjoy the blessings of freedom, we do not like having that which is usually regarded as a "precious gift," converted into a formidable sell, and ticketed with a price which we are not only expected to pay, but which is demanded at the point of the attorney's pen in a threatening manner.

We should like to know the principle upon which Englishmen living in the City are supposed to be slaves until they have paid for their freedom to the Civic authorities. We always thought, when we believed in the good old claptraps of the British Drama, that "the slave need only set his foot on British soil to be free;" but there seems to be a distinction between the London City mud and the British soil, which deprives the former of its emancipating influence, until a quantity of filthy lucre is extracted from the pocket of the freedman. We wish somebody would write a Cockney *Uncle Tom* to shame the London Corporation into an abandonment of their traffic in freedom.

When MRS. BEECHER STOWE arrives in the Metropolis, we shall be happy to furnish her with the necessary facts for producing a successful rival to her own wonderful work on American Slavery. "*Uncle Gog's Crib*" would make a beautiful companion volume to "*Uncle Tom's Cabin.*"

We shall be very glad to provide her with correct data—a sort of key to Temple Bar and the City mysteries—in the form of a quantity of threatening letters calling upon the slaves to take up and pay for their freedom.

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT AT ROME.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE has done an odd thing—according to the *Giornale di Roma*. Our Roman contemporary announces that

"The POPE has suppressed the Ministry of Grace and Justice, and transferred its attributions to the department of the Interior."

We must not have our PIO NONO slandered—whatever difference there may be between us. To say that he has suppressed the Ministry of Grace and Justice, and transferred its attributions to the department of the Interior, is tantamount to the assertion that he dines without Grace, and has sacrificed Grace to gastronomy, and immolated Justice at the shrine of the stomach. If, indeed, the POPE would content himself with taking care of his inside, and not meddle with the affairs of other people, it might, perhaps, be better for the peace of the world; although, of course, he would scandalize his spiritual subjects if he were thus to constitute himself the successor of HELIOGABALUS instead of pretending to be that of ST. PETER.

Sink or Swim.

THE Royal *Australian* Mail Steamer is evidently quite unfit for service, and should no longer be permitted to take the Mail to sea; but as a thorough *malum in se*, it ought at once to be declared a *malum prohibitum*.

INTEMPERANCE IN THE EAST.

TURKEY is not much of a country for drinking; but it appears that France and Russia have been very nearly quarrelling over their Porte.

DEFECTIVE UTTERANCE.

LISPING seems likely to become as prevalent in Europe generally as it is amongst our own dandies; since nobody on the Continent is permitted to speak plain.

MOTTO FOR AN ENGLISH ADMIRAL.—"Age before Honesty"—and everything else.

THE POPE IN A CLEFT STICK.

HE POPE OF ROME was sitting, triple-crowned, in PETER'S chair,
At his feet the COUNT DE CHAMBORD knelt, like small child saying prayer,
And wry and rueful faces made, most dolorous to see,
As he spread his hands and raised his eyes upon his bended knee.

The POPE, with brow and shoulders shrugged, looked grievously askance,
Whom had he at his footstool there but HENRY FIFTH OF FRANCE?
Most Christian king, legitimate, by rule of right divine;
And must the HOLY FATHER needs anoint another Line?

"Oh! sure am I," DE CHAMBORD said, "the tale can ne'er be true,
That your HOLINESS intends the thing which people say you do;
To pluck the golden pippin of the Crown from PEPIN'S stem!"
"My son, that 's only," said the POPE, "an earthly diadem."

"Ah, holy Father, yes, indeed!—but for that earthly Crown
Did an angel not in a holy pot bring sacred unguent down?
Is the '*Saint Ampoule*' no better than a common flask or crock?"
"Oh, talk not so, my son; I feel the very thought a shock."

"From me, the true successor of ST. LOUIS, holy king,
Will you aid a gross usurper my inheritance to wring?
Shall ST. PETER'S heir ST. LOUIS'S heir of patrimony spoil,
And the hair of another party grace with consecrating oil?"

"Of good SAINT LOUIS'S Crown will I my faithful son bereave?
Ne'er, so thou do what I command, and what I preach, believe;
That circlet still with golden light shall flame around thy head,
And evermore thy portraits, too, shall wear it when thou'rt dead."

"Oh, that 's the *nimbus*, holy Sire! 'twas not thereof I spoke;
That is a crown *in nubibus*." "My son, forbear to joke."
"But shall that other party, holy Sire, by you be crowned?
Have you thrown SAINT LOUIS over, and another LOUIS found?"

"Another LOUIS I have found, my faithful son, indeed,
Who, Saint or not, behaved as such to me in time of need;
For he replaced me on the throne by force of arms benign"—
"Which you 've to pay for," CHAMBORD said, "by seating him on mine?"

"In truth," the HOLY FATHER cried, "I know not how to act."
"Then," said DE CHAMBORD, "the report is not a hoax, in fact.
What crime—what sin that 's unabsolved—what ever have I done?
Alas! am I a heretic?" "Of course thou 'rt not, my son."

"Bethink you, Father, well; what all the world will surely say—
My due of birth if your holy breath so lightly blow away;
So much for faithful dynasties—we see what they may hope—
And a *fico* for the blessing of HIS HOLINESS THE POPE!"

"I own," the PONTIFF sighed, "my son, in what thou say'st there 's force."
"And," said DE CHAMBORD, "whither led your seventh namesake's course,
That PIUS did the sort of thing that you design to do;
And small good did he get thereby: about as much will you."

"Well, well," said PIO NONO, "son, at any rate here 's this,"
And his hand he stretched right graciously to HENRY forth to kiss;
"We will act as we think best, and we shall see what we shall see;
In the meantime I bestow my benediction upon thee."

Another Brace of Bores.

NEXT to the man who is continually asking you the price of everything you have, there is no greater bore, perhaps, than the man who is incessantly telling you the price (down to the very glass of wine you are drinking) of everything he has got.

SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 5.

Servant Gal. "OH! IF YOU PLEASE, MAM, THERE WAS ONE OTHER THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO 'AVE SETTLED."

Lady. "YES?"

Gal. "WHERE DO YOU GO TO THE SEA-SIDE IN THE SUMMER? BECAUSE I COULDN'T STOP AT A DULL PLACE, AND WHERE THE HAIR WASN'T VERY BRACING!!"

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE IS TEMPTED TO A RUBBISH SALE.

SCENE 1.—THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE *at Home.*

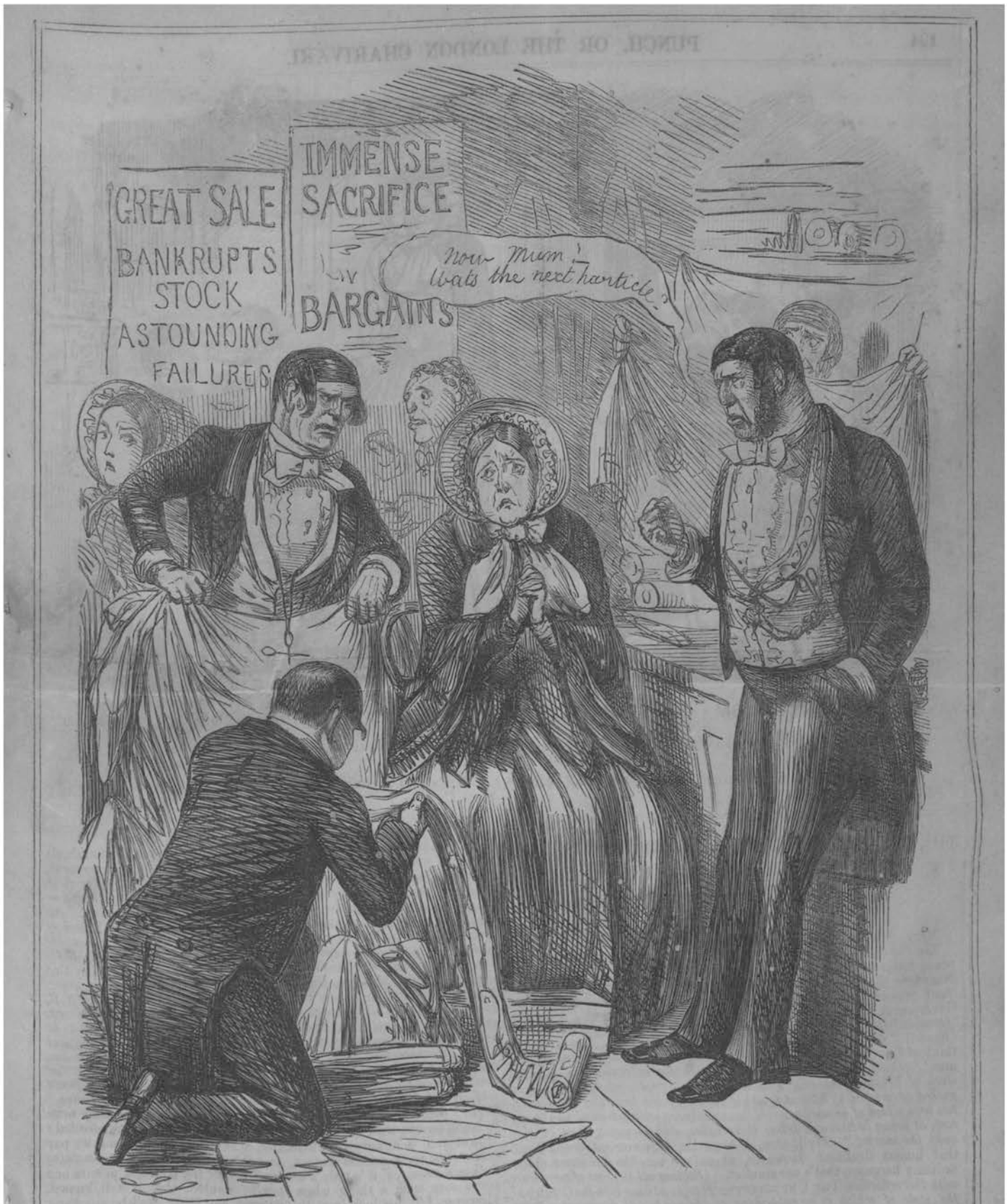
Enter MARY.

Mary. A letter, 'm, and it 's twopence, please.

The Unprotected Female. Twopence! How dare you take in a twopenny letter? Missionary Society, I dare say, or the Friends of the Negro, or the Soup-kitchens—(*looking at address*) Eh! "On Government service." I mustn't send it back, I suppose, as it 's the Government; but I think the Government might prepay its letters. (*Opening letter.*) What can the Government want with me, I wonder? (*Reads.*) "*Grand Custom-House Clearing Sale*". Well, I 'm sure, to think of Government taking to send round bills like any other tradesman! (*Continues to read.*) "*Together with the extensive and splendid stock of* MESSRS. GROGGY AND CRASH, *Bankrupts, whose reckless and wicked career having been at length arrested by the law, the opportunity has been seized of acquiring goods, manufactured without consideration of cost, at prices ludicrously below their value, and throwing them at once upon the market.*" Well, now, I hope the Government doesn't call that honest dealing? However, there are sure to be some extraordinary bargains, that's *one* comfort. (*Stifling all twinges of conscience with this reflection,* THE UNPROTECTED *plunges at once into the Catalogue, the style of which is as rubbishing as the goods; it enumerates* "*Ten thousand French Cachemires.*") Ten thousand, only think! "*These are articles intended exclusively for the luxurious classes, and are as much beyond the means of the masses as they would be unbecoming their humble station.*" Well, I 'm sure servants, now-a days, go dressed every bit as well as their mistresses. *They* don't think there 's anything too good for 'em, *that* I know; but I 'm glad the Government don't think so. "*These articles could not have been produced under from* £10 *to* £12 *per shawl, but we do not hesitate to throw them in at from* £2 *to* £3." Well, that is a great reduction, certainly, and I suppose if somebody must go without their money, it had better be the Government. "*Fifteen thousand Swiss worked muslin curtains, a truly tasteful article, which will lend to the humble roof of the artizan something of the refinement often vainly sought in the palatial residences of the nobility. All the designs have been approved by the Professors of the School of Practical Art at Marlborough House, by whose valuable opinion the undersigned have determined to be guided in all cases;—all at childishly low prices, from* 8*s. upwards.*" Well, now, I was just thinking this morning we should be wanting something of the kind for the summer. I may as well look in on my way to the City. What 's this? "*N.B. In reference to the risk from crowding, so justly dreaded by the fair sex, we are glad to be able to state that, on our representation of the rush to be anticipated to secure the unprecedented advantages indicated above, and on our assurance that we would not be answerable for the consequences, the authorities at the Horse Guards have in the kindest manner directed sentries to be placed at the doors with fixed bayonets. The most timid may, therefore, make their purchases without the least apprehension.*" Well, I don't know; sentries are all very well, but suppose they were to begin on one with their bayonets; and then, if their guns are loaded? However, it 's meant as an attention of the Government, and we pay taxes enough, goodness knows, and it 's a comfort to have *something* for one's money, if it 's only a sentry. As for the police, I 'm sure one never sees such a thing when they 're wanted, that is well known. However, I 'll just look in at the address, and there can't be any harm in *seeing* the things, as they *do* seem cheap.

[*Exit* THE UNPROTECTED *to make her purchases.*

SCENE 2.—*The interior of the Grand Customs Clearing Sale, and Bankruptcy Stock Emporium. A large room, fitted up with counters and tables. The light is judiciously dimmed by ample draperies. The goods are displayed artfully: the decoys at the top, and trash below. The (supposed) proprietors have a miscellaneous look of something between betting-office keeper, thimble-rig touter, bruiser, City swell,*



THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE AT A GREAT RUBBISH SALE.

and counter-dandy. The young men look as if they were accustomed to try on the gloves in more ways than one, and as if their time had been divided pretty equally between sparring, selling, and slanging. Some customers are being half cajoled, half terrified into purchasing, and an immense factitious activity prevails in the way of packing, unpacking, folding, unfolding, ushering in and bowing out.

Enter THE UNPROTECTED.

Towzer (a principal). A chair for this lady. Now Madam (*with great volubility*), what can we show you—our Cachemires, at four ten, are highly popular, or our French chalis at sixteen the dress—usually sold at thirty-four—or our Genoa velvet mantles—the last fashion from Paris (*while rapidly discharging these and similar offers, the young man are suiting the action to the word, piling up the goods referred to round* THE UNPROTECTED).

The Unprotected (seizing a moment of breathlessness). No; it was only some worked window curtains.

Blowzer (succeeding to TOWZER, *who retires to take breath preparatory to going in at a fresh victim).* Show window curtains, MR. BROWNSMITH—the Swiss worked window curtains to the lady—fifteen thousand sets, Madam; these at twelve—these at sixteen I would recommend—these at thirty are still more exquisite—design Moresque, with Greek border, and Gothic ends.

The Unprotected (after examining). Oh, but I don't think these are the best quality.

Blowzer. I beg your pardon, Madam; the same as sold in the shops for twice the price—and then the guarantee of the School of Design, you will remember. But here is a cheaper article—though dearer in the long run—at fourteen; we will say twelve.

The Unprotected (whose eye is keen, and who discovers the trashy quality of the goods offered). Oh, no; I couldn't think of giving the money for such things as that. They'd not stand two washings.

Blowzer. I beg your pardon, Madam. They are the best article manufactured, and are offered as imported. However, we do not try to force a sale. The Government has made it a condition. Pray don't think of going till you've looked round. Our sprigged muslins, now, as manufactured for the Empress—sweet morning wear. Show muslins, MR. TOPPER. (*Muslins are showered down.*) It is a pleasure to show them to a lady of your taste.

The Unprotected. No, thank you; I've no occasion for anything of the kind.

Blowzer. Or scarves—gauze—with silk flowers—much worn, and most chaste, for young persons. Scarves, MR. FLINT.

[*A rainbow of Scarves is wreathed about the group.*

The Unprotected. Yes, very pretty. No, thank you, I really don't want anything of—

Blowzer. Our Cachemires. We cannot think of your going till you've seen our Cachemires—show Shawls, MR. SCREWJACK—woven by the wandering tribes of the Black Sea, and smuggled across by the tea-caravans. Observe! all these at ten, twelve, and thirteen. In Regent Street you would be asked twenty, at least. (*Piles of Shawls are accumulated, amidst the vain remonstrances of* THE UNPROTECTED, *who has experience enough to see the things are trash, but wants courage to make a bolt*). This shawl. Yes, certainly.

The Unprotected. No, no. I didn't—

Blowzer. The green and gold—beautiful selection. The green and gold for this lady. Twelve—ten, Madam.

The Unprotected. Oh! but I never bought it, and I don't like it, and I don't want it.

Blowzer (sternly). Twelve—ten, Madam, if you please.

The Unprotected. But, I assure you—

Blowzer (still more sternly). Twelve—ten, Madam, if *you* please. MR. SCREWJACK, you heard the lady select the green and gold? (SCREWJACK, TOPPER, *and the other young men corroborate* MR. BLOWZER'S *impression*). You hear these highly respectable young men, Madam; it's no use coming any of your Regent Street capers here.

The Unprotected (in grievous terror). I assure you—

Topper. Now Marm, fork out, will yer?

Screwjack. You'd better, I tell you; we've a Crusher at the door.

Flint. P'raps you'd like to know how the inside of the Station looks, wouldn't you?

Towzer (coming up in an authoritative manner). What's the meaning of this here disturbance?

Blowzer. A lady bought an article, and refuses to pay for it.

The Unprotected. Oh! if you please, Sir; I assure you, it's a mis—

Towzer (frowning.) Has she been searched, MR. B.?

The Unprotected. Oh, gracious!

Blowzer. Shall we have in the searcher, MR. T.?

The Unprotected. Oh, no, no, please—I'll pay—anything—but, oh—

The Establishment surround her in a threatening manner; and she surrenders her purse more dead than alive.

HOW TO FIND OUT WHEN IT IS HIGH WATER.—Go into the cabin of one of the Australian Mail Steamers.

LOOK ON THIS ADVERTISEMENT, AND ON THAT.

REALLY, when one gets hold of a sporting paper, and reads the cheerful and encouraging tone in which one is invited to pave the way to a fortune, to cheer one's hearthstone and to be brought home with flying colours, and all for a mild "tip," a "fee which cannot possibly repay the advertiser," and "a promise of five per cent. on the winnings," it is very difficult to refrain from writing to these Horse Prophets, and asking for the "great secret," and the "right thing," which it has been the labour of their lives to master, and yet may be had so dirt-cheap. But,

When POTLUCK and SNOBSTON have something that will cheer and do you good, and are sure that their Derby nag will win in a canter and that your days of success are not far off:

When DODGER & Co. are gratified with the unique result of their predictions, and print that "a great winner" has sent them in gratitude a "handsome cheque":

When a GENTLEMAN guarantees you Chester and Derby for half a sov., the affair being "only a matter of health."

When COWARD and SQUINTON are determined that not one great handicap shall elude their vigilance, are on the *qui vive*, and go heart and soul into the work:

When FILCHER, though he has no claim on his subscribers as yet, thanks them for acting handsome, and is so busy about Warwick that he can't think of Doncaster: and, finally,

When J. NONPLUS is going to give the ring an electric shock, thanks his friends for their kind and ardent wishes, flatters himself that he is going to shed round his path the light of truthfulness and success, having received immense sums from stables to get on, and begs you will enrol yourselves under his banner:

What a SHAME it is that the *Times* is allowed to dash our aspirations by publishing such a paragraph as this! A miserable shop-boy, whose friends are respectable, is sent for trial by MR. ELLIOTT, for plundering his master's till.

"SERGEANT ROMAINE, in addition to the evidence he had given, said, that on searching the prisoner's boxes he had found one of them filled with love-letters, sporting calendars, the *Racing Times*, and other documents, from which it was quite apparent he dabbled in betting on horse-racing. Amongst the documents so found was a 'tip' or prophecy by * * * * * one of the numerous sporting prophets that have lately sprung up, and who reap a rich harvest by the credulity of shopmen, errand boys, &c. This 'tip' comprised a list of the horses 'who would be the winners' in all the principal races throughout the year, but, singular to relate, in all the races that have come off * * * * * is at fault, for, *out of a dozen of races, he has not even guessed a single winner.*"

We call on the true friends of the sporting world to put down the police-court. It is clear that the two institutions cannot go on together.

The Warlock of the Glen.

WE read in the papers that it has been legally decided "there is a public road through Glen Tilt," and that the Duke is made liable to "the whole expenses of the process." It is a natural result of the obstinacy shown by the Duke that he has made away with a great deal of money in refusing to let the public make a way across his ground, and he has run through—because he would not let others walk through—a small portion of his vast property. As the path is now opened once for all, we will not again open the question.

Very Bitter, but how True.

A MAN will forgive an injury, or the pull of a nose, or a kick, or being supplanted in a woman's affections, or the robbery of an umbrella, or, perhaps, a dishonoured bill, and, in certain cases, even bad wine; he will forgive anything, down to the blackest ingratitude, but what he can scarcely ever bring himself to forgive, especially in a rival or a friend, is a great success.

"*Proud, indeed!! Why I remember him a Costermonger's dog Vonce!*"

REMUNERATION FOR RAILWAY SURGERY.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM a man who has seen better days—though the present might be worse. Once I was an extensive stage-coach proprietor: the Railroads ruined me, and I am now in an almshouse.

"People are so fast now, that they say it is all cant to talk about the greater pleasantness of travelling in the old coaching days. Therefore, I won't argue how agreeable the drive used to be in the fresh air, with the entertainment that turned up in the events of the road, and in seeing country and the gentlemen's seats that you passed, and the wood-smoke curling up from the Park lodges, and the tidy barmaid, at every place where we changed horses, coming out with a glass of ale.

"But I'll tell you what, *Mr. Punch;* there was one advantage of travelling by coach, that there is no mistake or humbug in speaking of. I say, Sir, it was a comfort to think that, if you were so unfortunate as to meet with an accident, by means of being upset, or such like, you were sure to be found willingly with the best surgical assistance that was to be had. Suppose you had the bad luck to get your leg broken, you had it mended, or if that was impossible, removed, and the expense of getting rid of it, and being fitted with another, defrayed. The same was the case if any poor creature happened to be run over. Now, Sir, look back at that picture, and then look here on this:—

"'BLACKBURN.

"'IMPORTANT RAILWAY CASE.—*Samuel Hope Wraith* v. *the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company.*—In the County Court, at Blackburn, on Tuesday last, the above case came on for hearing. The plaintiff, a surgeon, had been sent for at an early hour of the morning, to attend a person who had just been run over by one of the defendants' trains, and was lying bleeding by the side of the line with one thigh fractured and two toes of the other limb also fractured. The plaintiff went immediately, and whilst attending, was told by the station-master that he must attend to the case and would be paid by the Company. The plaintiff consulted with another surgeon whether the patient could bear to be removed to the Infirmary, at Manchester; but they thought he would die before he could be got there. The plaintiff then proceeded to amputate the thigh and the two toes. After about two months, the patient so far recovered as not to require further surgical attendance. The plaintiff made a charge for attendance and medicine of £8, being less than his usual charge, because the patient was a poor man. On the part of the defendants the fact was not disputed, nor was any question raised as to the propriety of the treatment or the amount of the charge, but it was contended that, according to the decision of the Court of Exchequer in 'COX *v.* the Midland Railway Company,' the defendants were not liable to pay the surgeon's bill; the judges in that case having held that it was not the duty of a railway guard or station-master to enter into a contract with a surgeon to attend a passenger, accidentally injured on a railway.'

"I have cut the above piece of useful information out of the *Manchester Examiner and Times.* I say useful information, because it may teach surgeons to ascertain the solvency of a sufferer by a railway accident before rendering him any assistance—if surgeons are the same good men of business that railway directors are. The gentlemen of the Lancashire and Yorkshire think, I suppose, that a doctor can afford to give attendance and advice gratis, but that their Company cannot afford to pay £8.

"I should mention that the Judge 'much to his regret,' was obliged by what the lawyers call 'precedent,' to declare the plaintiff nonsuited. MR. WRAITH will therefore have to mind, in future, how he attends to people that have been crushed on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, unless he is prepared to take that trouble for nothing, except the reward of an approving conscience.

"Whenever a coach of ours was the means of injuring an unfortunate fellow-creature that hadn't the means to employ a surgeon, I'm sure I and my partners were always ready and willing to pay the doctor's bill, whatever it came to; and perhaps a trifle over to the sufferer to make amends: as respectable people. Yet ours was a small concern compared to one of these Railway Companies. You would think a matter of eight pound would not hurt such a body as that; but what with competition, and going to law, and gambling, and one thing and another, the fact is, I take it, that railways are so badly off that they are obliged to scrape and save every sixpence they can to pay dividends. That is why they cut down their expenses, in the first place, and so cause accidents, and then grumble at having to pay for the damage they do in the next. What is the remedy for all this? I say, the Whip. I mean the whip with the old four-in-hand, but you may propose that instrument without it; which certainly would be a means of appealing to the feelings of people who have no sense of shame that you can touch up.

"I am no Protectionist—though my opinions may show rather a stable mind. I don't want any compensation from the railways, but I think they might have indemnified my doctor if I had been one of their victims, in a different sense from that in which I may call myself,

"SMASHED, BUT NOT KILLED."

NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

POOR COLONEL ROSE, the *chargé d'affaires* at Constantinople, who, in the absence of the ambassador from the post of duty, did his best at a moment of great difficulty, has been for the last week or two the target of all the pens in the newspapers. If anything goes wrong, somebody, of course, must bear the blame; but who is to bear it is quite a separate question from who is really blameable. Poor COLONEL ROSE has been made the subject of a shower of attacks which have fluctuated in the degrees of their severity, not according to the consideration of what he did, but according as the accounts from the East or from Paris have been favourable or otherwise. Of course when a measure taken by a *chargé d'affaires* happens to be successful, the whole merit is given to the ambassador; but, if the step should chance to be unfortunate, the whole of the odium is heaped on the head of the unhappy subordinate. It is quite clear that the couch occupied by COLONEL ROSE is not exactly a bed of roses.

A Few of "The Hills that (Horse) Flesh is Hair to."

"DEAR PUNCH,—I sends you a short list on 'em. There 's—

"Snow Hill, and
"Ludgate Hill, and
"Maida Hill, and
"Pentonville Hill; and, last not least,
"Holborn Hill.

"Now, I think that 's enough—with fourteen insides, and ten outsides! What say you?

"Yours, werry hill-used,

"A LUNNUN 'BUS 'OSS."

Which it is Cruel.

AMONG the Companies daily announcing themselves, there is one which proposes to start a new Newspaper, to be called the *Protestant Standard*, its object being to uphold sound Protestant principles, and its profits (after the trifling expenses incident to a London Newspaper) to be applied for variously promoting the same end. Well! That cruel FORBES MACKENZIE kicked that poor dear MRS. HARRIS, of the *Herald*, out of doors, and now MRS. GAMP, of the old original *Standard*, is to be discarded, with a slur upon the Protestantism for which she has expended such worlds of Billingsgate. MRS. GAMP is not Protestant enough! Can it be true, then, that CARDINAL WISEMAN—— but we must not talk scandal. Poor old SAIREY!

OUR INDIAN COMMISSION.

ANXIOUS to throw light on the subject of our Indian Empire, which the Government seems inclined to legislate for on very imperfect information, we have this week commenced inquiry through our own Indian Commission, and print the first batch of evidence.

"MAJOR LARKSPUR, of H. M.'s— Regiment of Foot. Served for six years in India. Particularly observed the country. Thought it a good deal like Ireland, only hotter, and the people not so well clothed. Considered the Government honourable enough; they were always ready with their pay for the troops. Thought the dykes in some of the principal stations ought to be railed in: they were dangerous at night to officers returning from mess. Observed the working of a Cutcherry, or Court. Went there to ask the Magistrate for the loan of an elephant, and a few men to beat the jungles, on a shooting excursion. The Magistrate appeared hot and uncomfortable. Did not observe how justice was administered. Did not look. Had no doubt it was all right. Could not say anything in favour of the Police. Had a gun stolen, and never saw it again. Could not state whether the people were oppressed or not; if they were, thought it was no more than they deserved. Believes they are infernal liars. Knew nothing of the Court of Directors, except from hearsay. The Court of Directors were not the style of people he should like to be acquainted with, unless he had lots of sons and lots of money, and wished to get rid of both by sending the sons into the Bengal Army. Could suggest several improvements and alterations in India. Would improve the roads, and make the conveyance of mess stores less expensive. Would alter the climate, and have the mean temperature 75 degrees in the summer, instead of 102 and 110 degrees under punkahs. Thought the passage to India was exorbitantly high. It was painful enough to go out there at all, without the additional annoyance of having to come down with a large sum."

"CAPTAIN STIFFLIP, of HER MAJESTY'S — Regiment of Dragoons. Had been five years in India. Thought the Company a low set. Had a horse shot under him in the Punjaub campaign, and the Company evaded giving compensation by a paltry quibble. Thought the system of Government in India infamous in every respect. Would go to-morrow to see every member of the Court of Directors hanged. Thought the Bengal Civil Service a mistake. Young civilians wore moustaches. Had a contempt for any civilian who wore moustaches. The men belonging to the QUEEN'S regiments were shamefully used, and so were their wives and families; while the sepoys were treated with absurd indulgence. Sepoys were no good: they generally bolted whenever they had a chance. Had seen some of the leading civilians in Calcutta. Thought them awful snobs. Believed several of them had recently been detected in mal-practices. Heard them spoken of as 'such fools' for being found out: not as 'such rogues,' for having been guilty."

"COLONEL MANGOSTEEN, of the Bengal Native Infantry. Is in his sixty-seventh year. Has been fifty-six years in India. Came home last spring. Felt the climate of England tell upon his constitution. Had been hardly used by the Horse Guards, in not receiving a C.B.ship for past services: considered he had a claim. Knew a man who had laid in a *nullah* at Sobraon till the fighting was over, and then came out and got a C.B. A *nullah* means a deep ditch. Thought India the finest country under the sun. The climate nothing like so bad as was represented. Considers the great curse in India to be the inefficient state of the Bankrupt Law. Lost a lac and ten thousand rupees by the failure of the House of GAMMON, RAMPUM, & Co. The Bengal Army is not what it was when he first joined it. It is the finest army in the world still. There is no soldier like the sepoy. He shows British troops the way to victory in hard-fought fields. Has the highest opinion of the people of India. They made excellent servants. Will allow you to thrash and abuse them without resisting. QUEEN'S officers treated their servants very badly in India. Wouldn't take the trouble to study the native language; and then punched their servants' heads for not understanding them. Would abolish the Civil Service, and give their appointments to military men of standing and experience. Military men make the best judges in the world. Had presided at Courts Martial, and had had ample opportunities of forming an opinion on this point. Thought that new Furlough Regulations ought to be granted, to enable young men to come home and see the vast improvements in every direction. Sees vast improvements himself. Was particularly struck with New Oxford Street. Thinks railways in India will never answer. It would require an army of *Chokeedars* to guard the line, and prevent the natives stealing the rails. A *Chokeedar* is a watchman. Intends returning to India next November and taking a Brigade command, if he can get one. Hopes to get command of a Division in a few years. Thinks the Press of India scurrilous and vile. Has seen in the newspapers an opinion, that after sixty, Indian officers should be shelved. Considers that an officer only begins to be fit for something when he reaches sixty-five. Considers himself fit for anything. Is ready to take anything he can get."

THE CORONATION OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

IT has always been admitted that a barrister is nothing without his wig, a beadle is nobody when divested of his cocked hat, and *a fortiori* an Emperor without his crown must be deficient of at least half his dignity. LOUIS NAPOLEON nevertheless remains without a bit of crown to his head, like an individual in a hatless state, liable to take cold, and we should not wonder if coolness should come upon the Emperor who continues so long without his diadem. Numerous reasons have been assigned for the delay in putting the finishing touch to the idol of "universal suffrage," by the playing off of what may be termed the "crowning joke" of the piece that has been played in so many eccentric acts by the French people. Sometimes we are told the delay is occasioned by the difficulty in securing the services of the POPE, who, it is expected, will be engaged to head the supernumeraries in the spectacle about to be got up on a scale of unprecedented splendour in the French Capital. Others say that the POPE has his triple tiara already packed up like a small telescope in his hat, ready to present himself when the "cue" is given him to come on, and that there is no truth in the rumours of the "Sacred College" having hidden his carpet bag, or any portion of his luggage, to prevent him from setting out on his "starring" expedition.

One of the latest reports in circulation to account for the coronation's not coming off is, that "the crown is not ready," though the order for it has long been given to the Court jeweller. This is an absurdity on the face of it, for any pawnbroker would get up a real crown at a week's notice, and a magnificent diadem could be procured for a song, or indeed for a single note of any solvent bank, at any decent masquerade warehouse. But if even there were any difficulty in obtaining the Imperial crown at the places indicated, we have only to call to mind the fact of the recent sale at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre, where a crown might have been picked up for a shilling, if the French Government had only sent over a commissioner empowered to make a bidding. The crown of *Semiramide* with the back hair removed, and an Emperor's crop substituted, or the whole of the upper part filled in with a shock wig, could have been purchased for two-and-six; or, if that would not have been suitable, we are quite sure that we have seen something worn by SIGNOR VENAFRA in an old ballet—an arrangement between a chaplet and a helmet, studded profusely with precious (large) stones—that might have been easily converted into an article fit for the coronation of the Emperor. Considering the friendship that always existed between the Government of the Italian Opera in London, and the present ruler of the French, we are convinced that the latter had only to ask the favour, and the whole of the dramatic regalia of either establishment would have been at the disposal of LOUIS NAPOLEON. We will not hear of the further postponement of the coronation in France for want of a crown, and we beg to say that, by way of supplying the necessary article, we are ready at once to place two half-crowns in the hands of the POPE, or any other French agent who may be empowered to call for them.

Military, but not Civil.

WHICH is the stupidest regiment in the whole of the service?—The Few-Silliers (the Fusiliers)!

One thousand pounds reward will be given for the head, or rather, for the brains—if any—of the perpetrator of this atrocity. A free pardon will be given to all but the principal concerned in making this pun. Any one harbouring him after this notice will be punishable as an accomplice.

THE LATEST LONDON IMPROVEMENT.

THE immense wooden hoarding erected (not unlike an envelope-box) over the statue at Charing-Cross has been called, by certain playful antiquarians, "A New Statue of *Charles concealed in the Wood*."

FEMALE INFALLIBILITY.—A man frequently admits that he was in the wrong, but a woman, never—she was "only mistaken."

HOW MR. PETER PIPER WAS INDUCED TO JOIN IN A BEAR-HUNT,

NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.—PART 1.

MR. PETER PIPER TAKES UP WHAT HE CONSIDERS TO BE A "FIRST-RATE POSITION." THE FIREWORK IS ABOUT TO BE THROWN INTO THE DEN OF THE BEAR—MOMENT OF INTENSE EXCITEMENT.

SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF A BEAR IN THE WRONG DIRECTION. MR. PETER PIPER BEGINS TO THINK HIS POSITION RATHER INFERIOR THAN OTHERWISE;

BUT—NOTHING DAUNTED—HE GRAPPLES MANFULLY WITH HIS FEROCIOUS ANTAGONIST, AND A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE ENSUES.

IN DUE COURSE OF TIME MR. PETER PIPER AND THE FEROCIOUS ANTAGONIST ARRIVE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE, IN A VERY DILAPIDATED AND EXHAUSTED CONDITION.

POLICE REGULATIONS

FOR THE BETTER BEHAVIOUR AND ELEGANT DEPORTMENT OF CABMEN.

EVERY Cabman is to wear a white neckcloth.

No Cabman is to open the door without first putting his gloves on.

Every Cabman is to have a bottle of *Eau-de-Cologne* in his vehicle, for fear of accidents.

Every cabman is to shave at least once a day, and to wash his face and hands not less than three times—viz.: 8 A.M.—1 P.M.—and 4 P.M.

None but the best Windsor soap to be used on all abluvial occasions.

Any Cabman, detected reading a letter on his box, and afterwards tearing it up, and flinging the pieces about the street, will be instantly taken into custody.

On all levees, and drawing-room days, every Cabman is to wear a nosegay in his button-hole.

Every Cabman is expected to touch his hat only every time he sees a gentleman or lady pass, but if he is spoken to, he must take it off, and remain uncovered until the gentleman or lady leaves him.

Every Cabman must possess a certain knowledge of French and German—sufficient to make himself understood—and, if he can add to the above a small smattering of Italian, his merits will not be overlooked.

Every Cabman must be provided with a silk umbrella in the event of rainy weather.

No Cabman, whilst on his box, must read, or yawn, or sleep, or sing, or whistle, or talk too loud, or make pantomimic signals with his hands, or keep them in his pocket, or sit with one leg crossed over the other, under any pretence whatever.

Any infringement of the above regulations will be visited with the very severest punishments the Legislature can inflict—the lowest being a month's imprisonment, with hard labour.

(*Signed*) COMMISSIONER MAYNE.

Postscriptum. Any Cabman seen touching a pipe, or a pewter pot, will be instantly TRANSPORTED FOR THE TERM OF CERTAINLY NOT LESS THAN HIS NATURAL LIFE.

Scotland Yard, March 20, 1853.

Recovery of Spanish Credit.

THE Spanish Government, we see, has concluded another loan—to the amount of 500,000,000 reals, with the house of BARING. We did not think that the credit of Spain could have so much reality. We hope the results of this transaction, to the eminent capitalists, may not prove wholly devoid of interest.

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HOW MR. PETER PIPER WAS INDUCED TO JOIN IN A BEAR-HUNT,

NEAR BURHAMPOOR, BENGAL.—PART 2.

HAVING COLLECTED HIS SCATTERED SENSES, MR. PETER PIPER IS DETERMINED TO SUBDUE THE MONSTER OR "PERISH IN THE ATTEMPT." HE PREPARES TO RENEW THE CONFLICT.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE ENSUES, AND MR. PETER PIPER IS ON THE POINT OF "PERISHING IN THE ATTEMPT," WHEN A TIMELY SHOT FROM HIS TRUSTY STICK ALTERS THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS.

MR. PETER PIPER RETURNS TO BURHAMPOOR IN A TRIUMPHANT MANNER, AND BEGINS TO LOOK UPON HIMSELF IN THE LIGHT OF A HERO.

OUR HONEYMOON.

MONDAY, MAY 12, 18—.

A LETTER from home; the first since away. JOSEPHINE gave it me with a look as if she really knew what it contained. At least I thought so; and the thought so amazed me that—

But FREDERICK came in at the moment; and so with the brightest face I could be mistress of, I broke the seal.

"From the '*Flitch*,'" said FRED. "Why, what 's the matter?" I felt myself getting angry.

"Nothing," said I.

"Hm! Never saw nothing look so red in the face. Quite a carnation nothing."

"Well, then, it 's a letter from—"

"Out with it, LOTTY. From the '*Flitch*.' What 's the news? Are the rose-buds making up their pink mouths to be kissed by June, and are—"

"Nonsense, FRED. It 's something—something very serious. But I knew it—I had a fore-warning of it—we should never have any good fortune while the house had *that* name—"

"Why not? A very sound, substantial, hospitable name. '*The Flitch!*' Why, how much better than '*Edens*,' and '*Bowers*,' and '*Elysiums*.' They all of 'em have the odour of stale, dead nosegays. Now the '*Flitch*' has a fine relish about it; a smack of bacon; delighting the mouth: the while the fancy sings with the music of frying eggs."

"Don't be so vulgar, FRED; especially at such a time,"—and I was *very* cross.

"Right, love," said he, with provoking composure. "Eggs are vulgar: even birds of Paradise come out of 'em." And still he never asked about the letter.

"Why, you 're never going out?"—and he *was* absolutely about to leave the room. "And you don't care about the letter; or rather the two letters, for this is from Mamma, and this is from—well, she 's a pretty creature!"

"Glad to hear that," said he. "Live furniture, at least, should be handsome. And when the mistress of the house is so beautiful, the maids ought somehow to match. Come, what 's the matter?" said FRED in his droll, coaxing way, pulling me towards him.

"Why, there, then"—and I pushed the letter in his face.

"A bold broomstick hand," and he began to read the precious epistle from that creature SUSANNAH—

"'*Honoured Madam,—Am very sorry for your sake that circumstances of the holy state which are about to take place will not allow me to keep house after this week*'—a good beginning for the holy state," said FRED.

"Now do go on, FRED. You haven't yet come to half her insolence."—

"'*For as I've had an offer which is to my advantage, it wouldn't be for my future peace*—(and she spelt peace *piece*, but I don't follow the creature's orthography)—*peace of mind to refuse it. The offer as I speak of comes in the shape of the milkman to whom I feel it has pleased providence to call me: the milkman that fortune has brought to this door with*

the milk since I have kept it until mistress should have well got over her honeymoon.'

Here FRED laughed outrageously; though, as I said, I could see nothing to laugh at. So he went on.

—"'*Which must be my excuse for bettering myself on so short a notice: as I never should have thought of taking on me to keep the house (though here I must say the "Flitch" is as clean and as sweet as a rose), if I'd had any thoughts of the young man—(he's got two cows already, and hopes to have another by the time we marry)—who has offered for me. And I beg to say that, though I've been in keep of the house, and had it all to myself—I do beg to say that I've never once asked* WILLIAM (*which is his name*) *over the threshold, but that all that has passed has been at the garden-gate in the open eyes of the world. I am happy to say that everything's prospered under my hands at the "Flitch" which mistress will find—and the stock is gone up which, as* WILLIAM *says, shows there's a blessing upon me—not that I'm silly enough to take all a doting sweetheart says as if it was writ in a book. Still, the fowls have laid wonderful, and there promises to be no end of pigeons. If* WILLIAM *and me—as he says—is half as lucky with our pigs, we may—saving your presence in his own words—soon have a "*FLITCH*" of our own.'*—

"Like the creature's insolence," said I, and I couldn't help it.

"Very presumptuous, indeed," replied FRED, looking comically. "Very. '*Flitch*,' indeed! such people should be satisfied with a '*Rasher*.' But let 's finish the missive. 'Tis now soon over.

"'*I'm to be married on Monday next which is early; but I do it on my own accord and by the best advice of my well-wishers: for I have heard that* WILLIAM *has offered afore, and nothing has come of it. So shall make sure of Monday; as, if I may say so, there's many a slip atween the husband and the lip. I'll keep the key, if it will accommodate to the last minute afore going to church; and am yours humbly to command*—

"'SUSANNAH BAGSTER.'

"'*P.S. Mistress will be glad to hear that the cockatoo pines and takes on after her like any Christian. And further that Rajah the parrot makes the whole neighbourhood scream again now calling "*CHARLOTTE*" and now "*LOTTY*." But some birds is more sensible than any of us two-legged creatures.*'

"Now, what do you think of that?" said I. "Why, I'd have trusted that girl with—yes, with untold gold."

"To be sure, LOTTY. That 's why you locked up the plate-chest. But untold gold is one matter—the untold love of a milkman another."

"Now, dear FRED, don't be foolish. To leave the house at such a warning! Well, I do think at least she might have waited until I had returned."

"*She* might," said FRED; "but perhaps the milkman wouldn't. Poor soul! I don't see why she should wait for your moon waning out—"

"Waning out, FRED! Well, that *is* an expression—"

"Before her moon should begin to shine. Honeymoons may be as thick as stars. Any way, now the matter 's settled, I 'm very glad—" and FRED spoke with great earnestness for such a subject—"very glad indeed of the milkman's choice. I shall patronise him for his humanity. Of course, she never before had an offer—"

"Why, there was a talk, Sir," said JOSEPHINE, who had come in, and I'd allowed to remain—"there was a talk of a private soldier."

"Soldier," cried FRED drily. "How! Food for powder."—

"No, Sir," said JOSEPHINE, whom I immediately ordered out of the room—"no, Sir, for it never come to nothing."

FRED, with a loud laugh, declared that when it was all over 'twould be quite a relief to his mind. I couldn't help wondering what the creature had to do with him.

"Creature," echoed FRED, and then he went on. "My dear, I have observed that on several occasions you have spoken of certain folks as creatures—"

"There's no harm in that," I cried, a little twitted. "What should I call 'em?"

"Very true: there *is* no harm in it, and what should you call 'em? It is quite right; very estimable of you. Because, my love, when you speak of low and humble folk as creatures; of course in your humility, your Christian lowliness, you think and speak of 'em as fellow-creatures. After such fashion even duchesses may talk of charwomen. But to return to SUSANNAH—"

"I think we 've had quite enough of her, and I shall answer Mamma and beg her at once to send the creat—the woman about her business."

"Very good, LOTTY; and for the future, if you value the peace of mind of your inferior moiety, myself—take good heed that you never have a skeleton in the house."

"I should think not," said I.

"Don't be confident, my love; it's presumptuous," said FRED. "What says the saying: there 's a skeleton in every house. But there will, there shall be none in ours—therefore do I rejoice in the going away of SUSANNAH."

"Why, what has she to do—"

FRED with uplifted finger and solemn face stopped me short. "My dear, SUSANNAH was ill-favoured; plain; nay—the milkman not hearing me—I will call SUSANNAH ugly. Now, my dear, in your future engagements, try the other side of the question. Pay extra wages for extra beauty."

"Indeed, Sir"—I called him Sir—"indeed, I shall do no such thing. Why should I?"

"Why? To display the liberality of your sex; for, in a word, LOTTY, I will have no skeleton, if I can help it, in my house."

"I don't know what you call a skeleton," I replied.

"Then listen, my love"—and he would take my hand between his—"listen and learn. Skeletons are of various sorts; dwarf skeletons, giant skeletons. But, to my mind, the worst skeleton in a house is—an ugly house-maid."

SOCRATES IN THE NURSERY.

ONE of the Training Schools for Nurses advertises that it is ready to receive Probationers. Testimonials are to be sent in, and the candidates are to attend on an appointed day to undergo an examination. *Mr. Punch* greatly approves of the institution, and in order to further its objects is happy to print a copy of the examination paper which is to be furnished to applicants. He recommends it not only to the attention of those who may intend to become Probationers, but to all who may be entrusted with the guardianship of his young friends the rising generation.

1. State your acquaintance with Bogy, and your opinion as to the desirability of referring to him in cases of fractiousness.

2. In the case of a child pertinaciously refusing to go to sleep, give the examiner your idea of the proper treatment, and whether an imitation goblin or GODFREY'S cordial is, in your judgment, the preferable soporific.

3. At what period of a difference between yourself and your charge do you introduce the name of the horrid black man in the cellar?

4. In the event of a youthful party making enquiries after its Papa or Mamma, do you apprise it that the parent in question is gone to Bobberty-shooty to shave the monkies, or what other information do you supply?

5. What amount of gold hobby-horses, diamond shoes, and bran-silver-new-nothings-to-put-round-its-neck do you promise a child when your ship comes home, and what date do you assign to that feat in navigation?

6. Supposing there is reasonable ground for thinking that an infant cries because a pin is running into it, do you adopt the prevalent belief that the speediest relief is caused by a good slap upon the afflicted region?

7. Is it your opinion that any promise which will take a child quietly out of the room, or to bed, may conscientiously be made, and that the only promise which should be faithfully redeemed is one of castigation?

8. Do you recommend bribe or threat as the best means of preventing a child from telling its Mamma that your Cousin in the Life-Guards came to tea and stopped to supper?

Dental Anatomy for Roman Doctors.

THE grinder—or incisor—presented by the POPE to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, has been the subject of numerous comments implying doubt as to the authenticity of the relic. One incredulous person says that the alleged ST. PETER'S tooth is a mere bite. Another sceptic thinks it was the lost wise tooth of Infallibility. A third declares it is one of the teeth of evidence against which the Papacy makes its pretensions. A fourth considers that the dental gift came with peculiar significance from the head of a priesthood which inculcates DENS'S Theology.

FINE ARTS FOR FINE PEOPLE.

It is with great pleasure that we note a work of fashionable art, which has been exhibited lately in the windows of the principal music shops, and which, to the imbecile prettiness which characterizes most productions of its kind, superadds some degree of meaning. The picture in question is a coloured lithograph, illustrative of a dance called "The Delightful Waltz," by the Composer of "The Delightful Polka." It represents a young lady of flushed countenance and fashionable exterior, fainting in the arms of a gallant officer whose coat is radiant with gold and vermilion, and whose visage glows with enthusiasm and exercise. The son of Mars is depositing the asphyxiated beauty on a sofa, amid the admiring gesticulations of the beholders. So far it may not appear that this creation of genius embodies any great truth, or is much to be commended in an æsthetical point of view. There is more in it, however, than the simple fact of an elegantly apparelled young female, who has been waltzing till she faints, being caught in her fall by an embroidered military man. When it is said that she is represented as of "fashionable exterior," the whole truth is not stated. She is delineated as being of fashionable interior also. Her waist is so small that the diaphragm, the liver, and the other great vital organs which it circumscribes, are plainly indicated to be in a most fashionable state of compression; the play of the lungs likewise being seriously impeded by the restriction of the movement of the ribs: the consequence of which must be engorgement of the blood-vessels, and congestion about the region of the heart. Hence, the talented artist of course intends to imply, the syncope which has resulted to the attractive young lady from waltzing with the auriferous and scarlet officer; so that the object of his pencil is to point a medical moral: and not merely to excite genteel susceptibility, but also to exemplify the consequences of tight-lacing.

A MECÆNAS AT MANCHESTER.

Manchester is a rare place for patterns; it has afforded one to gentlemen wishing to afford encouragement to Art. The *Manchester Guardian* states, in reference to the Annual Meeting of the School of Design at that town, that a document was read by Mr. Hammersley particularizing this fine example, as consisting in the offer of "a very noble prize" by a gentleman, as a reward for the greatest amount of proficiency, assiduity, and talent exhibited in the School during the ensuing year—*videlicet*:—

"One hundred pounds will be given to the gainer of this prize, in bills payable in Venice, Bologna, Florence, and Rome. The prizeholder will be required to remain in these seats of art for a year. He will come under obligation to devote a certain number of hours weekly in producing drawings for the donor of the prize. A certain number of celebrated works will be named, copies of which it will be necessary that the bursar should produce in water colour, in a style and size to be indicated by Mr. Hammersley; and, of course, it will be necessary for those who propose to compete for the prize to devote some time in the School to the practice of this style, in order to evince their capabilities for fulfilling these conditions. Introductions will be provided in the very highest quarters to the most eminent Artists and others, in the cities to which the bursar will be accredited. The winner of this great prize will, therefore, be placed in a position which twice the sum could not secure for any one travelling merely on his own private resources."

In continuation, Mr. Hammersley

"Explained that the £100 were given by a gentleman whose name was known to the Council, but who particularly desired not to be known otherwise in connexion with the gift."

It is easy to conceive why this munificent patron of Art may wish to be anonymous. Because, the patronage which he offers to Art is of a peculiar kind. The conditions of trial for his prize are, first, a year's hard work, with the chance of failure. The winner next has to travel a thousand miles, reside abroad a year, and find himself in all things during that time. His £100 would be simply a small deduction from his expenses. Then he is to labour a certain number of hours weekly, in copying a certain number of pictures for his benefactor; but he gets introductions into the bargain.

Now, certainly, this is one way to encourage a rising Artist. It is a way of engaging his abilities on moderate terms. It may be commended to the imitation of all persons who are disposed to venture £100 in the hope of getting a roomful of drawings from great masters, instead of giving a commission to a larger amount for the job at once.

A WINDFALL FOR THE LONG-WINDED.

We are happy to congratulate our old friend Mr. Chisholm Anstey on his having received a Government appointment. The once honourable and now honoured gentleman has been nominated a Member of the Commission for Consolidating the Statutes. We rejoice to find that, instead of being employed in making very long Parliamentary speeches, he will be engaged in the more profitable occupation of making Parliamentary acts as short as possible. Though we could not always speak of him in a flattering manner, when we had to judge him by his words, we have no doubt we shall have to report favourably of him when judging him by his acts.

No man knows better than he does what it is to be too long-winded, and he will be able to correct in others an error that he has probably, before this, discovered in himself. We often had to blame him for wasting the time of the House by long speeches, and if he saves the time of the country by abridging the statutes he will make more than amends.

WHAT IS REALLY "LOOMING IN THE FUTURE."

Correspondent of the *Times*, writing evidently in a moon-struck state, has observed "a column of light having that luminary"—our old friend Luna—"for its basis." This "column of light" has given rise to the contribution of a quarter of a column of small type from a gentleman who intimates that after staring the moon, or perhaps the man in the moon, fairly out of countenance, he observed, "the light grow gradually paler and paler until it vanished." He adds that "to a person of imaginative temperament the moon seemed to be on fire." Had it appeared in this light to a boy of "imaginative temperament," his imagination might have urged him to call up the firemen and cause the engines to be put in requisition. We trust that the moon-gazers in general will keep their imaginations down, for the fire-brigade is already sufficiently employed in putting out real conflagrations, without having to throw cold water on some fictitious flare-up that is blazing away in the imagination of some old gentleman straining his eyes, the whole night long, through a telescope.

The very observant gentleman who fancied the moon was on fire excuses himself by saying that the atmosphere was in a condition highly favourable for the phenomenon called "looming." It is a pity that Mr. Disraeli was not ready to take advantage of this atmospherical state of things to show the country what he has declared to be "looming in the future," for its special benefit. On the occasion in question, nothing "loomed" but a few small merchant craft which had been mistaken for a powerful squadron, so that the phenomenon of "looming" seems to be nothing more than the process of gross exaggeration. In the eyes of the lookers-on, some very little craft had assumed the dimensions of an invading force; and, perhaps the small political craft of Disraeli will take the form of considerable power when his vision of something "looming in the future" is realised.

The City Arms.

Since the visit of the Deputation of London Merchants and Bankers to Louis Napoleon, the dagger has leapt with indignation out of the City Arms. It is to be replaced, we are told, with a French knife and fork. There will be no crest on them, as it is said the City is far too crest-fallen to make any such show at present.

SERVANTGALISM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 6.

Cook. "WELL TO BE SURE, MUM! LAST PLACE I WERE IN MISSIS ALWAYS KNOCKED AT THE DOOR AFORE SHE COME INTO *MY* KITCHEN!!"

A CLERICAL ERROR.

THERE surely must be some mistake about the following advertisement, extracted from a recent Supplement of the *Times*:—

LAW.—WANTED, by the advertiser, a SITUATION as *COPYING CLERK*, out-door, in a respectable Attorney's Office, in London. As the advertiser is a man of extreme *High Church* principles, no *high Calvinist, Socinian*, or *Unitarian need notice this*. Salary 15*s*. per week, the advertiser having a *small annuity*.

This High Church Clerk must be some unfortunate clerk in orders, with the charge of a parish, for which he receives the usual stipend of thirty or forty pounds a year, which he is justified in alluding to as "a small annuity." The advertiser is, probably, a poor provincial curate, who is anxious to eke out, as a copying clerk, the miserable income which, as an original writer of sermons, he receives, perhaps, from some well-paid incumbent in London, who having "a divided duty" transfers the hardest part of it with a miserable pittance to some unhappy substitute.

That the advertiser is a half-starved clergyman we cannot doubt, or why should he be so particular in intimating that he cannot accept wages from any but a High Churchman? No Calvinist, Socinian, or Unitarian is to apply to this would-be Scribe, who would probably be turned out of his curacy if he accepted aid from a Pharisee. We do not wonder at the poor fellow's eagerness to earn fifteen shillings a week by his own labour rather than avail himself of the humiliating aids that are condescendingly bestowed on some of the "lower order" of clergy. The latest bit of benevolence has for its object the conversion of the poor curates by the Jews, for Holywell Street is ransacked to obtain old clothes with which to transform the ill-paid seedy divine into the external semblance of a gentleman. The motive may be very good which causes a collection to be made of cast-off wearing apparel, for the use of the inferior—that is to say, the underpaid—clergy, but we had much rather see an effort made to give the labourer his hire, and to tear off the cloak and mask from the humbugs and hypocrites than to get together a second-hand wardrobe to furnish decent dress to those by whom redress is the thing most required.

THE NABOB'S PETITION.

A GOOD man—whose name will have become familiar to the newspaper reader—has been publishing lately an affecting address, in the form of an advertisement, "To the Proprietors of East India Stock."

He tells them, reverentially, that he has the honour to apprise them that the election of six Directors of the East India Company will take place on the 13th instant, when the vacancy caused by the death of GENERAL CAULFEILD will be filled up.

With a warmth of feeling which does credit to his heart, he begs to express his *most grateful thanks* for the *kind and continued support with which he has been honoured*, and which enables him to look to the result of a contest with the most confident expectation of success. There is a peculiar enthusiasm in this last declaration, which is evidently couched in the spirit of sanguine interest for some great object.

In the language of pathetic entreaty, he begs that he may be permitted to take this opportunity of *renewing his solicitations* for the votes and influence of those Proprietors who may not yet have declared their intentions, and *assuring* them, as well as the rest, that if placed in the position to which he *so anxiously* aspires, his *best energies* shall be devoted to the *zealous* discharge of the important duties confided to him.

He concludes his supplication by saying that he ventures *earnestly to solicit* the attendance of his friends.

As a specimen of the eloquence of imploring humility, this gentleman's advertisement may be backed against the Beggar's Petition. When it is considered that his object is the unselfish one of obtaining a share in the government of our Indian Empire, that is to say in directing the destiny of above 100,000,000 of the human race, it is pleasing to find him so terribly in earnest: the only reward he can look to being, of course, the pleasure of promoting the happiness of so many of his fellow-creatures.

LET HIM HAVE HIS SAY.—"I'm out for the day," as the Court suit said when it left the pawnbroker's on the morning of the Levee.

TURKEY IN DANGER.

FREE-TRADE IN FORTUNE-TELLING.

GOOD MR. PUNCH,—I appeal to you as the ready champion of oppressed classes and persons. I get my living through telling fortunes by astrology, or rather, I used to do so; for my business has greatly fallen off of late. That business, such as it is, I carry on under the title of 'Astronomical Lecturer,' which I put on my door. It is necessary for me to resort to this unworthy subterfuge in order to evade the law, which would punish me for casting nativities to obtain money, as a rogue and a vagabond. Yet here is an advertisement which appeared last week in a newspaper:—

MRS. GERALD MASSEY (the Somnambule JANE) will hold a public SEANCE THIS DAY, at ——, at 2 o'clock, for the Manifestation of Clairvoyante Phenomena. Admission 2*s.* 6*d.*

Private Clairvoyante Consultations for Disease, its Cause, Effect, and Remedy, Persons Absent, Mental Travelling, &c., from 11 to 4, one guinea.

"Now if I—for I dabble in the occults generally—show a servant-maid her absent sweetheart in a mirror, I am liable to be sent to the House of Correction. It would be at my peril that I charged a guinea for revelations with respect to stolen goods, which I believe is one of the &c. of Clairvoyance: if I am detected in doing any such thing my reward is the County crop and the treadmill.

"Immediately under the above advertisement there was the following:—

MESMERISM.—The celebrated SOMNAMBULE, ADOLPHE DIDIER gives his MAGNETIC SEANCES and CONSULTATIONS for Diseases, every day, from 11 till 4. Thursday, at 3 o'clock, experiments illustrating the highest phenomena of the human mind under the magnetic influence. Consultations by letter.

"The terms for M. ADOLPHE DIDIER'S—*séances* and consultations are not stated; because the parties appealed to belong to the upper classes, who are regardless of expense. Do not mistake me, *Mr. Punch*. I am not so illiberal as to complain that MRS. MASSEY and MR. DIDIER are suffered to practise their art, but I do complain that I am not suffered to practise mine as well. Neither have I the meanness to disparage their pretensions. Of course they are entitled to as much credit in their line as I am in mine; as to which of us may give the most satisfaction, let fair competition decide that. No doubt they are perfectly able to see through every thing, in all directions, to any distance, with their eyes shut; and to describe past or foretell future events, divine diseases and their remedies, and disclose the secrets of the other world. But if they may make their guineas out of the faith of the aristocracy in these preternatural powers of theirs, why must I be debarred from obtaining less money from an humbler public, by pretences quite as true?

"The Spirit Rappers, too, are permitted to go on without molestation, whereas if I ever do a little bit of necromancy it must be on the sly. Do you call this Free Trade? Pray, *Mr. Punch*, advocate the repeal of those restrictive laws which not only fetter a peculiar branch of industry, but also, most unnaturally, tend to check the native Professor, whilst they encourage the foreign Chevalier. Flourish your mighty cudgel in the cause of a poor conjuror, who, wishing that your star may be ever in the ascendant, remains, in good old unaffected English parlance, your most obedient humble Knave,

"RAPHAEL ZADKIEL."

*** There is much in what R. Z. says: moreover, as he does not profess clairvoyance, there may be some reason why he should practise divination for gain. But there is no occasion for those persons to make a trade of soothsaying who, as they can see into every thing, can look into the earth, discover its hidden treasures and choose their own diggings.

N.B. WANTED.—One Event, Occurrence, or Fact, of a Public Nature, which has turned out to verify any assertion of a clairvoyante.

"SHOE!"—The London deputation to LOUIS NAPOLEON has been condemned as betraying, not so much a love for peace, as a "yearning after French Centime-ntalism."

"WHEN FOUND, *DON'T* MAKE A NOTE OF."

FEARLESSLY again *Punch* challenges the Universe—

To find a newspaper without an "Aggravated Assault" in it.

To find a richer field for enterprise than an Australian Gold Field.

To find the British Freeman whose vote is independent of the way in which he's treated.

To find a Spiritual Rapping that is worth a single rap.

To find a convert to Vegetarianism among our oratorically "distrest" agriculturists.

To find a nervous Emigrant who would like Caffraria to settle in.

To find a Railway accident where the slightest blame attaches to the immaculate Directors.

To find the British Female who can resist a useless purchase if it's offered as a "bargain."

To Find a "Junior" Lord of the Admiralty who is not, at least, an octogenarian.

To find a French newspaper of sufficient vital tenacity to survive a "warning" from the Government.

To find an "Alarming Sacrifice" where the vendor is the victim.

To find a Husband of sufficient resignation to endure the ordeal of a "cleaning" day, without taking refuge at his Club.

To find a Wife of sufficient self-denial to refuse a new dress because she doesn't want it.

To find your way into a Scotchman's house at dinner-time.

To find a Clairvoyant whose faculty of "second sight" may not very easily be seen through at first.

To find a City Street that for four-and-twenty hours is innocent of a paving rammer.

To find the British Publican who is not well up in the bottle-trick.

To find a Government Steamer that's a single whit less "slow" than "sure"—of an accident.

To find a man of sufficient appetital energy to eat a London Sausage.

To find an Election where the (strictly) "legal expenses" will bear the test of the Committee Room.

To find a maiden lady who will own to being twenty.

To find a Geometrician who can calculate the altitude of a Railway Company's Assurance.

To find the British Boxkeeper who will *give* you admission if you happen unluckily to look as if you'd pay for it.

To find a "Plain" Cook who does not over-dress herself.

To find an Omnibus that will carry you at a greater pace than you can walk.

To find a Betting Shop frequenter whose "settling" at home does not lead eventually to his settling abroad.

And, as a final clencher—

To find the British Cabman who would not perish sooner than confess that he had change for half-a-crown about him.

Well Qualified to be a Sheriff's Officer.

A FRENCH-toadying contemporary, writing about LOUIS NAPOLEON, says, "There is no doubt that for months past he has succeeded in arresting the general attention of Europe,"—and not the only General by many (may we be allowed to add) which he has succeeded in arresting. The FRENCH EMPEROR'S powers of arrest are not exceeded, we should say, by any LEVI or SLOMAN in Christendom.

A MOST DIFFICULT PASSAGE.

A LIBERAL Manager has been giving—or pretending to give away—"free passages to Australia." This is easy enough, but we should like to see the manager who could secure for any one of his audience a "free passage" through the Lowther Arcade.

"You're neither a Man nor a Brother."

THE present American Government, as it advocates slavery, may be denominated "an Uncle Tom's Cabin-et," and if it should want a good whipper-in, we are sure GENERAL PIERCE will forget for the moment he is President, and be too happy to lend his hand to it. He is just the man for a country that boasts of "flogging all creation," which boast, as far as the black portion of it is concerned, is certainly only too true.

ULTRA-NATIONAL HERALDRY.

PERHAPS some heraldic enthusiast in the North will object to the motto of the PRINCE OF WALES, *Ich Dien*, and insist on an additional letter being used in the orthography of *Ich*.

AFTER DINNER CONVERSATION.—*Austria to Russia.*—"The Porte's with you."

A Consistent Member of the 'Peace Deputation.' "*You are heartily Welcome to anything my Poor House affords.*"

SERVICES OF DANGER.

This is not the place wherein to expatiate on the maxim that in the performance of charity the left hand should not know the deed of the right. But it may be remarked that if ever that virtue ought to be unostentatious, it is when exercised in praying for a condemned culprit. That this is not a superfluous observation will be manifest from the following paragraph out of the *Times*:—

"The Convict Sparkes.—A most unusual mode has been adopted with respect to this convicted murderer. Notice has been given in five churches at Exeter, that divine service will be performed every day until the execution, and that the churches will be opened half-an-hour before, and half an-hour after the service, that persons may at the altar offer up their prayers for the salvation of the unhappy convict, and a manual of prayers has been printed and circulated for that purpose. Notice has also been given that service will be performed at the hour of the execution. These matters have caused a very strong sensation through the city of Exeter."

Against the particular act of devotion above alluded to, not a word can be said; it is quite right and proper; but like many other proper and right things it ought to be done with the greatest possible secrecy. Publicity of services and supplications, in behalf of a man who is going to be hanged for murder, is calculated to render the place in which they are customary unsafe. We should be afraid to live in the diocese of Exeter, except under the conditions of a private watchman, a large dog in the yard, and a Colt's revolver under our pillow. Such demonstrative collects and liturgies may or may not tend to effect the criminal's conversion, but they are very likely to result in converting a mere ruffian into an actual assassin. They conduce to the augmentation of that vulgar celebrity which surrounds a cut-throat, and constitutes him, on the scaffold, an example in the wrong sense. If any low brute is inclined to envy the wretch his notoriety, of course that fellow's emulation must be stimulated by the stir and excitement created about him by those means. He naturally thinks what a fine thing it must be to be prayed for in church, together with the Queen and Royal Family, the Houses of Parliament, and all bishops, priests, and deacons, and to become an object of special interest to the clergy and ladies of the neighbourhood.

It is idle to question whether the object of these services is likely to be answered in the present instance, because nobody will believe that it is what it pretends to be. Every one is sufficiently well satisfied that it is secondarily, if at all, the benefit of the prisoner, and primarily and principally, the assertion of Tractarianism. We all know that Puseyism is as rampant at Exeter as felony is about Ratcliff Highway; and the lovers of the Romanesque would naturally take such a leaf out of Father Newman's book as may be found in the 212th and succeeding pages of his eighth Lecture "On Certain Difficulties," &c,

Mr. Punch as Richard III.

King Richard the Third, says Mr. Foss, in his "Judges of England," used, among his milder recreations, to go into the Courts of Law, and propound questions to the Bench, which the poor Judges "found great difficulty in answering." He asked one question, to which he never could get a response up to the day of his Bosworth, and which *Mr. Punch* begs leave to re-iterate. "Why do you wear those ridiculous and unwholesome wigs?" *Mr. Punch* pauses for a reply.

The Limits of Female Forgiveness.—A woman will forgive any thing in a rival, excepting her being prettier than herself.

THE GENTLE CABMAN.

Hail! Gentle Cabman, modest youth,
Blest type of innocence and truth;
Where shall we find—if not in thee—
The emblem of simplicity?

Devoid of guile, thy softness rare
Deserves the very choicest fare.
In thee we happily possess
The paragon of artlessness.

Let slander's evil tongue enlarge
On thy weak way of overcharge;
But oh! to what does this amount?
That thou 'rt too much a child to count.

Detraction, with sarcastic smile,
May say you call a yard a mile;
But freshest heart feels purest pleasure
In pinning faith to "liberal measure."

Your language is not always choice,
P'rhaps to an oath you lend your voice;
But rustic Damon young and fair
To Phyllis now and then will swear.

To smoke and drink you may be prone;
But any candid mind will own,
This is the true Arcadian type—
Pan loves his pot, Strephon his pipe.

Then, gentle Cabman, tell me why
They look on thee with jaundiced eye?—
Why look at me with wonder blank,
Thou ornament to any rank?

The Cabman answered, "Tell ye wot,
Mankind's a werry rummy lot,
Like dogs with a bad name they harrangue us,
The next they 'll do will be to hang us."

SLAVISH IMITATION.

Since General Pierce defined Slavery to be "involuntary servitude," a great change has taken place in America—in the Southern States especially—in certain popular expressions. You no longer hear a person rudely saying, "I'm the slave of the tender passion;" but he will express the same thing much better by delicately observing, "I'm the involuntary servant of the tender passion." This sensible improvement has taken place, we are glad to state, throughout all the different forms of Slavery, from that of a Vulgar Prejudice down to that of the Bottle. It is most interesting to overhear a young gentleman passionately confessing to a young lady, as he is kneeling at her feet, that he is "her involuntary servant for life."

A New Inscription for the City Arms.

Louis-Philippe's well-known motto of "*La Paix à tout Prix*" might appropriately figure on the City Arms, for the 4,126 London Merchants and Bankers, who have lately been licking the boots of Louis Napoleon seem anxious to purchase "peace at any price," even at the price of their own independence, and the respect of their fellow-countrymen.

Remarkable instance of delusion.

It is said that there is now living in the United States an upholder of slavery, whose mind is affected to such a degree that he sometimes fancies himself a republican.

Why is a person with the lumbago like a man smoking a cheap cigar?—Because his back is bad (baccy's) bad.

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 8.

On returning from chapel this morning, I found on my table the card, printed in a heavy German character, of **Mr. James Grubbins**, Chichester College, with these words in pencil, "Breakfast at Dick's at nine." Grubbins is not one of my favourites: he is ignorant, ill-bred, disputatious, and dogmatic. His people are very rich; but their wealth is like old Grubbins's sword when he went to his first *levée*: they have not had it long enough to be used to it, and it is always getting between their legs and tripping them up. Nevertheless, I am not of opinion that you must needs put yourself under an obligation to a man if you eat his bread; on the contrary, if your host is a bore, the obligation is the other way; and, as I knew I should meet many undergraduate friends, I resolved to go.

Twenty or thirty boys were assembled in the Coffee-room—a sight delightful to see—all the very pictures of health, spirits, and good humour; a little overdone with jewellery, perhaps, but as gay and fresh as a bed of violets. Bless their hearts! quarter-day to them is a *jour de fête*—innocent lambs! It is the Governor who is fleeced to supply them with their beautiful shooting-coats—*sic vos non vobis vellera fertis, oves!* What a pity it is that they, too, must grow up into great, coarse, nasty muttons. However there will be a new brood of young 'uns by that time to supply their place, it is to be hoped.

"I think we are all here," said Grubbins in his hard voice, and he led us into the breakfast room. To accommodate our unusually large party, the table had been arranged diagonally; and even so, there was scarcely space for the waiters to pass. Our host took the chair, surrounded by his particular friends. I retired as far as possible to the other end, into a little *coterie* of my own. Now commenced the banquet of giants. A course of fish with indigestible sauce (the provincials never can make melted butter) and mashed potatoes was speedily disposed of, and was followed by an enormous provision of steaks, chops, kidneys, veal cutlets, broiled ham, sausages, and poached eggs. Enormous! But Dick knew the capacity of his patrons, and there was not too much. All this time tea, coffee, and chocolate, were consumed in oceans; half-gallon stone mugs, three-handled—of a form that I have never seen but at the University—and filled with beer and cider-cup, fragrant with nutmeg, lemon, and burrage, (choicest of herbs!) passed from hand to hand; and, to crown the whole, Champagne of a suspicious red colour, and doubtless of a highly deleterious character flowed freely; in fact some of the freshmen went into all these liquids at one and the same time. A pause, and one might have thought the battle was over. Oh dear no. A procession of waiters again enters the room, bearing snipes, woodcocks, wild ducks—by Jove! I believe every clean bird that went into Noah's Ark—and the indefatigable youngsters are at it again as if they had not eaten for a week. Grubbins, for his own personal appetite, orders a relay of those leathery muffins that University wits have christened "certain death," the birds gradually become melancholy wrecks, jelly (I must entreat the forbearance and faith of my readers) succeeds, weeds are lighted, and with heavy eyes the party separates, the most part, I hope, wishing Grubbins and his breakfasts at the deuce.

Ah-h-h! how delightful the fresh air is! I rejoice to think these savage banquets are not so frequent as they used to be. In my time every saint's day used so to be kept holy. Oh, my children! away with the vestiges of such horrors. *Tollite barbarum morem.* How do you suppose Grubbins will construe his *Sophocles* to-day? What sort of an exhibition will you, Charles Codlings, make, if Bowser puts you on in *Thucydides*? Why, you are incapable of doing a simple addition sum. When you all met this morning, you were as bright a set of boys as I ever saw; I compared you to a bed of flowers. When you were hunting for your caps and gowns to come away, you had the air of so many Dutch boors in a Teniers. Fudlam was absolutely screwed from the effects of that villanous compound for which the vineyards of Epernay were made responsible. I don't appeal to Grubbins, for he is a monster; but do *you* think for a moment that you are giving pleasure to your friends by cramming them with fish, flesh, and fowl, at this hour in the morning? Do you fancy that this is hospitality, as practised in civilised countries? It is useless, I suppose, to ask whether your father, a perfect English gentleman, ever commits such absurdities. Every youngster thinks his governor slow, and I can quite understand that a little money foolishly spent here may save you many thousands in after life; but do you think if His Grace of Ramilies were to have you out to breakfast, at Godstock, that he would sicken you with three courses and a dessert? Perhaps I did the same when I was an undergraduate? Of course I did. I was as great an ass then as you are now, or a great deal worse. Is that any reason that I should not try and prevent you from following my bad example? What would you say to a man out hunting who would not tell you of a bad place, because he had nearly broken his neck there himself? Pray don't wrangle. I hate to hear a man justify himself; besides you are quite unfit to reason at present. Go and have a good bucket down the river in a pea-coat, and perhaps in the course of the afternoon your intellects will be clearer. To-morrow I will give you a little breakfast in my rooms, and show you that it is possible to be hospitable without imitating Circe, and transforming your guests into swine.

I am inclined to think it is a pity that your College does not allow you to give your friends a decent meal from the kitchen. You are sure to entertain each other somehow; the Dons may just as well let you do so cheaply. Besides there would then be some check on the shocking wastefulness and extravagance that prevails now. Of course they will object that this would give an impulse to party-giving. To some extent it would; it is a balance of evils. But the real difficulty they feel, I suspect, is, that they would then become responsible for a youngster's prodigality; and responsibility is just the very thing that they are determined to shirk. Will you row aft or forward?

THE BLACKBURN "FREE AND INDEPENDENT."

The term "Election Intelligence" must shortly fall into disuse, for an election in the present day seems to be distinguished by the absence of all intelligence on the part of those concerned in it. Blackburn has just been the scene of a contest in which the principal colours were black and blue, strongly marked in the eyes and faces of one portion of the voters by the fists and bludgeons of the remainder. All over the town mobs of ruffians were employed in sending stones through panes of glass; thus, at the same time smashing windows and jeopardising the very framework of society. Though no lives were lost, fire-arms were employed; but as the assailants are unknown, and are not worth powder and shot, no one seems likely to prosecute. The son of an independent voter was knocked on the head with his father's poker, and the electors were at it "hammer and tongs" upon each other's skulls and window-shutters till the election was over.

By some extraordinary mistake the only people taken into custody were those who had been ill-used, and as they could not very well be charged with blacking their own eyes or beating in their own heads, there was no use in detaining them. A few of those whose faces were cut to pieces were bound over, but the "binding over" was effected by strapping, and other modes of keeping wounds together. We hope after such scenes as those that have occurred at the late elections, no member will be considered to represent the place where violence has been used, but that he will go by the name of the Honourable Member for Broken-head or Window-smash. We trust Mr. Dod in his next edition of "electoral facts," will not forget those great facts—the bunged up eyes and horribly inflamed noses of the burgesses of Blackburn.

The Besom in Doctors' Commons.

The Prerogative Office has, as is well known, the custody—in which it is shamefully careless—of wills. Some difficulty may be experienced in the cleaning out of this sty; but it cannot be insuperable, because, where there is a Will there is a way.

WHAT A FRENCH CONSTITUTION IS MADE OF.

A French Constitution, it strikes us, must be always made of Plaster of Paris. It looks smooth and fair enough when finished—and as if it would stick together for ever—but at the first little blow it breaks, and is shattered into a thousand pieces, of which Barricades are made.

Toby's Bark.

One of the quack pill-mongers at present disfigures the periodicals with a hideous picture called the "Human Body compared to a Tree." This is not so bad, and if we see anybody taking in the pills of the College of Gambouge, we shall know where to look for a sap.

An Intrepid Sportsman.—Commissioner Mayne goes amongst the Cabmen by the name of "The Badger-Hunter."

A NEW BROOM BEING TAUGHT TO DISTINGUISH HIS PATRONS BY AN OLD BROOM (*RETIRING FROM BUSINESS*).

New Broom. "POOR JACK, YER HONOR?"

Old Broom. "LEAVE THEM COVES ALONE, TIM; THEY 'RE TWO SWELLS WHAT ALWAYS CROSSES IN A 'ANSOM—'CAUSE O' THEIR BOOTS!"

ADVERTISEMENTS MORALISED.

NOISELESS WHEELS.

THERE is a rumour and a talk
Of an invention that 's applied
Not to the use of those that walk,
But to the use of those that ride.
What is it to the public ear
In loud advertisements appeals?
What do they speak of far and near?
What makes this noise? The "Noiseless Wheels."

A subtle meaning may be found
Where 'tis not looked for by the throng—
A "noiseless wheel!" Thus, free from sound,
The wheel of Time revolves along.
No voice is heard to note its speed,
Silent and swift it onward steals:
'Tis only by its loss we heed
The flight of time—with "noiseless wheels."

Under the sun there 's nothing new;
Whatever is, has always been:
Invention can but bring to view
Things that would else remain unseen.
The law of Nature—far and near—
The principle at once reveals;
The world, the seasons, year by year
Go round and round—like "noiseless wheels."

The blood that warms the mortal frame
In circulation will be found;
The air about us does the same
In silent currents twirling round.
The head itself will often swim;
The brain occasionally reels;
And round will come the lot of him
Who 's helped by Fortune's "noiseless wheels.

But Science may have miss'd its aim,
For clattering wheels are oft preferred
By those who think that noise is fame;
Not mute would be the vulgar herd.
Rare is the man his carriage owns,
Who modestly his state conceals;
He 'd rather rattle o'er the stones,
Than pass unheard with "noiseless wheels."

DRUNKENNESS OF THE SCOTCH.

AN elegant little controversy has been going on recently among the Scotch people, as to which portion of them may be considered the most addicted to drunkenness. Glasgow and Edinburgh have been the two chief disputants in this disreputable dispute, as to which city has the greatest tendency to intoxication. The excitement has been still further heightened by Dundee having staggered into the argument, and wanting to know which of the three degrees of drunkenness shall be assigned to itself: and how Edinburgh, Dundee, and Glasgow, are to stand with regard to each other, as the worthy representatives of Drunk, Drunker, and Drunkest. We always imagined that the Scotch took much credit for sobriety, but the nation, it appears, when reflecting upon itself, and looking as it were at itself in the glass, finds evidence of a strong attachment to the bottle. We shall begin to think that the national Scotch Reel is more closely connected with the equally national Scotch toddy, than we had been apt to imagine.

We do not see very well how the controversy is to end; but if one of the three cities can manage to abstain for a time from intoxication, the other two may make the third the arbiter for all, and thus Glasgow and Dundee drunk may be able to appeal to Edinburgh sober.

The City Shoe-black Brigade.

ONE of the little red-jackets stationed in Trafalgar Square, upon reading the address of the London Bankers and Merchants to LOUIS NAPOLEON, exclaimed most indignantly, "Well, I'm blessed if, in the way of boot-cleaning, this doesn't *lick* everything of the kind!"

CHIVALRY FOR THE MILLION.—It is proposed to establish an order of Knighthood for the reward of eminent sanitary services, to be called the Order of the Bath and Washhouse.

PIUS THE NINTH AND PROFESSOR OWEN.

THE following statement, by the Austrian Correspondent of our universal contemporary, will refute a blind calumny current amongst heretics:—

"His Apostolic Majesty, FRANCIS JOSEPH, has just received a valuable present from Rome; it is a tooth said to have been taken by his HOLINESS's own fingers from the jaw of ST. PETER. This relic was presented on the 17th by the Nuncio, CARDINAL VIALE PRELA, in a costly 'Ostensorium.'"

Hence it is clear that the idea of the POPE worshipping relics is all stuff. The veneration that he really pays them is much the same as PROFESSOR OWEN evinces towards fossil remains: putting them into an Ostensorium, more or less expensive, for exhibition. To be sure there is this difference between the PROFESSOR and the PONTIFF, that, give the former a tooth, and he will tell you whether it is a Mastodon's or a Mammoth's, whereas if you were to show the latter a whole set of teeth, he would be unable to inform you if they belonged to a saint or a sinner.

The Maine Law.

THERE is a law which prohibits the sale of any spirituous liquors in certain States of America, known by the name of the "Maine Law." A cabman writes to us to say that "he is precisely in the same State, for the late Police Regulations, which forbid him any spirits or a drop of beer, no matter how many hours he may have been on his box, may be justly called 'The English MAYNE Law.'"

UN JEU QUI NE VAUT PAS LA CHANDELLE.—Puseyism.

NOTICE.—The half-dozen translators of MONS. SCRIBE'S DRAMA of "MARCO SPADA" publicly give notice that they intend to reserve to themselves the right of translating it back again into French.

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THE BELGRAVIAN VENUS ATTIRED BY THE GRACES. (BY AN OLD STUPID.)

THOUGH I'm now old and fat, and look heavy and dim,
I don't envy the bright-eyed, the young and the slim,
I enjoy watching Beauty and Youth at a Ball,
Whilst I think what a few years will make of it all.

Those exquisite creatures of Riches and Birth
Seem the children of classes superior to Earth,
With such joy in their voices, such smiles on their cheeks,
Like the happy Immortals adored by the Greeks.

Look at yon titled Maiden—that form is divine,
And the clothes she is wearing are suitably fine,
It is VENUS herself, an old Pagan might guess,
By the GRACES attired in Olympic full dress.

But by no Nymphs, the daughters of ægis-armed JOVE,
The robes of that Goddess were fashioned or wove,
In an Attic, indeed, but no classical spot,
They were made—in a Garret close, reeking, and hot.

When Morn, rosy-fingered, appeared, or before,
Whilst the Goddess was snoring—such Goddesses snore—
The Nymphs of the Garret, the dressmaking Powers,
Arose from a slumber—perhaps of three hours.

From dawn till past midnight the needle they ply,
Oft till next morning's twilight appears in the sky,
With a pause for each meal—fifteen minutes, may be,
Their ambrosia dry bread, and their nectar weak tea.

A minute slice of meat, and potatoe, to these,
Add at dinner; at supper a morsel of cheese.
Toast and water 's allowed the first banquet to cheer,
At the last may be taken a small glass of beer.

But to check the somnific effect of the hops,
The sad Nymph must eftsoon imbibe China's green slops,
Lest she doze o'er the task, that her life must consume,
To make that CYTHEREA the belle of the room.

So I see, in the dance whilst our deity whirls,
Hov'ring round her the ghosts of poor milliner-girls,
'Twas those Graces that gave the gay VENUS her clothes,
And their spirits attend her wherever she goes.

Grim GRACES were such—if young dandies could see
Through the spectacled eyes of a Fogy like me;
And should VENUS disrelish such haunted attire,
Ere she fix on her milliner—let her inquire.

OUR HONEYMOON.

TUESDAY, MAY 13, 18—.

IT is quite plain that *this* Honeymoon of ours is to be a time of trial, at least to one of us. Goodness knows what a pang it has cost me—but—no—yes—I *do* begin to doubt, no, not doubt, but just question the affection, the one absorbing, soul-possessing—(as I used to think and talk of it)—affection that FREDERICK has for me. I can't help beginning to think that my eyes are *not* the stars they used to be—and that when I speak, nightingales need *not* go about their business. It 's very hard, after all that 's happened, to feel so humiliated. But, I 'm afraid I've been in a dream, and am now beginning to rub my eyes to the cold, wide world about me.

Shall I ever forget when I awoke this morning? I had been restless all night—for I never could sleep with a gnat in the room—never. I had been *very* restless, for if there was one gnat—there were at least twenty—oh, I 've known 'em so well from a *very* child—and could hear all their little trumpets blowing about my pillow. Twenty gnats at least. Well, when I woke very drowsily, after being tired out with those dreadful creatures, FREDERICK stared, and laughed in the most unfeeling manner. A coarse laugh, so different from *that* every morning smile—and then my eyes began to open.

"I see nothing to laugh at," said I, though I'd a dreadful feeling of the cause of his ungenerous mirth; and yes, I *did* swing myself round.

"I'm glad of that, LOTTY," said FRED, for all the world as if he was a stone. "And I tell you what, love, I'll make a bargain with you—"

"I want none of your bargains," said I, for my face was smarting, and my temper rising.

"Come, it's a bargain you'll gain by," and he spoke more kindly.

"I'm not so sure of that," said I, "still, FRED, what is it?"

"Merely this. That you won't, for a day or two—or for the whole day at least—you won't stare in the looking-glass." (I *did* feel indignant—but I held my tongue: so he went on.) "Darling LOTTY—"

"Don't darling me!"

"The gnats—"

"There now, I don't want to hear anything of the gnats. I've heard enough of 'em all night. Nobody else would have brought me to a place infested with gnats."

"My dear, you must have brought them yourself. You know the saying: where the sugar is, there will be the fly. Now, you 're the sugar."

"Now, FREDERICK, I want none of your compliments. I think we've now been quite long enough married to be in earnest."

"Earnest! Why, my darling, did you think I married in joke? I said you were sugar; and it must be confessed, my love, that the flies—or gnats, rather—have taken their bellyfull."

"I don't know at all what you mean; and I do wish you 'd let me go to sleep. I hav'n't slept all night," said I very crossly.

"And so you shall sleep, LOTTY. And not to disturb you, I'll get up and take a stroll, and see that all 's ready for our starting."

"I won't move a morsel," said I to myself, with my head under the sheets, "not a bit, if it 's what I suspect, to-day."

"We'll start at twelve, love, and that will give you time. So, go to sleep, there 's a good girl;" and FREDERICK rose in the coolest manner, leaving me quite alone. I thought he 'd gone, when he looked in at the door, and said, "LOTTY, I know you 're a woman of gigantic mind; and therefore you will not look in the glass."

I listened until I heard him in his dressing-room, then bounded from bed, rushed to the glass, and I thought I should have fainted. There never was such an object. The words—the unfeeling, satirical words of FREDERICK—fell upon me like a thunderbolt; the gnats had,

indeed, had their stomachsfull. I crept back to bed again like a criminal; but it was no use—the looking-glass followed me; and I couldn't get rid of my face—my horrid face. Gnats!—they must have been wasps! My nose, upon which I was sometimes vain enough to pride myself, my nose was, I believe, like nothing in this world or the next! Would it ever become itself again? My cheeks, my very eyelids—though how they got at *them*, I could *not* tell, for I hardly once closed them—my eyelids were dreadful. Indeed, all my face—I may say it—was poisoned.

I lay, melting in grief and vexation; full of my trouble, my humiliation. JOSEPHINE—I didn't hear her—must have opened the door and crept into the room like a cat: for she stood by my bedside, and with that small, sharp voice of hers that snips like scissars, said—"Did you ring, Ma'am?"

I screamed, and covered my face with the quilt. But the creature had seen me; for I heard her drop on her knees at the bedside. "What's the matter, Ma'am?" she cried. I wouldn't say a word. "What's disfigured you in that shocking manner? Do tell me, Ma'am—do. Does master know it, Ma'am? La, if you hadn't been in this bed, I shouldn't have known you from the biggest stranger. What's the matter?"

"It's nothing," said I; and with an effort I put aside the quilt. Again *that* JOSEPHINE clasped her hands, and exclaimed—and every word went to my heart—

"But what *can* it be, Ma'am?" said she. "Impossible, it's fleas?"

"Merely gnats," said I, with the most heroic effort at a smile.

"Well, I ought to be thankful," said the aggravating thing, "they never touch me."

I smiled bitterly; and she saw it, so continued. "But it's dreadful how soft some people's skins are; and shocking to think it should have come upon you in your honeymoon. Ha! that's it!" and she clasped her hands, and jumped to her feet, and looked as though she had made a discovery. "That's it!"

"What's it?" I asked, quite in a rage.

"Why, honey, Ma'am; nothing for a cure for all stings like honey. I'll get some directly—directly." She took a step or two; then paused, and with a look of vulgar compassion, that was like a dagger to me, she went away.

How it happened I know not; but I suppose it was from the worry of my mind—as FREDERICK called it the mental tension—I fell asleep. "People have slept upon the rack," said FRED, "and I was only another horrible example." However, sleep I did; and it was full noon, when FREDERICK stood at the bed-side.

"Now, LOTTY, all's ready, and after you've breakfasted, we'll start."—

"Start, FREDERICK? Where?" I enquired with my best freezing manner.

"Why, where we proposed. Start on our way to France."—

"And in my present state! What would people say?"—

"Pooh, pooh," cried FREDERICK.

All the woman was roused within me: my feelings stung worse than my face. I exclaimed, grasping the counterpane with one hand, and raising the other—"FREDERICK, have you a heart?"

"No, my dear," said he; "you have it all to yourself. But if you are bitten here and there—"

"Here and there, indeed!"

"What then? What have 'people,' as you call 'em, to do with it? It's my face, you know, not theirs; and if it were bitten into a thousand little pieces, and I loved it all the better, wherefore should you care? I'm content, my darling."

"Oh, yes, you look very content; so content that you'd move me in my present situation. But I'll not stir. No; you can go—go alone: but you carry me bed and all, if *I* go."

"Why, now, LOTTY, haven't you a veil? If the bites are so bad, can't you hide 'em? For my part, darling, I love you all the better for the little misfortune. So, get up, and dress yourself, and come and—"

"I shan't," said I, in a downright passion. "You can go alone."

"To be sure I can," answered FRED, and immediately left me.

In a few minutes up comes the landlady; and didn't I soundly abuse her for harbouring gnats in her house! She made a thousand apologies: said the house *was* sometimes troubled; but the gnats were very early this season—never in common came before July. And then the impudent woman had the face to ask me—"If I was quite sure we hadn't brought 'em in our trunks with us?"

At this minute, JOSEPHINE entered. "Where's your master?" I asked heart-broken.

"Gone, Ma'am."

"Gone!" and I sprang up in the bed.

"Yes, Ma'am," said the landlady getting to the door, "gone fishing;" and she left the room. Again I sank upon my miserable pillow, and burst into tears.

"And this, JOSEPHINE," I said sobbing, "this—face—this in my honeymoon!"

"Yes, Ma'am," said the girl, "but take this comfort, it might have been worse."

"Worse!"

"Yes, Ma'am, it might have happened the day *afore* your honeymoon. You might have been called up to church with that face, and master might have refused you; now you can lie as long as you like in bed, and master can't help himself."

DOMESTIC HINTS FROM THE ANTIPODES.

As every apparent evil has some inherent good, there is every prospect of an immense advantage from the *primâ facie* inconvenience of a dearth of servants in Australia. The Missuses at the Antipodes have had such a dose of Servantgalism that they are beginning to dispense with the nuisance altogether, and the ladies find that they can be their own housemaids and cooks almost as easily as their own housekeepers. We strongly recommend the trial of the experiment at home, where the real white slavery is to be found in the drawing-room among those who, having become the slaves of habit, are reluctant to throw off the yoke of domestic tyranny. There can surely be no particular talent required for making a bed; and, as to cookery, since SOYER has elevated it into a scientific pursuit, we do not see what is to prevent every lady from being a mistress of the culinary art, instead of the "Missus" of some domestic nuisance, who receives high wages for making herself disagreeable.

The whole question resolves itself into one of convenience and comfort. It has been already ascertained in Australia that it is better to wait on one's-self than to submit to the annoyances which servants entail, and it is beginning to be worth considering among ourselves whether we do not lose much more than we gain by surrounding ourselves with a lot of salaried interlopers on our domestic peace, who, if they make our beds, cause us to have anything but beds of roses to lie upon.

THE DEPUTATIONISTS' DINNER.

A CIVIC DUET.

"WELCOME from Paris. How have you fared?"
"In all the dishes of France I've shared."
"And tell me, what dainty you liked the best;
Now, which do you say had the nicest zest?"
"There was great delight—there was much to please
In their *fricandeaux*, and their *fricassees*,
Very high merit indeed belongs
To their soups and their *salmis* and *vol-au-vents*;
But of all that I tasted the pleasantest meat
Was the dirt that we eat at the EMPEROR's feet."

Parochial Education Reform.

THERE is one reform, in connexion with national education, that has not yet been suggested, but is hereby, and will, it is to be hoped, be carried out. Whether it is possible, or desirable, to separate religious teaching from secular instruction, may be questioned, but there can be no doubt that it is perfectly easy, and highly expedient to disconnect secular instruction from yellow breeches. Nor do we see what necessity there is for the combination of those absurd garments with spiritual tuition, unless that the parochial scholar may be exercised in lessons of patience, through being habituated to endure the derision to which he is constantly exposed by his ridiculous shorts.

SOMETHING FOR SURGEONS.—There is no operation so dangerous as that of managing the Opera.

LOUIS NAPOLEON CONDEMNED BY HIMSELF.

WE make the following extracts from a proclamation addressed "to the French People" by M. LOUIS BUONAPARTE (the man whom 4,126 English bankers and merchants delight to honour), in 1848, when he had just been elected a member of the National Assembly. It is both amusing and instructive to notice how many of the "solemn" vows and professions, with which it is packed as full as a carpet-bag, have been fulfilled since then. In the third paragraph, he says (we translate literally):—

"Penetrated with gratitude for the affection which you have testified to me, I bring you all my life, all my soul."

We dare say the "French People" wish by this time he had brought them something better. However, if he was "penetrated with gratitude," the "French People" were shortly afterwards penetrated with musket balls, which is a very penetrating way certainly of testifying one's gratitude for "affection." If this was the return LOUIS NAPOLEON made for affection, we wonder what graceful form of acknowledgment he would make for hate! Save us, we say, from either—but more especially from his "affection!"

Further on, he says:—

"Brothers and citizens, it is not a Pretender you are receiving in the midst of you. It is not in vain that I have meditated in exile. A Pretender is a curse; I will not be yours; I will never be either ungrateful, or infamous."

These promises from one brother to another (such a brother as CAIN was to ABEL) have all been strictly fulfilled. No one can say that LOUIS NAPOLEON ever was a pretender. It was certainly not at Strasburg—nor at Boulogne—nor again in December, 1851. They were not the acts of a pretender but of one who proved by the goodness and the self-abnegation that prompted him on those occasions, that he "had not in vain meditated in exile." As for his having been a "curse" to France—or having shown himself in the least "ungrateful or infamous"—no one would ever think of accusing the EMPEROR of such a thing!

"It is *as a sincere and ardent Democratic Republican* (he tells us in the next paragraph) that I present myself to you. I appeal to the Shade of the Great Man of this century to be a witness of the promises which I here make solemnly."

The "solemnly" comes in beautifully from one, who, in the honorable fulfilment of his promises, has always proved himself scrupulously "particular to a Shade," and no one can doubt his having been a most "ardent and sincere Democratic Republican," when it is well known that the *coup d'état* was resorted to rather to support than put down that "dangerous class," which has always been patted on the head with the greatest kindness by LOUIS NAPOLEON. Besides, as rather a strong test, is there *one* Republican in exile at the present day?

"In each Frenchman I shall always see a Brother."

Yes—as the result has abundantly shown: a Brother that LOUIS NAPOLEON would always be happy to see at the Elysée, at the Tuileries; a Brother, who, if he happened to be imprisoned at Doullens, at Cayenne, Cabessa, no matter where, LOUIS NAPOLEON would instantly run all the way, and liberate him! And the consequence is, that LOUIS NAPOLEON has not a single brother in Belgium, or in England! All his brothers are in France assembled (the very group of a Happy Family) around him:

"The rights of every one shall be my rights."

And as no Frenchman has at present any rights, so LOUIS NAPOLEON has not any rights either—no right to be on the throne—no right to stop the press—to put Paris in a state of siege—nor rule France with a loaded cannon—no more right than the commonest Frenchman alive has. Neither, you will see, will he have his full rights until every Frenchman has his!

"The Democratic Republic shall be the object of my especial worship. I shall be its priest."

And like a good priest, he has followed the Republic to its grave, and buried it. A few muskets, it is true, were fired over it, but then as the Republic had been in the army—at Rome and elsewhere—these shots were simply discharged to do honour to its memory.

"NEVER WILL I ATTEMPT TO ENVELOPE MYSELF IN THE IMPERIAL PURPLE."

This is but too true! Look at LOUIS NAPOLEON now! Hasn't his dress, like his conduct, been all throughout perfectly uniform?—the uniform of a General of the National Guard? No! he never has made any attempt! There isn't a drop of purple about him!—not even on his hands!

As we proceed, we grow more serious:—

"May my heart dry up (*se dessèche*) in my breast the day when I shall forget what I owe to you all, what I owe to France!"

And that ever-gushing fountain is not dried up; but still continues to play as joyfully as ever—and if, in its deep love for France, it does overflow occasionally, it is always in streams of champagne, and never with the least drop of blood.

But we must not pause to admire too much, but continue our pleasant journey of quotations:

"May my mouth be shut for eternity, if ever I pronounce a word, a blasphemy, against the Republican Sovereignty of the French people!

"May I be cursed the day when I shall be weak enough to allow, under the shelter of my name, the propagation of doctrines contrary to the democratic principle which should direct the Government of the Republic!

"May I be condemned to universal execration the day when, guilty, and a traitor, I should dare to lay a sacrilegious hand upon the rights of the people, either with its sanction, by deceiving them, or against their wishes, by means of force and violence!

"And now, believe in me as I believe in you, and let one cry escape from all our breasts, like a common prayer addressed to Heaven:

"Long live for ever the Republic!

"LOUIS BUONAPARTE."

Never was there such a proclamation, so full of oaths, and vows, and appeals to Heaven! How many of them have been kept sacred? Never mind! Let us learn a lesson from the whole thing, and when M. LOUIS BUONAPARTE denies all intention of invading England, and strikes his imperial breast in indignation at such an idea, and cries "*Vive à jamais l'Angleterre!*" and meets our doubts by wishing that his mouth may be sown up, and his heart turned into a paving-stone, if ever he dreams of attacking us in any way, or even as much as touching a hair of the British Lion, we can point to the above document and tell him very politely that, with such a pyramid of falsehoods staring us in the face, it is really impossible to believe a single word he says. The more he protested and wished he might be cursed, &c., if either his own breast, or the sea-port of that name, harboured any design of invasion against England, the more we should believe to the contrary!

Watts's Income Tax Logic.

WHEN Bishops, who in wealth abound,
Return their incomes wrong,
And pocket several thousand pound
To them that don't belong,
Oh how can Government expect
A struggling chap like me
Should put his earnings down correct,
To fill up Schedule D?

"HOW TO WALK ON THE CEILING."

WE notice in a work addressed to the youths of England, an article with the above title. We really should be frightened to let such a work enter into our house. We should be afraid that the young gentlemen of our establishment would be trying to put into practice the instructions there laid down for them. It would not be pleasant to have to send for the doctor at a moment's notice, because MASTER JOHNNY had been converting himself into a juvenile SANDS, by endeavouring to walk—*à la* bluebottle—across the nursery ceiling. It is too bad to attempt to turn the head of Young England topsy-turvey in this manner, just as if children were not sufficiently skilled in tumbling and hurting themselves, without their being taught how to tumble and hurt themselves still more. *Punch*, as a parent, denounces such instructions as the height of juvenile cruelty, and inveighs indignantly, in the name of *Judy* and maternal fondness, against the folly of trying to make a scientific impression on the infant mind by the means of such ceiling-whacks!

Poetry of the Money Market.

THEY'RE going to reduce the Three Per Cents:
Oh jolly news for those who live on rents,
For merchants and for speculative Cits,
For us who earn our venison by our wits;
But sad affair to many a widow poor,
To many a needy orphan what a bore!

THE BEST AGENT FOR A ROTTEN BOROUGH.—A Disinfecting Agent.

HUNTING MEMORANDUM.

APPEARANCE OF THINGS IN GENERAL TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST TURNED A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT!!

* ** &c., &c., Represent Sparks of Divers Beautiful Colours.

UNREPORTED EARTHQUAKES.

We do not know whether it is out of compliment to the Peace Society, but the fact seems to be that the earth is becoming a Quaker to a very considerable extent, for we not only hear of an earthquake about once a week, but we are favoured also with hints that there are numerous earthquakes going about which we never hear of at all, in consequence of the neglect of the penny-a-liners in not reporting them. If this sort of thing is to continue, the newspapers must really increase their staff, and must engage in addition to their parliamentary, police, and other reporters, a *corps* of earthquake reporters, whose duty it will be to chronicle the latest terrestrial vibrations, and when there happen to be no great shakes, to take notes of all the little shakes that may happen. The last advices from Jersey speak of an earthquake having suggested itself to a gentleman who heard a sound like that of a cart going over a road recently macadamised. This "phenomenon" lasted nearly 15 seconds, so that the cart or the earthquake—as the case may be—must have pulled up rather sharp, and Nature, if she went into convulsions, must have got pretty quickly out of them. We should imagine that Terra must feel greatly amused by the *gobemoucherie* of those who are on the look out for her freaks, and we are not surprised at her occasionally splitting her sides with a deep sense of the ridiculous.

Considerations on a New Currency.

There has been expressed, in some quarters, a desire for a decimal coinage; but most people are very well satisfied with the present coin of the realm; or would be if they only had enough of it. Englishmen object to change, except the change is such as may be now had for a bank-note or a sovereign, and though of all change preferring small change, would not like change so very minute as the integer which it is proposed to introduce under the name of Doit. The best use of that infinitesimal piece of money—should it ever be issued—would be to serve as a fee for homœopathic physicians.

THE PUBLIC AND THE PRIVATE CREDITOR.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's intended arrangement with the public creditor seems likely to be so successful that Mr. Dunup has determined to ascertain whether that still more troublesome customer, the private creditor, may not be dealt with on a somewhat similar principle.

The first part of Mr. Dunup's scheme provides for selling off the old stock of worn-out wearing apparel, which is so very much reduced as to have entirely lost all interest. He then proposes to convert his last baby's interminable long clothes into short reduced, for the former are no longer required as annuities, in which light he has, hitherto, been obliged to regard them. The old debt due to the Patent Washing Company, which he always denounced as a bubble company in consequence of the soap and hot water in which it was mixed up, will be converted into a permanent loan, and the old original stock of wearing apparel will be transferred to such capitalists as will bid for it. The great house of Isaac, of Holywell Street, in conjunction with the Petticoat Lane branch of the firm, have already expressed a desire to barter. All the stock now in the hands of the various large pawnbroking concerns, and bearing an interest of 25 per cent., will be offered to those who are willing to take the debt and security at a lower rate of interest.

Mercantile Humility.

Gladstone, Masterman, and Powles,
Are three noble British souls;
And had I French speculations in pursuit,
To Napoleon I, with bliss,
Would kneel down 'mid England's hiss,
And imprint a fervent kiss
On his Boot!

The Height of Woman's Ambition.—Diamonds.

THE KISS OF PEACE: A NEW MODE OF RIGGING THE MARKET.

THE ENGLISH GOLD FIELDS.

THE following letter is from a young settler in the town of Bribewick, who emigrated there, some time ago, to better his fortunes. His friends are in humble life in the town of Softborough.

"*The Nugget Vein, 4th* ——.

"DEAR ELIZA,

"You and Ma, and brother TOM will be curious to hear how I have been getting on in this place which you've heard so much talk of. So, first of all, I arrived here just before a new vein was discovered. I found all the people running wild with excitement, for the talk was that gold had been seen in good quantities in the Pig Green and down by Members' Lane. A drunken man came past me the first afternoon with a bright bit of it in his hand, and holloaing 'TRUMPETER for ever!' And they say he had no trouble at the diggin', for it did not require much labour—only that the work was dirty; but this could not be helped, and poor people must not be particular. The diggers usually belong to gangs, and each gang has its own colours, and its own leader. The gold is found in all sorts of places where you would never expect it, sometimes shining right under your nose; a man will go with scarce a coat to his back to the places I mentioned and others, and come away with his nugget. They spend it often just as fast—"light come, light go"—and they're generally a hard-living lot, what I've seen of them.

"You can't think, though, how suspicious everybody is, for a while. An intruder will get himself Lynched in no time. There's a deal of jealousy about who the right of digging belongs to in different places. They say the ground that yields the gold mostly belongs to certain nobs in the back-ground, who, somehow, know nothing about it. This I can't understand.

"Provisions of all kinds are plentiful, and once you belong to a body of the regular diggers, you soon find enough. Lawk! Eliza! to see the beer running—to see the breakfastess—it would do your heart good! While the new vein lasts all Bribewick will be as merry as grigs. They say that the gold is generally found in quarts, but I can't say for that further than that they do go together of a certainty.

"In haste—Your affectionate Brother,

"THOMAS SIMPLETON."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WE understand that LORD MAIDSTONE is about to take a leaf out of MRS. STOWE's last book, and that in imitation of the *Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, we shall very shortly be presented with a *Key* to his lordship's great (in the sense we mean of lengthy) satire, the *Deluge*. This, we believe, has been suggested chiefly as a means of expediting its sale; which, it would seem, has been impeded somewhat seriously hitherto, by the not unreasonable prejudice which exists against purchasing a book which you can't make head or tail of. This little defect in the *Deluge* it is hoped a key will remedy: giving its author another opportunity to unlock his meaning (when he has any), and opening the door to a large class of readers who would otherwise have necessarily been shut out.

We congratulate LORD MAIDSTONE upon his extremely happy conception, and wish him every success in carrying it out. With the assistance of his *Key*, we have no doubt we may often find ourselves dipping very pleasantly into his *Deluge*, and instead of regarding it as hitherto a labour to wade through, we may really soon expect to find it quite a flood of eloquence.

Decoration for Desert.

WE understand that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH has established a new Order of Chivalry, under the name of the Lombard Street Legion of Honour. Instead of a cross, the badge of its members is a button of the Imperial livery, to be suspended on the bosom by a shoe-string.

ODE UPON OPERA DRESS.

(*See Complaint in the "Times."*)

MR. GYE
Oh fie!
Is it true
That you
Station, as porter at your Opera door,
A fellow for a turnkey fitter far
The gates of Quod with surly growl to bar,
A rude, impertinent, offensive boor,
Unmannered slave,
Yea, and a knave,
Who, when your visitors have paid their tin,
Won't let them in.
If, to his taste, their coats of evening black
In point of cut supreme perfection lack,
And so sends them, without their money, back?
Are people in this kind of way
Suffered at your house to pay;
And then, forsooth! denied admission,
Because they're not in trim condition
In the opinion
Of your minion?
Folks of their purchased seats within your pit,
Thus to be choused, do you permit?
And, with your sanction, does that insolent snob
Rob
An honest gentleman of seven bob?
If you do business at *that* rate,
You'd better keep a turnpike gate;
First take the traveller's toll—the same's the case—
And then the gate shut in his face;
Not let him through:
'Twould be exactly such another do.
I say, if you allow this swindle,
That your receipts deserve to dwindle.
You have a right to say the ill-drest Gent
Your theatre shall not frequent;
You may insist your audience shall be smart,
With all my heart!
Be, if you like, fastidiously nice
As to their dress—but be precise!
Define it, and be rigorous as you choose;
Compel us to wear shorts and silks,
And all sport buckles in our shoes.
But base the slave is whosoever bilks!
That we may know what we're about,
When for your tickets we exchange our blunt,
I recommend you to hang out
A tailor's dummy on your Opera front,
That we may understand what dress is fit
To pass the CERBERUS that guards your pit.

The Weather-Talk of a "Coalition Cabinet."

WHAT is it, pray, to the weather we have had lately? It has been perfectly a "COALITION WEATHER"—combining a little of all the talents in the way of Hail, Sleet, Rain, Snow, and Frost, and composed of every variety of Wind, selected more particularly from the opposition, in which that old blustering railer, the North-East, has more especially taken the lead. Such a Coalition Weather, in which the elements have been so many elements of discord, can never last, and the sooner the Sun steps in, and effects a dissolution, the better.

"Black Moves."

MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, M.P., urges that some punishment ought to be inflicted on the electioneering lawyers, "who," he says, "play with Members as if they were chess-men." We dispute this. Chessmen are always played on the square. Now, lawyers—but we have no wish to be disagreeable. MR. DRUMMOND will understand us.

THE LIVERY OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

WE do not know what Livery this particularly is, but we should say that, since the Deputation of the Bankers and Merchants to Paris, it must be precisely the same as that worn by the servants and flunkies of the French Emperor.

FEARFUL WASTE.—The only notion that a woman has of Time is shown by her constantly endeavouring to imitate in her person, as near as she can, the shape of the hour-glass!

PANEL FOR THE PROTECTION OF LADIES.

THAT the Tyrant Man should so long have been suffered, at the expense of a small sum, to wreak his malevolence on the Victim Woman; that the Brute, like a chartered ruffian, should have been empowered to beat, kick, and trample upon her, with indefinite, short of fatal, violence, for the consideration of about five pounds; knocking her teeth out, perhaps, at a much less price than the dentist would charge to supply their place: that even now the Wretch who may commit such outrages on a Female will incur no heavier penalty than a moderate imprisonment: might make foreigners imagine that our laws, in this regard, had either been enacted by a Parliament of BLUEBEARDS, or dictated by KING HENRY VIII. The additional fact, that when a fellow is tried for wilfully battering his wife to death with a kitchen poker, and proved to have deliberately done the deed, a Court of Assize generally convicts the savage of mere manslaughter, would also seem to show that British justice holds a Sex, that ought to be dear, extremely cheap.

But then, on the other hand, there is the fact, equally notorious, that small as may be the satisfaction which a female may get for a broken head, she obtains ample amends for a breach of promise of marriage. If five pounds will compensate for barbarity to a lady, it takes from fifty to a thousand to atone for inconstancy. The faithless one may be a youth without brains in his head, or a dotard without teeth in it. The boy may have marred the prospects of a buxom widow; the octogenarian may have blighted the hopes of a Miss in her teens. But fickleness must be paid for, by the one and the other, with a swinging fine under the name of damages. "The law allows it, and the Court awards it:" with costs to boot, so heavy that something very near to ruin is the punishment of the young simpleton for deluding the matron, or of the old noodle for disappointing the child.

To account for this inconsistency it might be supposed that old "Father Antic, the Law"—who is rather crotchetty—entertained some theory of the physical impassibility and moral supersensitiveness of the fair sex; as if women could bear any cut in the flesh, but no wound of the affections; could endure to have the body lacerated to a great extent, but the feelings not in the least degree: as though their heads would resist a crowbar, whilst their hearts could be broken with a feather. In short, one would think that, according to the "Perfection of Human Reason," Woman was corporeally a zoophyte that would stand dismemberment; mentally a mimosa plant, not to be touched. If this view were correct, she who, in respect of sentiment might be called the tender POLLY, could, with reference to common sensation, be described as the unfeeling POLYPUS.

But the true reason why breach of bones is so leniently, whilst breach of promise is so heavily dealt with, in reference to the Weaker Vessel, is that the British juryman, being a householder, is generally likewise a Father and a Husband. As a husband he can sympathise with another husband who has been provoked by an intolerable wife; as a father he can feel for the other father, who is burdened with an expensive daughter. He comprehends the temptation to get rid of the former: he understands the annoyance of not getting rid of the latter. Therefore is his verdict against the uxoricide merciful, but he inflicts heavy damages on the villain who shirks his pledge to take a wife!

Of course, the edentulous old gentleman, sporting with the fondness of youth and beauty, should be handsomely amerced; by all means, let the beardless trifler with the affections of maturity and corpulence be mulcted liberally. Doubtless due allowance is to be made for masculine rage inflamed by feminine aggravation. But surely, for wronging a lady by light conduct, the punishment ought not to be very much greater than for injuring her by heavy blows.

That defaulters towards daughters, therefore, may be trounced with some moderation, and barbarians towards wives with adequate rigour, it is hereby proposed that the jury on the trial of either shall be constituted *de medietate conditionis:* of a mean between the two states of life; and, whether in the case of breach of promise, or of personal breakage, shall consist of six Fathers of Families, and half-a-dozen Bachelors.

An Undermining Agent of the Mountain.

THE Earthquake has been running about France, shaking the steadiness of some of the most Buonapartist towns. We wonder LOUIS NAPOLEON did not send his soldiers to take it instantly into custody; firstly, because it was travelling without a passport, and secondly, because it was attempting to make the country rise, and doing all it could to convulse France to its very centre.

THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

THE Merchant Prince of England,
What a glorious name he bears!
No minstrel tongue has ever sung
The deeds the hero dares.
Enlist that soldier in your Cause,
No dangers bar his way,
But gallantly he draws his—cheque,
If the Cause will only pay.

Where Freedom waves her banners,
He stands, her champion bold,
The noble English Merchant Prince
For her unlocks his gold;
For her the Prince's glowing pulse
With generous ardour thrills,
If only sure that Freedom
Will duly meet her bills.

When scarce the gory bayonet
Upholds the Despot's throne,
The Merchant Prince, all chivalry,
Springs forward, with a loan;
And vain a nation's cry to scare
That dauntless friend-in-need,
Provided only that the loan
Is safely guaranteed.

See, where a sovereign's crown rewards
A venturous Parvenu,
Crouches the Merchant Prince to kiss
His royal brother's shoe.
For trampled law, for broken vow,
No doit his Princeship cares,
If that salute can raise, an eighth,
His gain on railway shares.

You, Christian of the slop-shop,
And you, usurious Jew,
Assert your royal blood, for both
Are Merchant-Princes, too.
One common creed unites you,
Devout professors of it,
"There's but one ALLAH—MAMMON,
And Cent. per Cent.'s his profit."

What, blame some petty huckster
That his vote is bought and sold:
What, chide some wretched juryman
That he blinked at guilt, for gold:
What, whip some crouching mendicant,
Who fawned that he might eat—
With the Merchant-Prince of England
At the THIRD NAPOLEON'S feet?

The Root of (Election) Evil.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL has admitted that, in all matters of election bribery and corruption, "the attornies were at the very root of the evil." If this is the root, we will suggest how it might easily be plucked up. A week before an election, let every attorney in the town, or who comes near the place, be imprisoned, and be kept in solitary confinement until the election is over, when, being harmless, he might be liberated. If this was not enough to guard against the evil, we would have it specially enacted that an election was, *ipso facto*, null and void, in which an attorney was known to have been in the least concerned. These enactments would effectually put the shutters up at MR. COPPOCK'S electioneering shop, in the centre of which this evil has been known for years to have taken root, and to have flourished to that extent, that branches of it have stretched themselves over almost every town and borough in England. It is time that the evil were exterminated "root and branch."

SUBJECT FOR A FRESCO.—*The City Millennium*:—The British Lion lying down with the French Lamb.

THE WESTMINSTER CLUB.

IN consequence of certain misconceptions at present prevailing among constituents, and others, as to the real objects and intentions of the WESTMINSTER CLUB, or, as it is vulgarly called, the HOUSE OF COMMONS, the following rules and regulations have been agreed upon at a meeting of the *élite* of the members, and will shortly be distributed with the votes, and otherwise made public, after which it is hoped that no further mistakes will arise.

THE WESTMINSTER CLUB.

1. This Club was instituted to enable gentlemen of property to spend a pleasant evening, enlivened by innocent excitement.

2. The Club shall not exceed 656 members.

3. The Club shall meet on four nights in the week, at such times between January and August as shall be most convenient, regard being had to the hunting and shooting seasons, and to the racing meetings.

4. The entrance fee shall be settled, from time to time, by officers to be appointed for that purpose, such officers for the current year to be MR. COPPERFACE, of the Reform Club, and MAJOR FRAIL, of the Carlton Club, and in case of any difference between them the decision of COLONEL SIBTHORP to be final.

5. That the Club be open on Wednesdays from 12 to 6, and no longer, when country members are especially requested to attend.

6. That politics, as such, be expressly excluded from the Club, but this rule is not to apply where the private interests of members are at stake, or to bets upon political topics. It is hoped that members will recollect that they are gentlemen, and that no subject of merely political interest should cause high words or divisions between them.

7. That all petitions shall be discouraged, unless on satin paper and perfumed, and that under no circumstances shall a member bring a dog or a petition beyond the hall of the Club.

8. That the Club shall be closed on the Derby, Oaks, and Emperor's Cup days, and at such other times as a committee of such members as also belong to the Jockey Club shall suggest, and shall on Opera nights be shut at half-past 8, P.M.

9. That the Managing Committee shall consist of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers for the time being, with the assistance of such leading members of the Opposition as may be agreed upon, and that, as heretofore, the first subject for their consideration shall be the tariff of refreshments and the quality of wines.

10. That the SPEAKER shall continue to give a series of House Dinners during the season.

11. That to avoid the unseemly contests which have recently taken place, when, in their eagerness to obtain cabs, members have beaten and kicked one another, no gentleman shall be eligible to this Club unless he keep a carriage, a brougham, and a private cab, one or more of which shall always be in waiting for him in Palace Yard.

12. That any member who shall rise in the Club-room and signify his wish of making observations upon the colonies, education, sanitory arrangements, law reform, or any topic of no interest to the Club generally, shall be forthwith provided with an empty committee-room, to which he may retire and make the same observations, and when he is quite sure he has quite done, he can come back.

13. That, in compliance with an old custom, the press be admitted, but that as many hindrances in the way of their publishing any account of the Club's doings shall be created as possible, by means of insufficient light, bad ventilation, chattering neighbours, and expulsion upon every possible occasion. In these respects, however, it is not probable that the present system can be improved.

Economical Suggestion.

THE valuable JOSEPH HUME, said, on Friday, that he had a plan by which exactly half the time of the House of Commons might be saved. The object would be gained at once, if the excellent Member for Montrose would speak on only nine out of every ten subjects which come before the House, and would abstain from repeating the same thing more than nine times in each speech.

THE OPPRESSED CABMAN.

THE Magistrate was seated on his bench;
A mild and quiet man before him stood,
Beneath his eye who, though he did not blench,
Sustained a modest and respectful mood,
He looked like one that never could be rude;
His name, he said, was CHARLES. A cab he drove,
And from his Rank was charged with having dared to rove.

A stern Inspector of Police preferred
The accusation with an air severe,
Which when the Minister of Justice heard,
To list the culprit's tale he turned his ear;
The Cabman with a sigh exclaimed "Oh, dear!
I beg your pardon, Sir—I am confused—
This is a sort of thing to which I am not used.

"I will admit—I 'm sure I would not tell
A story for the world—I am aware
That I 've transgressed, but Nature will rebel
When laws are made too rigorous to bear.
Yon Constable has sworn—I never swear—
I left my vehicle to drink; the fact
I will not contradict—but it is inexact.

"It was not Malt that, in a liquid form,
Seduced me from the line by Law prescribed;
Nor ardent spirits—whether cold or warm—
By me those fluids never are imbibed,
For which, by my companions oft I 'm gibed,
Who say, 'Oh, nonsense, CHARLES! do pray come in,
And have a little—just a little—drop of gin.'

"But I was hungry. 'Twas the hour of noon;
For lunch severe exhaustion made demand:
I could be back again so very soon;
A pastrycook's, just opposite the Stand,
Seemed absolutely for my purpose planned.
I rushed across, and of a cake took part,
And then I had an open raspberry jam tart.

"Thereon I drank—the truth I 'll not deny—
For thirst assailed me then, which I allayed
As I do generally when I am dry,
With the least little glass of lemonade;
That done, no longer in the shop I stayed,
But to my cab returned directly thence:
I do assure you, Sir, this was my whole offence."

His Worship said, "I do not doubt your word;
Of such a thing I could not think, of course:
But even if we deem a law absurd,
You know we 're bound to put it into force.
To mitigate your doom 's my sole resource;
At present, for the summons you must pay,
And mind you 're not brought here again another day."

"Law!" cried the Cabman, of an injured one
Casting around him the appealing glance;
"What! am I for my lemonade and bun
Over the way and back forbid to dance?
Oh, bless your means of sight! In very France,
Not even the very EMPEROR behaves
So very absolutely to his very slaves."

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S LIVERYMEN.

"MR. PUNCH,

"As a young man, anxious to improve his mind, I have been lately studying the writings of MR. THOMAS CARLYLE, in which occurs a very remarkable phrase—"the temporary hallelujah of flunkeys." I suppose that this hallelujah does not mean any service of the nature of sacred music, performed by menials, but is intended to express the adulation which is offered by mean and servile persons to mere success, and which cannot last. Do you consider, Sir, that I am right in this conjecture? And should you not say that the homage which LOUIS NAPOLEON received the other day from the deputation of London merchants, was a temporary hallelujah of the sort alluded to by MR. CARLYLE? Pray inform your constant reader,

"*Islingtonian Institute, April*, 1853." "STUDIOSUS."

WHAT LORD MAIDSTONE'S "DELUGE" HAS BEEN SENT FOR.—To clear away "BENJAMIN'S Mess."

SERVANTGALISM;

OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 7.

Housemaid. "WELL, SOOSAN, I'VE MADE UP MY MIND NOT TO STOP 'ERE NO LONGER TO WORK LIKE NEGROES AS WE DO!"

Cook. "NOR I, NUTHER! BUT JUST TURN THE MEAT, WILL YOU, PLEASE, THE WHILST I FINISH MY CROCHET!"

THE NEW DECIMAL COINAGE.

THERE is no doubt that counting our copper coinage by fours and twelves very often throws everything into sixes and sevens—an inconvenience that would be avoided by making tenpence into a shilling. A proposition to this effect has been put forward, and as we are very glad to make the most of our money, we shall be delighted to hear that two shillings are to do duty for half-a-crown, and that if we owe the latter sum, we may pay the former in discharge of the small obligation. There is some difficulty, we believe, as to names for the proposed new coins, and somebody has suggested that a sixpence should henceforth be called by the old name of a "tester."

We do not see why the word "tester" is entitled to any particular recognition, any more than a "tanner," or a "Bob," and indeed a "Joey" would have an equal right to recognition by Act of Parliament. If brevity is desirable, let us carry out the principle to its fullest extent: let all our copper coinage pass indiscriminately under the name of "Browns," and let QUEEN, Lords, and Commons formally recognise as "Tin" the whole of our metallic currency.

The Emperor's Footman.

A MASTER I have, and I am his Man,
Cringe to him all you can,
Sing, creeping snail-way, New French Railway,
And I hope he'll concede our plan.

Pictures of Merit not Meretricious.

THE beauties of the Old Masters are generally allowed the praise of being natural. This is at least so far true, that the majority of those beauties at the National Gallery, in consequence of the frictional system of cleaning them that is practised there, threaten to become very soon beauties without paint.

THE INDIAN LAW REPORTER.

ONE of the most instructive Law Books that could be written, would be comprised in the notes of a few leading cases that have been decided in the inferior law courts of India, presided over by the nominees of the Great Grocery and Government concern in Leadenhall Street. This mixed despotism of Allspice and Patronage, carrying on a traffic in Indian places and Indian pickles, has certainly by its judicial appointments contributed to the "legal decisions" of the present generation a crop of injustice and absurdity very far beyond the European average. Our old Courts of Request, presided over by the old Commissioners who were not above taking a bribe in the vestibule for the decision about to be given on the Bench, were nothing in point of ignorance and absurdity to some of those who sit in judgment on the lives, liberties, and property of our fellow-subjects in India.

We furnish below a specimen of the sort of Law Book that would be produced by a selection of some of the leading cases decided by the luminaries to whom judicial power is entrusted by the Indian Government.

MURDER.—In this case the evidence was, that the prisoner was seen near the spot where the deceased was found dead. The jury found a verdict of Guilty, but as it was held by the Judge that the verdict was wrong, and the accused was probably innocent, the accused was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

FRAUD.—In this case the accused had presented a cheque, which was said to have been forged; but nobody had ever seen the cheque, which had probably never been in existence. The Judge, however, directed the jury to find a verdict of Guilty on the following grounds:—1st. That though there was no cheque proved to be in existence, still, if there had been one, the accused might have forged it, for his character was very bad.—2nd. That as forgery is on the increase, it is necessary to make an example of every person charged with the crime.—3rd. That though there was no direct evidence, the looks of the prisoner were enough to convict him in any Court of Justice.—4th, and last, That the prisoner in this case had conducted himself with great insolence towards the Court, and in a manner altogether inconsistent with innocence. Verdict accordingly. Sentence deferred, to see how the prisoner behaved himself.

ASSAULT.—A had knocked down B, and run away in the presence of C, whereupon D remarks that B had been served perfectly right by A. Upon this E, F, and G begin to quarrel with D, and C having joined in the discussion, a fight ensues, in which E is much hurt by either F, G, D, or C; but the actual assailant is not identified. Held that as E was clearly assaulted by either F, G, D, or C, though it is impossible to say which, but it being clear that there would have been no assault unless A had knocked down B, there must be a verdict of Guilty against A, though he was never in custody; but as his being in custody could form no part of the evidence against him, and he has not objected to the *laches*, either in person or by his Attorney, the verdict of Guilty must be recorded. Verdict accordingly.

THE MERCHANT MERCENARIES.

LORD MALMESBURY, our ex-Foreign Secretary, has characteristically enough defended the flunkeyism of the Cockney speculators who went over to Paris to lay their address at the feet of LOUIS NAPOLEON. LORD MALMESBURY calls the proceeding a "rash, but successful" step. There is no doubt that it deserves to be called "successful," for the miserable "concession" made by the getters-up of the business, has led to a "concession" by the French Government of a certain railway line in favour of some of the parties to the presentation of the address. It is complained by some that the degrading affair was not conducted through the proper channel. We can only say that the channel through which the deputation passed—we mean the British Channel—was very much degraded by the freight it had to carry.

An Excise Question to the Rappers.

IS MRS. HAYDEN, the lady "medium" who attends parties wishing to communicate with the other world,—is she duly licensed to sell spirits?—

Answer.—No, she only sells the dupes who pay for what they don't get.

INSCRIPTION TO BE ENGRAVED OVER THE PORTICO OF THE HALL OF THE LEGISLATIVE BODY IN PARIS.—"*Ici on danse sur un Volcan.*"

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride's, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, April 16th, 1853.

ELEGANT MATERIAL FOR TROWSERS;—ONLY TAKES TWO MEN TO SHOW THE PATTERN.

OUR HONEYMOON.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 18—.

"Well, LOTTY, love, shall we start to-day?"—

"Now, FRED, dear, how can you ask such a question? What would the world think? What would people say? That is, how can you be so cruel as to ask me to show myself?"

"Why not? Why, the cure 's miraculous," and FRED stared soberly in my face. "Take away your nose, and there's scarcely a bite about you. Well, you won't go?"

"No: I won't!" and I spoke with such spirit that FRED made no answer; but beginning a low whistle, he immediately prepared to get up—for this talk was before we had risen. "You're never going to get up?" said I: when he made no answer, but straightway left the room. "Where *can* he be going so early?" was a thought that went through my brain like a needle. I had intended to go to sleep, but from that moment, sleep was impossible. It seemed to me as if something dreadful was going to happen.

Well, I lay for an hour and more listening for FRED, when, at last, I heard him leave his room, and he ran down stairs—without ever looking in—whistling and singing as happy as a bird. And I sick, and mortified, and abed! A shadow seemed to fill the room; and I was determined to get up. With sudden energy I rose and—and faced the looking-glass! It was too much for me; weakened, humbled, I crawled back, and again hid myself. There never was such a nose. I felt, I may say, shut out of the pale of society. And FREDERICK could sing and whistle!

JOSEPHINE brought me my breakfast. "Well, Ma'am," said the creature, "I declare if you 're not almost getting yourself again. Nothing like honey, Ma'am, for gnat-bites; all of 'em, with three or four not worth thinking of, all of 'em gone down."

"It 's of no consequence," said I, as coolly as I could. "Not the least. Where 's your master?"

"Master, Ma'am? Oh, swallowed his breakfast, and went off a fishing!"

"Fishing!" I cried. "Why, he went fishing yesterday!"

"That 's what I thought, Ma'am; but I suppose he liked it so well, that 's the reason he 's gone again. Besides, he said you were so fond of trout. Then to be sure you had trout yesterday. Still, two days running to go a fishing, and leave you in bed—when you could have gone with him there; as *there* you 'd be seen by nobody."

"That 's true, JOSEPHINE; very true: with my veil, I might have gone there: and he leaves me in bed—all alone in bed."

"And such a sweet day for fishing. Master said, with a laugh, the trouts would bite like gnats."

I said nothing; but I held my breath and bit my lips. To have my affliction made sport of to my servant! Oh, all my happiness seemed melting away like any sunset. I resolved to get up. Yes; I would wrestle with my sorrows out of bed. I rose; and after all, my face was not so *very* bad. I might with a good thick veil confront the world. Already I had taken resolution; and—when in anything like a passion I can dress in a minute at most—and in a minute I *was* dressed.

The landlady followed me into our sitting-room. Was so delighted to see me look so well; and made such apologies for the gnats which had come on purpose, she believed, to ruin her house, that I couldn't in my heart abuse her. "What would I like for dinner? The gentleman had ordered nothing. He only said, he might be late, but he should bring home some trout. I had trout yesterday; would I have trout again?"

"Certainly not," I cried, very angry. "And he said he shouldn't be home till late?"

"Why, ma'am, you know he can't if the gentleman walks all the way; for it's eight miles at the shortest over the fields to Diamond stream; and eight miles back, and that would make—"

"I'll go myself: yes, the thought comes like inspiration, and I'll see this trout-fishing. To fish two days together; and to go off singing and whistling, with never so much as looking into my room. And a little more than a fortnight married! No; if I'm put upon in this manner, and do nothing, the worm will never be allowed to turn." Now all these went, like sparks from a wheel, through my brain, whilst I just looked at the landlady. "I can have a carriage?" said I.

"Why no, Ma'am; I'm afraid not. To be sure there's the pony chaise—"

"That will do. JOSEPHINE, put on your things. We'll drive to Diamondstream; we'll see this trout fishing," and I felt my spirit rising with the determination.

"It's a long way round the road," said the landlady.

"No matter, 'twill do me good. Make haste. Get the chaise ready directly."

"To be sure, Ma'am: and it *will* hold three; one at the back so that you may bring the gentleman with you; whilst your maid rides behind. Ready in a minute, Ma'am," and the landlady trotted off.

I can't say what it was possessed me; but I felt as if something dreadful was about to happen, and it all depended upon me to stop it. My blood was getting into a fever; and my face burned and burned; and if the chaise hadn't been ready as it was, I felt as if I must have gone off on foot.

At length I and JOSEPHINE were seated—I was always a good whip when a very, *very* little girl—and the landlady gives directions. "The first to the right, then to the left, then go on to the Barleymow, turn to the right of that, then to the Plough, and then ask again, and I couldn't miss it."

How my spirits bounded, and my heart leapt, as the pony—a fiery little thing!—started. "This is beautiful," said I to JOSEPHINE; and somehow I felt an air of liberty that was strangely pleasant. "Beautiful—isn't it?"

"Lovely, Ma'am," said JOSEPHINE, quite in a glow. "La! how I should like to go round the world in this manner; and it might be done, Ma'am, with money and spirit, mightn't it? For myself, in daylight I 'm afraid of nothing. Two women, and spirit, and a pony like this, with a bigger place in the chay for the bonnets, and what life they might see! It *is* lovely!" and JOSEPHINE looked about her quite animated, as we tore along. After some minutes, JOSEPHINE said—"How master will be surprised to see you! Yes, when he looks in your face, he—oh, Ma'am!" and the girl clasped her hands in sudden fright—"oh, Ma'am!"

"What 's the matter?"

"Matter, Ma'am," she repeated, at the same time placing her finger to her own nose in a manner I couldn't misunderstand—"matter, Ma'am! Why, if you havn't gone and forgot the veil!"

It was quite true: in the hurry, the agitation of the moment, I *had* forgotten it, and there I was in the king's highway, in broad daylight, and nobody could say who might pass—there I was, and such a figure! "We must return immediately."

"Yes, Ma'am; though Ma'am we 've come a good way, and master will have fished and been gone afore we get there; and the road seems very quiet—met nobody but a t nker, and two haymakers have passed, and who 'd think of such creatures as them! Besides it isn't so very bad; and after all, the veil would only draw and heat it, and make it even bigger and redder than it is, and—"

"That will do; we *will* go on," and my conscience immediately smote me for what I dealt upon the poor pony—but the girl was so aggravating, how *could* I help it?

Well, we drove for an hour, and—inquiring here and there—still followed the road. At length, we approached Diamondstream. We inquired of a boy the direct road to the water. It was three fields off. Had he seen a gentleman there?

"Yes."—

"What sort of a gentleman?" I asked; and it was wonderful with what accuracy the boy—a child of nature—described FREDERICK.

"A good-looking gentleman, green coat, blue handkerchief, and a lady a-fishing down stream, with him!"

Could I believe my ears? Was it possible? It couldn't be; nevertheless, I jumped from the chaise, and desired JOSEPHINE to stay where she was. I ran across two fields, saw the water winding like a snake—(like a snake! I remember the resemblance strangely, oddly affected me!)—like a snake in the distance. I crossed the third field, and saw nothing of FREDERICK. I turned a corner of the hedge, and—I thought I should have dropped!

There was FREDERICK, and there was a young lady. In an instant, I confronted them: FREDERICK, shewing no surprise, observed—"My love, I'm glad to see you: who'd have thought it! You see, this young lady and myself, fishing near one another, somehow the lines have become tangled;" and then, in the coolest manner, he went on trying with his teeth and fingers to separate those horrid lines, knotted as they were together.

Then I thought I *must* have dropped.

WHAT THE AUSTRIANS DO WITH BIRDS WHICH CAN SING AND WON'T SING.

E learned *dilettanti*, who, in the Opera pit,
On *contralti* and *soprani* in awful judgment sit;
Who tell us if a *basso, contra basso*, or *tenore*
May lawfully excite our wrath, or simply a *furore;*
If you would keep your green-rooms free from petty feuds and jars,
And, as MEDEA used, control your contumacious stars,
I rede you, watch the Austrians well, and imitate the plan
They have tried with LA SIGNORA ALAÏMO at Milan.

We had the lady here, and thought she couldn't sing at all:
You told us that her "register" was poor, her "compass" small;
That her "organ" in its "lower notes" was hoarse, and cracked, and weak;
And in its "upper," thin and flat—in short, all but a squeak:
And that, in VERDI's stunning airs compelled to scream and shout,
Its "middle notes" for many a day had all been quite worn out;
But though you wrote these cruel things, yet on each Opera night,
You bore her song in silence with what fortitude you might.

But your true Italian critic, when a singer breaks a rule,
Or can't "sustain the D in alt," is *not* so calm and cool;
He thinks each slight offence against the laws of tune and time
Far worse than Austrian tyranny, and treats it as a crime:
And as he cannot write each day some withering critique,
He vents his spleen in many a groan, and shrug, and stamp, and shriek,
And howls the offending singer down, with a zeal and energy,
Which, rightly used, might long 'ere this have set his country free.

So that when within La Scala's walls this hapless lady came,
The first few feeble notes she breathed stirred up a fearful flame:
"*Ah, scelerata!*" shrieked the Pit. "*Ah, traditrice!*" cried
The Boxes, as her piteous gaze she turned from side to side;
"*Civetta sventurata!*" "*Pavonessa maladetta!*"
Were the mildest of the civil terms with which her audience met her,
Till wearied out, and choked with tears of shame, and fear, and rage,
The poor Signora turned at last, and bolted from the stage.

Perhaps, you think, her exit brought her troubles to a close:
Not so! The Austrian rulers put the finish to her woes;
For, knowing that the people *must* have something to abuse,
A singer so unpopular exactly met their views;
They hoped, that in the general zeal *her* errors to condemn,
The Milanese would for a time, perchance, lose sight of *them;*
So, saying that her contract had deprived her of the right
To quit the stage, they lodged her in the guardhouse for the night.

Next day before the Governor their prisoner they set,
(Just as, in *La Gazza Ladra*, the soldiers place *Annette*),
And that functionary orders, to her infinite surprise,
That in La Scala's playbill she shall first apologise:
(So that really *there* as well as *here*, the playbill, day by day,
Must be growing more dramatic and amusing than the play)
And then upon its boards once more confront the hostile pit,
And take the censure critics think for her offences fit.

Oh, Italy! the fairest and the saddest nook of earth!
Thy lot, though oft we grieve for it, must often move our mirth;
And surely it is passing strange that, in a land so long
The chosen nursery and home of music and of song,
A singer quite unqualified to please the public ear
Should night by night upon the stage be driven to appear,
And that her audience, though it tries with sneer, and jeer, and scoff,
To mark its hatred of her song, can never hiss her off.

THE PALMERSTONIAN CATECHISMS.

LORD PALMERSTON having announced that it would, in his opinion, be a most desirable thing that all candidates for Diplomatic Offices should be duly educated for their work, and should, from time to time, undergo Examinations, in order to prove that they are properly qualified, *Mr. Punch* and his Lordship have framed a series of questions, with which LORD CLARENDON, the Foreign Secretary, has instructed our representatives to provide themselves, and to which they are to be prepared to reply. The following are addressed to the young gentlemen who call themselves *Attachés*:—

1. Can you understand French when it is spoken to you?
2. Do you ordinarily comprehend an epigram, or if not, can you look as if you did?
3. Have you made yourself master of the great doctrines of Cookery, of the lives of its professors and martyrs, and of the principal points in culinary polemics?
4. Can you copy a dispatch, without its contents leaving the slightest impression on your mind?
5. Give specimens of the properly contemptuous tone in which an *Attaché* speaks of his Ambassador behind the back of the latter.
6. Give imitations of the Ambassadress, or of any other member of the Ambassador's establishment.
7. By what excuses do you chiefly evade duty when you want to ride, pay a visit, or go to the Opera, instead of completing the papers entrusted to you, and how do you establish a good understanding with the physician to the Embassy?
8. Suppose, by some unhappy accident, you were made *Chargé d'affaires* in the absence of your chief, and naturally wished to shew your zeal and talent, in what way would you try to get up a misunderstanding?
9. Write a dispatch acknowledging the receipt of documents.
10. Now, revise that dispatch, and correct the grammar and the spelling.
11. Revise it again, and try and make it say what you mean.
12. Copy it, without leaving out the principal word.
13. State your chief reasons for hating the Secretary.
14. State whether, in society, you assume the extreme butterfly, or the profound diplomat, and whether you talk *entr'acte* or protocol. Give specimens of each style.
15. State, upon oath, whether you ever reported yourself to have rather mystified PRINCESS L——. If not, what do you think of the diplomatic chances of the HONOURABLE CARNABY SPOONBILL, who, at 22, boasted to that effect in Carlton Gardens.
16. What, do you suppose, is the use of you?

A Warning to the Evil-Disposed.

MR. PUNCH, having received several threatening letters on the subject of the crusade against eccentric and revolutionary hats at Munich, warns the writers that by the kind permission of the authorities at the Home Office, police have been stationed on the premises, with orders to take into custody all persons depositing in his letter-box letters containing puns upon the expressions "mob-cap," "wide-awake," "nap," "felt," "crown," "light-headed," "the cap fitting," or other plays upon words of the same notorious family.

THE BEST PLEDGE.—If a man would only look at himself when he was drunk, he never would drink again.

WHO WILL BELL THE CAT?

Question who on earth will Bell the Cat? is indeed becoming very serious; for unless the cat, as played in the streets by those well-known nuisances, "the boys," is speedily bell'd, the public eye will be knocked out or knocked in, which would entail about an equal amount of optical inconvenience. This mania for playing at cat is no less absurd than dangerous, for it is a game at which nobody seems to win, and which, apparently, has no other aim than the windows of the houses and the heads of the passengers. We have once or twice endeavoured to follow out the scheme of the game in our "mind's eye;" but, when we have done so, our body's eye has come in for the fruits of our curiosity. We can only hope that it will not be thought indicative of cruelty to animals on our part if we express our desire for the extermination of this obnoxious cat, for, if instead of nine, it had ninety thousand lives, our deep disgust would have "stomach for them all."

A FALL IN WATERFALLS.

Mr. Charles Mathews has, in a very characteristic letter to the newspapers, announced his readiness to sell "the effects" in his last Easter piece. We sincerely hope that the offer will not be lost sight of by some of our Government departments, and particularly by that which is entrusted with the adornment of the metropolis. Mr. Beverley's beautiful waterfall might furnish a truly admirable substitute for those horrible basins in Trafalgar Square—basins which London should be glad to wash its hands of, at the earliest opportunity. If the waterfall in question is really in the market, why not remove it at once to Charing Cross, where it would be a most agreeable feature during the approaching summer; and though the real water could not enjoy a run at the Lyceum, it might be allowed to run throughout the whole season in front of the National Gallery.

The Invader's Guide-Book to England.

We don't know how far it may be true, but it is reported that Mons. Billot's stupid pamphlet of the "*Lettres Francques*," is so often consulted by Louis Napoleon, that it is scarcely ever out of his possession. In fact, it is familiarly known now by the title of "The Emperor's *Invade-mecum*."

Puseyism in the Funds.

It was feared that the Tractarian views of the Chancellor of the Exchequer would occasion him to abuse his trust as a Cabinet Minister for proselytising purposes; but as yet Mr. Gladstone has made no attempt at conversion, except his proposition to convert the Three per Cents.

A Place which you are constantly being told of, but which no one ever found yet.—A place where to get a good Cigar.

THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE

CONTEMPLATES WITH DISMAY MR. GLADSTONE'S OPERATIONS ON THE FUNDS.

"Oh, *Mr. Punch*, if you please Sir, I really wish you would!

"You 've done your *best* to make me *ridiculous*, and if I 'm not a perfect *laughing-stock* to the whole *neighbourhood* and even to my *own* servants, I 'm sure it 's no *fault* of yours. But if you would *only* explain what *ever* that Mr. Gladstone's a-going to do with the *Funds*, for *I* can't understand it, though I 've been in the habit of receiving my *dividends* regularly *myself*, as you ought to *know*, for you sent a young man to the *Bank* to *watch* me, in the *meanest* way, only three years ago, and he wrote an *account* of it, though there were many things he *said* then that *never* happened. But I don't mind *that*, if you 'd only explain *now*. I 've asked a great many *ladies* in the same *situation* as myself, and I 've had in all the *daily* papers, and the *Observer*, which I 'm told is connected with the *Government* and ought to know what 's going on; and the more I 've *read* about it, the less I can understand, but it seems clear *we 're* to be *robbed*, and to have *Exchequer* bills, or *bonds*, or *something*, —whether we like it or not, to the extent of *thirty* millions—or what they *call* new *securities*, when I 'm sure the old ones were quite *trouble* enough, *particularly* to *females*, and the *clerks* far from *civil* as it *was*; and how ever I 'm to make them *understand* what I *come* for, next dividend day, is *more* than I can *tell*. I 'm sure my *poor* uncle Thomas little *expected*, when he left me the *Bank* annuities and the South Sea stock that he *toiled* and slaved for all his *life*, that ever they would be *meddled* with by your Mr. Gladstones and your Lord Chancellors of the Exchequer. I 've often *heard* my poor uncle say a thing was 'as safe as the Bank,' but *those* words I *hope* never to hear again, now Government's going to *behave* in this *shameful* way. *I* never was *consulted* about it, nor anybody else, I dare say, that had *property* in the Funds, and always paid *income-tax* upon it without *grumbling*, besides all the assessed taxes, because I thought and always said when people used to *make a fuss* about the Corn Laws and the Pope, and the French coming *over*, and Kossuth and those *wretches*, 'Well, my money's in the Government *Funds*, and *that 's safe*, at all events;" a set of meddling *artful* people. I 'm sure *poor dear* Mr. Disraeli wouldn't have *thought* of such a thing.

"So, if you *please*, if you 'll *advise* me what to do; I declare I 've a *good* mind to sell out and go *abroad*; and I *know* there are several ladies of my *acquaintance* who are *thinking* seriously whether they won't go and take their *money* right out of *Government's* hands, and serve them *right*, too—and then I should like to see what they 'll *say*, a pack of little better than *rogues* and swindlers. I *do hope* you 'll be *kind* enough to say in your *next* whether you don't *think* that would *bring* them to their *senses*.

"And I remain, *Mr. Punch*,

"Your obedient *humble servant*,

"(*bearing no malice for the unwarrantable liberties you've taken with me*),

Late "Martha Struggles," (*now* "Mrs. Jones.")

CANINE MADNESS.

Can the Animals' Friend Society produce an instance of friendship more touching than the subjoined advertisement?—

A GENTLEMAN, who, through the death of his lady, has a very small and exceedingly handsome BLACK and TAN TERRIER DOG, weighing *a little over 3lbs.*, for which he has been offered a large sum, wishes to PART WITH it, to be kindly treated. Would be happy to exchange with any lady or gentleman having a horse, which they wished to be also kindly treated (and having no use for) for his own riding or driving. Undeniable references will be asked for and given. Apply by letter, post paid.

This must be the dearest little dog that ever yelped—too dear to be sold. The wish to part with it—arising, doubtless, from some very serious cause—can only contemplate an exchange of so beloved a pet for a horse. What sort of a horse? Would an ordinary hack do? or a hunter be expected? or would nothing be taken under the winner of the approaching Derby? Weighing only 3lbs., the canine darling must be appraised at its own weight in gold—a very nugget of a dog. We should like to take it at our valuation, and barter it at its proprietor's, in which case we should ultimately obtain a gallant steed by the original sacrifice of an old hat or pair of highlows. If any poor mantua-maker girl should happen to read this advertisement, we would exhort her to suppress the feeling of envy, should that baleful passion be excited in her bosom, by the comparison of her own hard pallet with the cosy clover which is probably the couch of this beatified little beast.

What a Cabman particularly dislikes.—To drop a gentleman at his door, without being asked what his fare is, but to have it sent out to him by the servant.

Cabby. "DON'T BE ALARMED, SIR. IT 'S ONLY HIS PLAY!"

OLD ENGLAND'S BABES IN THE WOOD.

In a nurse's uncouth telling, in a broadside's random spelling,
Or in statelier garb of story-book, with binding and gilt edges,
For ages has that story set Young England's tears a-welling,
That sanctifies the red-breast on our window-sills and hedges.

How oft with tear-drenched pinafore, has he sat and lost his dinner for
The death of those good parents, in that uncle too confiding,
And wondered in his innocence, what he was such a sinner for,
As to hire those cruel ruffians who took the babes out riding.

How oft the nursery's rattle has been hushed before the prattle
Of those pretty babes which wrought so on the milder-minded *Walter*,
That in the lonely forest he gave his fellow battle,
And slew him, thereby cheating the gallows and the halter.

And then, instead of staying to keep the babes from straying,
He weakly left them, with command to "stop there like good children;"
For Young England well remembered his own manner of obeying
The like order from the nurse-maid whom he gloried in bewildering.

With what bursts of tender sobbing he blessed the gentle robin,
Who the forest leaves their faces laid with pious beak and claws on,
And how heavily in school-days was he visited with cobbing
Who the robin's sacred nest laid his sacrilegious paws on.

That old tale with a new dress on, for Old England has its lesson;
Touching *his* "Babes in the Wood" he a hint from it may borrow—
In the wood through whose entanglements scarce manly strength can press on—
The wood of sin and suffering, of ignorance and sorrow.

There the little children wander, while in mortal combat yonder
Those who call themselves their guides for the mastery are fighting;
There in striving for that wood's sour fruit their infant strength they squander,
Deep and deeper in its hideous depths body and soul benighting.

The combatants are sturdy, skilled to use their weapons wordy;
And 'ere Chapel's got the better of Church, or Church of Chapel,
The children may be lying, while *Punch*, for pious birdie,
Strews his leaves on those that perished while their guides were in death-grapple.

THE WHISTONIAN CONSOLS.

If any one should ask, like the capitalist in the advertisement, "What shall I do with my money?" he might be recommended to invest some of it in the Whiston Fund, for one thing. This is a subscription which has been started in order to reimburse the Rev. Robert Whiston. Mr. Whiston is the Master of Rochester Cathedral School. Not content with flogging his own scholars, he flogged the Dean and Chapter of Rochester. Boys sometimes evince their sense of a flagellation by "barring out." The Dean and Chapter resented their chastisement somewhat in the same puerile manner. They extruded Mr. Whiston from his situation. In compelling them to let him into his school again, and by more than three years' loss of salary whilst they kept him out of it, Mr. Whiston has become the loser by these sacred gentlemen, and the creditor of a spirited public, to the amount of above £1,500.

Had Mr. Whiston a right to flog the Dean and Chapter? A question to be asked before subscribing to his fund—and to be answered by the admission that he had certainly no more right than *Punch* would have to flog a Mayor and Aldermen for eating up property, of which they were the trustees, in the form of turtle-soup.

Mr. Whiston flogged his involuntary pupils for being greedy—the vice of some clerical as well as other corporations. Instead of kicking under the infliction they had much better have meekly kissed his rod, entitled *Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment*. For they have been obliged to swallow what they ejected, and disgorge what they swallowed. Their Bishop has reluctantly forced Mr. Whiston back upon them, and they have taken him, under compulsion, with wry faces. Part, at least, of the monies in dispute, they have also refunded.

Under these circumstances, surely Mr. Whiston must be regarded as a public benefactor, one of the class of dragon-killers, as well deserving to be indemnified as St. George would have been, if he had found himself between one and two thousand pounds out of pocket by his triumph over his voracious antagonist.

Supernatural Amusement.

Spirit-Rapping is Performed Nightly at the Pig-and-Whistle Harmonic Meeting, after each of the Songs and Glees, by Persons under the Influence of Spirits!!!

WHO SHALL EDUCATE? OR, OUR BABES IN THE WOOD.

April 23, 1853.

CHARITABLE CONVIVIALITIES.

TO meet the objection which has been raised against charity dinners, as well on account of the discomfort attending them, as on the ground that their expense is so much devoured that might have been bestowed in alms—so much gluttony that might have been so much beneficence—a change is proposed to be made in the style and character of these festivals. To abolish them would be out of the question, as it is an established truth that nothing of any consequence can be managed in England without a dinner of some sort. It is therefore suggested, not that the banquet should be done away with, but that it should be of a light and cooling nature, consisting of the simple staff of life accompanied by the genuine and original draught which cheered but not inebriated ADAM. A reasonable charge will be allowed for the room, in regard to the interests of the Albion and the London Tavern. The heat of cookery and reeking viands will thus be obviated; and the dinner will become simply a device for saving the greatest possible amount out of the guinea paid for the dinner ticket.

LEADENHALL STREET MENDICANTS.

A DEFEATED candidate for an East Indian Directorship addresses his would-have-been constituency in the following melancholy strain:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The unexpected issue of the Ballot at the East India House this day, has been to me a severe disappointment, the numerous promises of support which I had received from so many kind and influential friends having led me to expect a very different result."

Has this gentleman a wife and seven children depending upon him for support? Was there nothing but the situation that he has lost between him and the workhouse? Will he now apply to the Union, or retire from the world, by making a suicidal plunge over one of the bridges? Well; it is a relief to know that he does not meditate self-destruction; for, he continues:—

"Under these circumstances I have only to tender to the 1,047 Proprietors who have done me the honour of recording their votes in my favour, my warmest and most grateful thanks, and to announce to them and the Proprietors, at large, my determination to proceed again to the Ballot on the occurrence of the next vacancy."

So he won't play the Roman fool—this time at least; he will have another try first, anyhow. In the meantime he returns his supporters his "warmest and most grateful thanks"—thanks which doubtless have all the warmth and the flavour of curry and mulligatawny soup. But yet he hardly addresses them with sufficient humility. He begins his letter with "Ladies and Gentlemen." A more suitable commencement would have been "TO THE AFFLUENT."

A Rallying Cry for the Quakers.

SHOULD England ever be invaded, the Quakers ought to be the first to rush to the rescue, and make a rallying-cry of the old proverb—"A Friend in need is a Friend indeed."

SECOND-HAND CANONICALS.

LORD Bishop!—yon Curate so spare do you note?
How threadbare, your Lordship observes, is his coat,
No disgrace to his Cloth is that Parson so slim,
But his Cloth is a grievous dishonour to him.

How came that vile garment of rusty old black,
Do you fancy, my Lord, on his Rev'rence's back?
There's a Charity, haply your Lordship may know,
Which for "poor pious Clergymen" gathers old clo'.

Therefrom came that relic of ancient attire,
Redeemed, to invest a Divine, from the fire,
By a Jew, who a shilling had felt in the tail,
Where the owner had happened to leave an odd vail.

For once that same coat which, though shabby downright,
Sets off, in a manner, the neckcloth of white,
With a similar contrast distinguished a Swell
Of a Waiter, who served at a civic Hotel.

What service it saw when his shoulders it warmed!
The service that Minister daily performed;
With the Waiter it stood at the rich turtle feast,
But it sits down to poor bread and cheese with the Priest.

For carrying plates 'tis not good enough wear,
But it does for the office of preaching and prayer,
And, my Lord, if you'd poverty preach with success,
Let your Lordship in such like canonicals dress.

'Gainst riches with greater effect you'd inveigh,
If you were attired in that rusty array,
Than if you should hold forth, in a tone so severe,
And lawn sleeves that are starched with twelve thousand a-year.

The Protector of the Holy Places.

WE see by the advertisements and the show-boards that "Shortly will Close—Jerusalem." Now this is a chance for M. LOUIS NAPOLEON to rush in and save Jerusalem—at all events, if he is a sincere Protector of the Holy Places, to do his best to keep it out of the hands of the Jews. By the bye, may we also offer to his notice the wood pavement in Regent Street?—for we think that at present that is about the holiest place in London.

A NOVUM ORGANUM.—A Jew buying BACON.

RAP-RASCALISM.

"THE WITCH OF ENDOR SUPERSEDED EVERY EVENING" will probably very soon be the heading of the newspaper advertisements put forth by the "Spiritual Rappers." The following cool announcement of regular necromancy—*or* imposture—appeared last week:—

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS from departed friends, which so much gratify serious and enlightened minds, are exemplified daily from 10 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock, by the American Medium, MRS. R., at &c., &c.

There does, to be sure, seem to be something peculiarly shocking in practising on feelings relative to departed friends; but as the "serious and enlightened minds" that are so much gratified by such sordid imposition are brainless dupes, their sensibilities are the least likely to be outraged by the heartless hoax.

The Americans appear to have such a passion for territory, that, having licked all Nature, as they conceive, they now want to annex the spiritual world also. In this scheme of aggrandisement, however, they have competitors; for, consulting English prejudices rather than English grammar, a wizard has issued the notification subjoined:—

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.—MR. HARDINGE and ENGLISH MEDIUM will give Spiritual Séances every evening, for the purpose of delineating the truth and use of these wonderful communications. Most interesting, instructive, and useful impressions are written out by the Medium while subjected to the influence of Spirits.

Whiskey, rum, gin, brandy, or hollands?

Those who wish to see a female under the influence of spirits have a peculiar taste; but if they must indulge it, they had better perambulate the neighbourhood of Seven Dials on a Saturday night, than go and pay their money to see that which, if worth seeing, is worth no more, and may be seen *gratis* in any disreputable part of town.

There is reason to believe that those who consult the Spirit Rappers do not, for the most part, do so in the hope of detecting the trick, but with "serious" if not "enlightened minds," impressed with a belief in their professions. For the gratification of minds thus serious and enlightened, we may expect, as above hinted, to have, in a little time, performances and exhibitions of real sorcery and genuine witchcraft openly advertised amongst the public amusements; and perhaps a theatre will be established whereat an actual *Zamiel* will come on in *Der Freischütz*; apparitions of authentic fiends will ascend in *Macbeth*, and DR. FAUSTUS will positively raise the devil.

A PRETTY GO!

WE understand that in compliment to the position of Leader of the opposition to the Jew Bill, assumed by MR. CUMMING BRUCE, he will be allowed to take the title of the Cumming Man!

TASTE.

First Swell. "THAT'S A DEJICED NEAT STYLE OF PIN, CHARLEY!"

Second. "YA-AS—IT'S A PRETTY THING. A'VE GOT SET A SHIRT STUDS—AND AW—WAISTCOAT BUTT'NS TO MATCH—LOOK STUNNING AT NIGHT—'SURE YAH!"

A WAR CRY IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

EVERY now and then there proceeds from some little hole and corner of the country a cry of defiance, a moan of lamentation, or a shriek of alarm, which has the double effect of surprising the rest of the world, and reminding the aforesaid rest of the world that there is such a place in existence as the hole or corner which the cry, moan, or shriek—as the case may be—has proceeded from. A few nights ago the House of Commons found itself listening to a shrill shriek—echoed throughout the world in all the papers on the following day—from a no less and no greater place than Bromsgrove which, reference to a minute dot in a map informs us, is in Worcestershire. The public—after the first burst of astonishment at the intimation that Bromsgrove *is* at all—will be curious to learn what can Bromsgrove want, and why Bromsgrove has walked out from its little dot on the map, to arrest the attention of the world for a few hurried minutes? We should have been scarcely more surprised had modest little Mitcham attempted to seize the nineteenth century by the button, and murmured out a few mild words about itself.

But what has Bromsgrove got to say? is the question that now presents itself. Let Bromsgrove answer! or rather, as Bromsgrove has run back again into his little place in Worcestershire, we must answer for it. Well then, Bromsgrove has petitioned the House of Commons against a war between France and England! Has Bromsgrove been asleep since the peace of Amiens?—and does Bromsgrove timidly apprehend that war will break out again?—or has some "mad wag" of the present day walked into Bromsgrove to hoax it with the pretended news of war being about to be declared immediately? At all events, the petition from Bromsgrove came upon the House with all the *rococo* air of a request to Parliament not to sanction Catholic Emancipation, or to repeal the Test Acts, or to do, or abstain from doing some other act which has been disposed of and forgotten for half a century. The only reply we can suggest to the prayer of Bromsgrove is to send down all the necessary apparatus for a Commission of Lunacy, with full power to inquire whether Bromsgrove has or has not been in a sound state of mind, and capable of managing its own affairs, from the day of the date of its absurd petition.

THE QUAKER'S OATH.—Odd-drab-it it!!!

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 9.

THE name of CHARLEY CURETON has recently become notorious in connexion with the beautiful and eccentric COUNTESS VISCONTI. He was a contemporary of mine at the University, and an object there (as indeed he has been everywhere else) of contempt and admiration to an uncommon degree. He is one of those remarkable men who have only to appear in a new circle to achieve a reputation. He had not eaten three dinners in Hall before every one was talking of the extensive freshman at St. Peter's. The foreman of MESSRS. GALLOWS, of Bond Street, came up before the commencement of Term to measure MR. CURETON'S apartments; and in a few days arrived a dazzling vision of walnut chairs and tables, fauteuils, sofas, carpets, and flock papers. JOHN, the oldest College servant, had never seen the likes of it—not even in the Warden's lodgings—and portraits of hactresses in short petticoats, and Chiney shepherdesses and Hindian hidols, and halabaster hangels and things (which it was to be oped they was not Popish superstitions). The very Dons listened to the catalogue of wonders with curiosity.

The owner, perhaps, hardly seemed equal to his position. He was pale, slender, flaxen-haired, and only nineteen. But he had the *aplomb* of a Cabinet Minister. He was insolently serene and self-possessed. He had the invaluable talent of silence; and when he did speak, it was in a melodious lingo—not understood by honest JOHN—to his foring walet, a party with bushy whiskers and earrings, who answered to the name of GERONIMO. It is unnecessary to add that JOHN and his fellows would have looked upon the sudden death of this individual with feelings of great joy and thankfulness.

I was delighted to find that I had met the distinguished freshman of St. Peter's at Florence—where his father, SIR CLAUD CURETON, was an eminent physician—and hastened to pay my respects to him. He seemed pleased to see any one who had been out of England, and invited me to smoke the calumet of peace. While GERONIMO was artfully preparing a sumptuous hookah for my benefit, I had leisure to observe my host. He was reclining with languid grace on one of MESSRS. GALLOWS'S incomparable sofas. He was like a large tropical bird—silent, but gorgeous. He wore a crimson dressing-gown of Oriental cut, voluminous trowsers, and yellow slippers. On his head was a scarlet Fez embroidered in gold by some dark-browed daughter of Damascus, and he was sucking away at the enormous amber mouth-piece of a long straight pipe which had accompanied him from Constantinople. GERONIMO obsequiously tendered the hookah and retired. CURETON motioned towards a tall square bottle of Dalmatian Maraschino, and we blew a perfumed cloud in company. I am not a talker, I was not in a hurry, the hookah was very cool and pleasant; and for half-an-hour no sound was to be heard but the bubbles gurgling through the rose-water.

At length he finished his pipe, sighed, and took up a guitar which lay beside him. He struck the chords with confidence, modulated a little, and settling down into a Barcarole accompaniment, hummed, not unpleasantly, a little canzonet which may be heard every day at Naples. A shake (rather indicated by the vocalist than expressed) and a very high falsetto squeak indeed, completed the entertainment. Another sigh, and I was informed that it was a sad souvenir of a friend (a very nice-looking party indeed, if like a portrait which he showed me) named EUPHRASIE, who used to warble the same barcarole in an exceedingly agreeable manner. "Ah!"—lighting a cigar a foot long—"poor EUPHRASIE! (*puff*) what a poetical temperament—all soul—but (*puff*) violent. Knocked me down once with a decanter—confined to my bed for a week—most delightful companion, though! It makes me miserable in this dismal place to think of the sunny South. I feel like OVID—the first of poets—relegated to the inhospitable Euxine, and have to exist on my recollections.

"Excuse me, but what a dreadful horde of barbarians the young men here are! When will civilisation reach them? They get up in the middle of the night to what is pleasantly called morning chapel, and go to bed before I have had my dinner:" (I must here say that CURETON only attended Hall as a form, and used to dine afterwards on GERONIMO'S cookery, in his own room;) "they eat raw flesh like the ancient Scythians, and swill oceans of beer as their ancestors did in the time of JULIUS CÆSAR. They associate from choice with horses, and dogs, and rats, and badgers, instead of human beings; and amuse themselves

with occupations, that in civilised countries form the laborious employments of the lowest class, such as postboys and boatmen. Figure to yourself my emotions yesterday, when I returned the visit of the elder MR. CODLINGS, and found him in his shirt-sleeves with large gloves on his hands, exchanging buffets with a person of ferocious appearance and manners, whose nose had been crushed nearly flat by violence, and whom he addressed as BILLY. I have a great regard for his mother, a very lady-like person, who was kind to me when I had a fever at Jerusalem, and am really concerned for the shocking pursuits of her son. Poor fellow! you know he cannot speak French, or Italian, or dance; he has literally no accomplishments; and his habits—I regret to use such language—are truly brutal. Yes, yes; I dare say you are quite right; no doubt his moral character is excellent—just the sort of person that would make a good serjeant in the Guards; but he has no tastes, no refinement, no poetry. Ah! to hear him in the middle of some divine chorus of SOPHOCLES stop to wrangle about an obtrusive particle, or an unusual consecution of tenses—it is chilling, sickening. Then his conversation, like his friends, is always among boats and dogs. By the way he brought a specimen of his menagerie here the other day, in the shape of a hairy little animal—I believe from one of the Scotch Islands—a creature with a long body and short legs, like a centipede; the monster gnawed off three tassels from my sofa before he was observed. Conceive my disgust, and even alarm! Nothing but my regard for MRS. CODLINGS (a very ladylike and pleasing person) prevented my forbidding him my rooms for the future."

Before CURETON had finished his strictures on our English manners, I had become almost ashamed of my country, and began to think that, after all, the Epicureans had the best of it, or that one could live very well under a despotism, and surrounded by superstition. An easy sort of existence, no doubt, to lounge on one's sofa with a nargilly and Maraschino, listening to EUPHRASIE's Neapolitan canzonets! But my morals were well braced up at dinner, for AUGUSTUS CODLINGS delivered himself, with honest fervour and some power of vituperative language, of *his* opinion of CHARLEY CURETON's philosophy, which he declared was just what you would expect of those foreign beggars who could not call their souls their own, but was revolting when it came from the lips of a Free Briton. For his part he was a Tory, and wouldn't have your revolutionary humbugs at any price, but he would sooner have a fellow talk any Radical nonsense than ignore all interest in his country, and withdraw from politics to smoke his weeds, however good they might be. Then, taking a rapid survey of the present state of the Continent, into which he incorporated some of the most striking images of the Englishman's letters to the *Times*, he returned with a little asperity to CURETON's reflections on his Skye terrier Rags, whom he vindicated as not only the most lovely, but the most amiable and wise of quadrupeds. The conversation here took a canine turn: some of the exploits of that brave and beautiful creature with rats, cats, and badgers were recounted by his master, and CURETON escaped further chastisement for that time; but I felt grateful to AUGUSTUS for his manly lecture, and the same evening I read the sturdy British papers, both Liberal and Conservative, with a glow of pride at the thought that there was still one place in Europe where the truth could be told and the devil shamed thereby.

Railway Safety put into something like a Ship-Shape train.

MOST ships carry, or are expected to carry, "an Experienced Surgeon on board,"—why shouldn't Railways be made to adopt the same regulation?—for, in our opinion, the one requires the services of a Surgeon just as much, if not more, than the other. In fact, it is a question whether a medical student wouldn't gain more knowledge of his business by occasionally riding on a railway than by diligently walking all the hospitals.

Retaliation.

Fain UWINS and SEGUIER would barter
With CLAUDE and with TITIAN their lot:
They get TITIAN and CLAUDE in warm water,
CLAUDE and TITIAN get them into hot.

Obvious Initials.

IT was announced in the *Times* the other day, that

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of £15 in Bank of England notes from 'D. F.,' for additional Income Tax."

No need to ask what D. F. stands for. Decided Fool, of course.

A GENUINE STOCK.

WE have all of us heard of a "Son of a Gun," but the "Son of a Pistol" must be a new branch of the family tree from which the stocks of fire-arms are descended: and yet, tracing the pedigree of one of COLT's revolvers, it stands (and, if need be, fires) to reason that a genuine COLT must be the son of a *horse*-pistol.

THE GRAVEYARDS OF LONDON.

THE Church has of late occupied so much attention, that the public mind has been diverted from the Churchyard. Whether or not souls have improved from that circumstance, bodies have, in consequence of it, remained in *statu quo*. According to a statement published by MR. GEORGE ALFRED WALKER, the poisonous and abominable practice of intramural interment continues almost unabated. Graveyards get more and more crowded with tenants; corporations of corpses, with power to add to their number: for one dead body allowed to pollute the atmosphere makes many more. Repletion of intramural burial-grounds thus goes on in a constantly increasing ratio, and therefore becomes a matter of tragic and compound interest. Epitaphs are rendered a mockery; for "Here Lies" cannot be said of anything under the tombstone, and can only be understood of the author of the inscription.

What ought to lie there is mostly chopped up and spread abroad, to make room for newer arrivals; and the rest of it is diffused in the form of pestilential gas in the air that we breathe. A man cannot go down to his grave in peace, without the prospect of evaporating and killing his relations. He foresees that as much of him as is mortal, will be a mortal poison; that he will be inhaled by his neighbours' lungs, and get into their stomachs as a solution of animal matter in the water which they drink. This consideration is enough to make us all stick to raw brandy: and the tee-totallers ought to look to it. The dead experience the wrongs, and not the rites of sepulture, which is enough to make them rise from their graves; and so they do by a sexton's resurrectionism. It would be much better if the parishioners would rise and depose the beadle, who, in confederacy with the undertaker and the parish clerk, is chiefly responsible for intramural jobbery and corruption.

EIGHT CONUNDRUMS FROM THE COMMONS.

WHY does a Manchester member pronounce "schedule" as if spelt sheddle?

What does an Irish member mean when he says he has examund the terrums, and believes from his hurrut (he is sorry to say ut), that they incur the purull of being misunderstood by a jewry?

Why does LORD JOHN RUSSELL feel himself obleeged?

Why do MR. DISRAELI and the rest of the aristocracy speak of LORD DARBY?

Why are all the railway members artily willing to leave matters in the ands of the ouse?

Why does LORD DUDLEY STUART say he has no hesitation in giving utterance to his sentiments?

Why does SIR ROWDY DOW speak after dinner?

Why does MR. RAILWAY KING speak at all?

French Legislation.

A FASHIONABLE contemporary gives the list of the enormous quantity of Glaces and Sorbets, and glasses of Punch, which were consumed at the grand ball given by the Legislative Body to the Emperor and Empress. According to this it must have been a complete Assembly of Mutes and Liquids.

TOPOGRAPHY OF LONDON.

WE are credibly informed that, in honour of the London Merchants' and Bankers' Deputation to LOUIS NAPOLEON, Spitalfields for the future is to be called LICK-SPITALFIELDS.

LITTLE AND BAD.—LORD CAMPBELL has intimated that the Civic parasites of LOUIS NAPOLEON have been guilty of high treason. Considering the littleness of the whole affair, we think petty treason would be the more appropriate name for it.

SERVANTGALISM:

OR, WHAT 'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 8.

'Ousmaid (from Town). "IS HANN JENKINS AT HOME?"

Suburban Cook. "NO; SHE HAS JUST GONE TO HER MILLINER'S."

'Ousmaid. "THEN GIVE HER MY CARD, PLEASE, AND SAY, I OPE SHE GOT HOME SAFELY FROM THE BALL."

YOUTHFUL SPORT IN THE STREET.

SING a song of mischief,
Policeman standing by;
Idle boys play "tip-cat:"
Let 's have a shy.
When the cat is started,
You don't know where 'twill spring:
And if it breaks a window-pane,
Oh, what a jolly thing!

As I was in my counting-house
A counting out my money,
I saw a game that ended
In something very funny.
Old gentleman was passing,
When "cat" was struck awry;
Whack! came the knob of wood,
And knocked out his eye!

A Duke in Partibus.

THAT Government was quite right in strengthening our national defences will be almost admitted even by the Quakers themselves, now that the news has arrived from Italy that the POPE has actually offered to GENERAL OUDINOT the title of the DUKE OF ST. PANCRAS, which the General has declined. That was wise of the General. For a foreign power to create a Frenchman a British duke it is easy enough; not quite so easy for the duke so created to come over and take his dukedom. But see how spiritual aggression leads to temporal. From an ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER how easy is the transition to a DUKE OF ST. PANCRAS! HIS HOLINESS PIO NONO, perhaps, will next oblige us with an EARL OF ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, and a MARQUIS OF MARYLEBONE.

A LAZY FRAME OF MIND.—When you look out of window.

THE CROWN AND THE BROAD-BRIM IN BAVARIA.

THE following paragraph, though a genuine extract from the foreign Correspondence of a London daily paper, reads more like a bit of burlesque from some mock account of some imaginary revolution.

"BAVARIA.

"MUNICH, APRIL 5.—The police have been instructed to arrest all persons who are found with Calabrian broad-brimmed hats. These instructions have been carried out. Large numbers of young men have been arrested and taken to the stations. They were subsequently liberated, but the police retained their hats. Complete ignorance prevails as to the motives of this measure, but it is thought that the authorities have acted in consequence of advices which have reached them from abroad."

Surely the first of April, and not the fifth, should have been the date of this news—we cannot dignify anything so absurd with the title of "intelligence." We hope that none of our friends, the Quakers, will find themselves arrested on account of their broad-brims, under the shade of which treason is supposed to lurk; though, by the way, dissatisfaction with the Bavarian Government is far more likely to be met with in a Wide-awake. It is really lamentable to think of the inanity that must possess what ought to be the mind of that ruler who can have resorted to such a piece of imbecile tyranny as the arrest of everybody with a hat of a particular fashion. Imagine our own Government, in the days of Chartist tom-foolery, having ordered the arrest of everybody wearing point lace, or of every one pointing with his hand on the ground, under the apprehension that the point—particularly in the case of the hand with its four fingers and thumb—must indicate some sympathy with the five points of the Charter. Mental imbecility such as this must disqualify those who are afflicted with it for the duties of government. How any nation can be ruled over for a day by persons displaying such a puerile notion of the means and appliances of power, is a miracle only to be accounted for by the supposition that the mass of the people are still lower in the intellectual scale than their governors.

To complete the idiotic colouring of this picture, we are told that the persons arrested were liberated, "but the police retained their hats." The danger to the Government is thus imputed to the hats themselves, and not to the heads they covered. We shall not be surprised to hear that the hats have been all tried—on—by court-martial and shot, for it is quite impossible to suggest any bounds to the idiotic proceedings of a Government that has taken a lot of old hats into custody on a charge of high treason. Of course every person who has been deprived of his hat by the executive will be known to have had relations with a revolutionary broad-brim, and the fact of his going about bare-headed will render him liable to arrest on bare suspicion. We have not heard the measurement of brim which constitutes the offensive width, but we believe the Bavarian Government allows very little margin. If this is not filling up the cup of oppression to the very brim, we know not what will constitute the full measure of tyranny.

"Come Back!"

THERE is a new steamer called the *Boomerang Propeller*. A Boomerang, if we understand right, is an Indian instrument which returns to the place from which it was flung. We can hardly imagine this to be the case with this new steamer, but we should say that *The Boomerang* would be a capital name for the Australian Mail Steamers and many of our Government steam frigates, for such is their attachment to the spot they have left that they are sure, after a few turns and useless gyrations, to come back as quick as they can to the places they have started from.

A QUESTION FOR THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

WHAT is that Fund which is always buoyant, in which there is never any flatness, and the interest of which can never be diminished?
Why, *Punch's* inexhaustible fund of humour, to be sure!

FARRIERY AT THE DIGGINGS.

A GOOD opening presents itself in Australia for working Goldsmiths, who are wanted there to shoe horses.

THREE THINGS A WOMAN CANNOT DO.—To pass a bonnet-shop without stopping—to see a baby without kissing it—and to admire a piece of lace without inquiring "how much it was per yard?"

SPIRIT-RAPPING.—Gents knocking at the different doors as they go home late at night.

Printed by William Bradbury of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their [illegible] in the City of London.—SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1853.

ART AND IDEAS.

WITH other distinguished connoisseurs and critics, *Punch* makes it a custom, at this period of the year, to inspect the studios of his friends the painters, who have pictures for the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. He regards this as a great privilege. It enables him to talk with considerable effect at the early dinner-table of the season, about "that charming female head of CARMINE's," and that "delicious bit of *genre* of OLDCLOUGH's," and so forth, and at the same time to throw in little anecdotes of CARMINE and OLDCLOUGH, in their private life; in short, to give himself the usual airs which belong to that imposing and effective character—the Artist's Friend. Such conversation is much relished, and gives one a sort of perfume of the painting-room, which is not without its effect—on the young ladies especially—who have delicious dim notions that painters are gracefully luxurious persons, living in paradises of the most picturesque *bric-à-brac*, peopled with Houris of models. Alas! you and I know what dreary shifts poor BOB BLADDER is put to, to keep together even the dingy assortment of old casts, odd gauntlets, cracked mandolines, Brummagem rapiers, and Holywell Street tapestry, in the midst of which he takes his frugal steak and pint of porter, and smokes the vulgarest of clay pipes, with other RAFFAELLES in the bud, like himself. Still, if the dear young ladies, whom it is my privilege and pleasure to impress, *will* form extravagant and romantic notions of artist life, I don't see why I should knock down the cloud castle in which they locate the CARMINES, and OLDCLOUGHS, and BOB BLADDERS.

There is, however, one fact painfully impressed upon me by this ante-Exhibition round of mine. Every one to whom ideas—meanings of some sort—are a necessity, must have felt saddened by the alarming dearth of them in our annual picture shows. But when one comes into contact with the contributors to these shows, one by one, the sense of this vacancy is still more depressing. It is the difference between knowing as a general fact that all the world is out of town (as one does in September for example), and knocking at a number of doors, to find nobody at home.

This is the more painful, as the men seem unconscious, for the most part, of any such deficiency in themselves or their brethren. TOM MANNEKIN, for example, when he exultingly sweeps his maul-stick across his composition with such a confident demand for my admiration, does not seem to reflect for a moment that I have seen those identical perriwigs, doublets, breeches, cavalier hats, and satin petticoats, just as well painted from the lay-figure—not to speak of the spaniel, and the chairs and tables—in every Exhibition these last twelve years. It never seems to occur to him that these clothes covering bodies without interesting action, these perriwigs framing faces with no expression—all these accessories so laboriously arranged to tell no story whatever—are to me simply as wearisome as was the display, a few weeks ago, of the Opera wardrobe spread out for inspection, when that Hall of Enchantment was in possession of the judgment creditors.

I flattered myself, two or three years since, that I had struck a severe blow at this masquerade-warehouse Art—that thanks partly to me the painter's range of books was enlarging, and with it the horizon of his conceptions. I thought I had put a stop to the wholesale robbery of the late DR. GOLDSMITH and M. LE SAGE; that the unhappy HAROLD would be allowed at length to rest in the grave, his body safe from future discovery; and the tender PHILIPPA permitted to repose on her tomb, without being called for, year after year, to repeat her popular performance of sucking the assassin's poison from her husband's arm.

But I grieve to say that my labours have had but little real effect. They may have frightened some old offenders. NUDELY, I see, has abandoned LEMPRIÈRE'S *Dictionary*, and PEACH will not have a single velvet coat this year. But NUDELY is expressing the same absolute lack of meaning with the aid of HORT'S *Pantheon*, and PEACH has only abandoned the era of GEORGE THE SECOND to fling himself with the same unbridled relish for textile fabrics into the clothes of CHARLES THE SECOND'S time. Besides, the young ones are perpetually rearing the old stock on the old ground of the *Vicar* and *Gil Blas*, and the *Artist's History of England*. The hardy annuals seem, in fact, to be perennials; and, so far as I can see, the young gardeners have no fresher seed from which to raise their crops than the old ones.

It has occurred to me that, in these times of Co-operation, the good which my single efforts have failed to produce might be effected by means of a Society or Association. The material wants of the poor and suffering artist are already supplied by the agency of the excellent Artists' General Benevolent Fund and similar charities, all which may Heaven speed! Could not a Society be formed to relieve the alarming intellectual destitution of the same profession? In the anticipation that this notion will be taken up, I would suggest a programme something like this.

ARTISTS' GENERAL INTELLIGENCE FUND.

(A SOCIETY FOR PROVIDING IDEAS FOR ARTISTS IN THEIR OWN PAINTING-ROOMS.)

It is Proposed that a Society be formed for relieving the necessities of that large and increasing class of Artists, who labour under an almost entire want of the Ideas commonly necessary for their decent maintenance in the practice of their calling.

The founders of the Society have had brought to their notice, both by the yearly displays of this want at our Exhibitions, and by private visiting, the awful extent to which Painters are suffering under a lack of Ideas, while they are prevented from making any appeal for assistance, either by false delicacy or by ignorance that the will or means to relieve them exists.

It is proposed that a Society should be formed of persons willing to contribute Ideas for the use of Painters, who may be proper objects of the Society's bounty—a category which will be found to comprise, it is feared, a large majority of those gaining a livelihood by the Arts.

The Ideas thus contributed will form a common stock, from which advances will be made—no Idea being used more than once, and the Painter being bound by an undertaking not to avail himself of it year after year.

The Society will be open to accept Ideas upon all classes of subjects suitable for pictorial treatment, with the following exceptions:—

No Idea from the *Vicar of Wakefield* or *Gil Blas* can be accepted on any terms. Ideas from SCOTT'S Novels will be narrowly examined by the Committee, and accepted or rejected by ballot.

The following Ideas from the *History of England* will, on no account, be received or distributed by the Society:—

Alfred in the Danish Camp.
Ditto, burning Cakes.
Discovery of the Body of Harold.
Death of William Rufus.
Murder of Thomas à Becket.
Richard Cœur de Lion pardoning the Archer who shot him.
Signing of Magna Charta.
King Edward the Third receiving the Burgesses of Calais.
Queen Philippa sucking the Poison from arm of ditto.
Death of Wat Tyler.
Prince Henry Striking the Lord Chief Justice.
Battle of Agincourt.
Murder of the Infant Princes in the Tower by Richard the Third.
Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn.
Execution of Lady Jane Grey.
Elizabeth at Tilbury Fort.
Mary, Queen of Scots, taking leave of her Attendants.
Ditto on the Scaffold.
Capture of Charles the First.
Ditto taking leave of his Family.
Cromwell Dissolving the Long Parliament.
Landing of William the Third.
The Pretender in Hiding.

The Society believe that no Painter is so absolutely destitute as not to have Ideas on these subjects; while, in the almost inconceivable case of his not having any of his own, he can borrow from any of the many Painters who have already made use of the subjects above enumerated.

The Society hope to be able to prepare a new Classical Dictionary for the use of Painters, with an entirely fresh set of stories of Gods, Goddesses, Demigods, Heroes, and other mythical and historical personages of antiquity who have been hitherto unaccountably neglected.

The Society have directed their special attention to a field of Ideas, in respect of which the most shocking destitution prevails: they refer to the subject of Ideas on Contemporary Life.

The number of Artists possessing even the most limited stock of these Ideas is insignificant. And even of those

which they have found in circulation, the greater number belong to foreign manners.

The Society trust to the kindness of their contributors in this branch of their labours more than in any other. They hope to be able to turn upon the unfortunate class, which they are founded to relieve, a stock of notions and subjects from the life of our own times, by aid of which a sympathy, at present unknown, will be established between the Artist and the great public. Thanks to this, the Artist will, they trust, no longer feel himself an isolated being, condemned to support life on conventionalisms, dilettantisms, and galvanisms, but may hope at length to be recognized as possessing the same interests, sharing in the same thoughts, quickened by the same impulses, moved by the same hopes and fears, occupied with the same topics, and dwelling in the same region of feelings and impressions as the public for whom he lives and works.

Ideas will be received on behalf of the Society at the *Punch* Office, where destitute Artists, requiring the aid of the Society, may apply any day from ten till four.

JUDICIAL IGNORANCE.

Legal Education has been much improved of late years; but, in one respect, it is still seriously deficient. An acquaintance—not to say a familiarity—with the language of those classes that are peculiarly apt to present themselves, or to be brought, before the tribunals of justice, might be supposed to constitute one of the primary qualifications of a British Judge. Yet scarcely ever does a term of extra-Johnsonian English occur in the course of a trial, but the dignitary on the Bench exhibits the grossest ignorance of its meaning, though the word may be ever so popular, and indeed vulgar. Now there was Mr. Baron Platt the other day—according to the law reports—presiding in the Court of Exchequer, the case before him being an action brought by a tobacconist against a fast young man for the balance of a cigar-bill: when the following epistle from defendant was read in Court:—

"Sir,—No one had authority from me to plead minority, and I never told any gentleman I had nobbled you out of cigars; if you give up the gentleman who has told you such a lie, I will pay you for what I have had, but no more."

Whereupon the following question was put by the learned judge, that is to say, the judge learned in the law, and doubtless, also, in polite literature, but in no other, apparently:—

"Mr. Baron Platt.—'Nobbled!' I see that word is used by this young gentleman in his letter to you. What is 'nobbled?'—what does it mean?"

Why any young lady, even of the "Belgravian Educational Institute," would have known enough *Anglais* to explain that, in the language of

"The Plaintiff.—Why, I suppose, my lord, it means do'ng me out of the goods. (*Laughter*)."

Really the ermine should not expose itself to derision in this way. For Mr. Baron Platt is not a solitary instance of the ignorance which forms the subject of this denunciation. His judicial brethren are as remarkable in that respect as himself; and they invariably mistake a "mill" for a grinding engine, a "crusher" for an agricultural implement, a "tanner" for a manufacturer of leather, and a "bob" for the abbreviation of a Christian name.

It is curious to observe such a singular want of the lowest information combined with the highest professional acquirements and personal qualities.

Intended Strike of Operatives.

It is said to be the intention of the Union Surgeons throughout the country to strike for an advance of wages, which is certainly due to the labour and dexterity, as well as scientific knowledge, exacted from these hardly-worked operatives.

A STAFFORD ANSWER.

Mr. John Bull now knows what kind of answers he may expect from his servants, should he again permit the Earl of Derby to take the direction of affairs. Sir Benjamin Hall has done the good service of enabling the public to understand what the Derbyite rule of sincerity and frankness really is. We may therefore expect, after the next accession of the Derbies and Dizzies to office, to read something of this kind under the head of "Questions to Ministers," in the Parliamentary Reports.

Mr. Hume asked the Leader of the House of Commons, whether a pension had not been conferred upon an officer notoriously rich enough not to need it?

The Leader of the House of Commons assured the Honourable Member that the statement was untrue. At the time the pension was conferred the gallant officer in question (upon whom he passed a high eulogium) had not *one shilling* in the world. (*Hear, hear.*)

[The Minister was afterwards heard to remark, privately, to a member near him, that this was strictly true, for the officer had nothing but sovereigns, halfcrowns, and sixpences about him, and a round balance at his banker's].

Mr. Gladstone asked the Home Secretary whether it were true that a warrant had yesterday been issued for the execution of David Jones, now under sentence.

The Home Secretary. Certainly not. (*Cheers.*) [The Honourable Gentleman winked at a friend, and said, in a low voice, "It was the day before yesterday"].

Lord Palmerson wanted to ask the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, whether he had received dispatches announcing war between Spain and America.

The Foreign Secretary said that he had not. (*Sensation.*)

[We learned accidentally, that there had been only one dispatch, containing the important information].

Mr. Sidney Herbert wished to ask whether it were true that a Government Emigrant vessel, the *Washingtub*, had, as was reported, sailed without a surgeon on board.

The First Lord of the Admiralty asserted in the most emphatic manner, that neither the *Washingtub* nor any other vessel in Her Majesty's service had ever sailed without so necessary an officer. (*Loud cheers.*)

[He explained, privately, that the *Washingtub* was a steamer, and, of course, therefore, had not sailed].

Lord Robert Grosvenor asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whether he intended to move the second reading of the Metropolitan Pavement Bill that night. If so, he must remain, having some observations to offer upon it—if not, he should be glad to leave, as he had a deputation to receive.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer pledged himself not to move the second reading that night.

[Lord Robert Grosvenor left, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the second reading at exactly five minutes past twelve, when, of course, it was the next day].

Shall Fitzroy have a Statue?

No, we think not. It would be inappropriate. A statue means a thing which stands still, and Fitzroy is the reformer of locomotion. But we suggest that the Ladies of London do subscribe the amount out of which, at the lowest figure, they consider they are bullied or swindled by cabmen in one week. And with that handsome sum let them buy Mr. Fitzroy the handsomest cab and horse that can be got for money. And with the surplus hundreds, let them also present something handsome to *Mr. Punch* (say his portrait) for having so long and so nobly seconded Mr. Fitzroy in his crusade against the enemies of Womankind.

A Truth Seen in the Glass,

(*And dedicated to our friend,* George Cruikshank.)

The French word, *Un Sot*, means, if we mistake not, a Fool, which same word "sot" means, in English, if we and Webster are right, "a person stupefied by excessive drinking." Perhaps the two meanings may be decanted into one, for they mean that the man who drinks to excess is generally *Un Sot*, or, in other words, generally makes a fool of himself.

Quadrilles for the Ceiling.

We observe that "A Great Musical Curiosity" is announced under the title of "The Double, or Upside-Down Quadrilles, for the Piano-forte, composed so that by turning them upside down they become another set." We should like to know whether instruction in dancing these quadrilles could be obtained of the gentleman who was lately walking with his head downwards at Drury Lane.

THE MILLIONAIRE IN DIFFICULTIES.

H, what shall I do with my money?
What plan will good interest insure,
Affording the prospect so sunny,
Meanwhile, of investment secure?
A Bee, that's perplexed with his honey,
Tribulation extreme I endure.

I must, if my choice be "Conversion,"
Yield much of my income, or part
With capital too; an exertion
Which almost will break my old heart,
Oh, worse than from loved one's desertion,
When our property leaves us, we smart.

If out of the Funds I go selling,
For eighties my hundreds will count;
And how I shall weep o'er, whilst telling,
Each pound of the lessened amount!
Which if my tears tended to swelling,
I would pour a whole flood from their fount.

In Business I'd gladly bestow it;
But where's the concern you can trust?
For sometimes a party will "go it:"
Sometimes of misfortune the gust
Will puff—you may well exclaim blow it!—
With a breath, all your stumpy to dust.

Like light of a marsh exhalation
Of Railways the wild promise shines;
I think they're a hallucination,
Nor hope for much good out of mines,
Anxiety, care, botheration,
All such hazard with profit combines.

A mortgage or freehold were better,
By far, than your shares and your scrip,
For there is the land of your debtor,
In case he should give you the slip,
Of such a chance happy's the getter;
But oh! where for such luck shall I dip?

They call this Prosperity's season;
Which I cannot see, I confess,
I think I have pretty good reason,
My dividends since 'twill make less,
And therefore I hope there's no treason
In preferring the reign of Distress.

SELECT SPIRITUAL RAPPING SOIREE.

The celebrated American medium, Mrs. Dorcas A. Juggles, gave a spiritual *séance* yesterday evening, at her residence, to a select circle, including several distinguished members of the aristocracy.

Previously to the experiments an explanatory lecture was delivered by Mr. Ebenezer F. Humm, the gentleman by whose agency, according to the arrangement of the spirits, Mrs. Juggles has been introduced to this country. The object of Mr. Humm's discourse was to show the universality of the intervention of mediums: which he accomplished very satisfactorily by illustrating the familiar maxim, that there is a medium in all things.

Preliminaries having been adjusted, intercourse with the other world was opened without ceremony; to which the spirits have informed Mrs. Juggles that they are averse, declaring it riles them.

Responses of an interesting nature were obtained by raps upon the table, from Homer, Moses, Achilles, and Wat Tyler; from Pythagoras, Lord Chesterfield, and Nebuchadnezzar; from Xenophon, Plato, Dean Swift, Alcibiades and Deaf Burke; from Charlemagne, Æschylus, and Dr. Watts; from Whittington, Voltaire, St. Augustin, Archimedes, and Joe Smith; with numerous other celebrities of ancient and modern times.

The deceased relations and friends of several of the parties present made communications to them, of a nature highly satisfactory and convincing. The bereaved husband of a Patroness of Almack's was consoled by his departed lady with the information, that she was a considerable some happier in her present abode than she had been below, and that the sphere she now moved in stumped the fashionable world slick out.

Robinson Crusoe announced himself by fourteen distinct raps, and declared that his Life and Adventures as recorded by Defoe were founded on fact. He said he was happy; and so was Friday.

Another spirit then gave evidence of his presence by a thump so loud as to terrify the assembly. He stated that he also had been the hero of a romance, so called, but which was a true book. The wonders it contained, he added, were nothing to those which would be revealed by spirit-rapping. On being asked whether he could move the table, he replied that he guessed he could; and it instantly began to rock to and fro. Having made this manifestation of his power, he was entreated to declare who he was. His reply was, I am Baron Munchausen! He rapped out the last letter of his name with such force that the blow overturned the table, which fell upon the great toe of a lady of rank, where it would have crushed a corn, if that excrescence had not been extracted the day before by Mr. Eisenberg.

With this extraordinary occurrence the *séance* closed.

Among the visitors we remarked the Earl and Countess of Noodledale, the Marquis of Hanwell, Lord Viscount Simpleton, and the Lord Fitzoaf, accompanied by Sir Simon and Lady Dupe, the Hon. Reginald Gaby, and Mr. Mooncalfe.

THE POULTRY MANIA.

"Don't cry, there's a Da-arling! And it shall have a Cochin-China Egg—that it shall—a little Cosset!"

Not Screened.

Sir Peter Laurie, the other day, made joyful the ears of the Corporation with the news that "the noise about the Coals was all over, and they would hear no more of it." We are sorry to differ with Sir Peter, but would suggest to him, that when he has given a good-for-nothing servant warning, he does not think it worth while to scold him through the remaining month. London will, in due time, as certainly have the Coals, as her Corporation will have the sack, and scuttle off in disgrace.

SMALL COMFORT.

It is an absurdity to say of a man who has just got through a whole bottle of wine that he has had a "drop too much," for the fact is, that he will have had about half a pint short, and consequently a good drop too little.

All Smoke.—Why is a notorious Professor of Pills and Ointment like a tobacconist?—Because he thrives by puffing.

What a Vegetarian cannot do.—To say Grace before Meat.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS STABLE-KEEPER.

Gent (who meditates a ride). "HALLO! WHY, CON-FOUND IT. THAT'S MY SADDLE HORSE, ISN'T IT?"

Fly-Man. "YES, SIR! IT'S ALL RIGHT; MASTER SAYS YOU'RE VERRY PARTIKLER ABOUT 'AVIN OF 'IM EXERCISED REGLAR—SO WE PUTS 'IM INTO THE BROOM WHEN YOU AIN'T OUT A RIDIN'!"

PARLIAMENTARY HONOUR.

WE have all heard of words being used in a "Parliamentary" sense, which seems to be so very far apart from common sense that a Parliamentary dictionary is really becoming almost indispensable. The debate the other night on Dock-yard Appointments was full of examples to prove the utility of such a work, and we need but call attention to the Parliamentary interpretation of "Honour" in order to make good our position.

It seems that the late Secretary of the Admiralty had done and said certain—or uncertain—things that required explanation, and a debate ensued, in the course of which almost every one who spoke testified to the perfect "honour" of that individual. It is true that he had denied the fact of having had any correspondence with the Surveyor of the Navy, though letters had passed between the two; but possibly in a "Parliamentary" sense it may be said that, as the letters were on a point on which the parties differed, they could not be said to "correspond;" and thus the assertion that there had been no "correspondence" may be quite consistent with Parliamentary honour. However, in spite of these little variances from common-place truth, it seems to be quite settled in the House of Commons that the late Secretary to the Admiralty is an "honourable man," and, as they are all "honourable men," we must be content to take for granted their interpretation of the word "honour."

"The Untradesmanlike Falsehood."

THE bold assertion of the London Merchants and Bankers that they went to LOUIS NAPOLEON, because they had heard that the French believed there was an ill-feeling on the part of the English against them. We mean to say that the City Merchants and Bankers went over to Paris simply on matters of Trade, and nothing else, and that the above assertion can only be called "A MOST UNTRADESMANLIKE FALSEHOOD."

THE "CAT."

A NUISANCE is the small wheel which urchins drive along,
A nuisance is the large hoop, of iron made so strong:
But still a greater nuisance, you may be sure, is that
Small piece of pointed wood, so absurdly called a "Cat."

The passenger of London who sees three boys at play,
All crouching near a gutter, fears mischief in his way:
To know "which way the cat jumps" he feels his terrors ask,
And wishes 'twas the fashion to wear an iron mask.

Just search the morning journals for letters that declare
The ill the wooden demon is doing everywhere;
"P. Q." and "Anti-Nuisance," their broken panes deplore;
"A Constant Reader" 's blinded, and won't read any more.

We should be most unwilling to mar the scanty joy
Which fate—in this a niggard—awards the London boy;
But we have ascertained, by long study of the same,
That "Cat" is anything but a bosom-cheering game.

The gamester lays his "Cat" down with melancholy stare,
And drearily he watches its passage through the air:
Unlike sweet *Portia's* mercy (familiar to all wits),
It glads not him who hits it—it glads not him it hits.

Pedestrians of London, who through the streets must go,
Get up a strong petition against your common foe;
And let this declaration be fixed in every hat,
"Dispersion to Cat-players! Destruction to the 'Cat!'"

A PHILANTHROPIC PROFESSION.—We never saw the goodwill of a lawyer's practice advertised. Does such a thing exist?

POLITICAL "TIP-CAT"—A MONSTROUS NUISANCE.

OUR INDIAN COMMISSION. No. 2.

R. Limpley has been thirty-seven years in the Bengal Civil Service. Has recently retired on his pension, £1000 per annum. Not a farthing more, is sorry to say. Has held some of the best appointments in the service. Has gone through the usual routine of offices. They are of various kinds. Has been an Under-secretary to Government. Has been in the salt and opium department. Has officiated as Postmaster-General. Has been in the Customs department. Had been Deputy Commissioner of an ultra regulation district. Has been a Magistrate, and afterwards a Collector. Was afterwards a Sessions Judge. While holding this last-mentioned office, was charged by a native with taking a bribe. Was perfectly innocent. A brother Civilian, deputed to investigate, so reported. Believes that brother Civilian was qualified to investigate, and likely to be impartial. He had once been accused himself. Government was perfectly satisfied. Thinks that is all any honest man need care about. Is sure it is all anybody need care about in India. The opinions of the natives are worthless. So are the opinions of interlopers. Considers interlopers mischievous. Means by interloper every European in India unconnected with Government. Includes under this term, indigo planters, merchants, shopkeepers, printers, publishers, attorneys and barristers. Is not quite sure if he would include under this term Her Majesty's Supreme Court. On the whole is inclined to do so. Believes the Supreme Courts do a great deal of harm. Is satisfied they are at the bottom of every species of discontent. They unsettle the Native mind. Has held a seat on the Sudder Bench, the highest Court of Appeal in India. This was after his triumphant acquittal. Believes all the Native officials in the Company's Courts to be honest men—that is, for Natives. Believes them to be slandered; has heard that they take bribes, but does not believe it. They are large and loose in their mode of expression. It is a peculiarity of the Native mind. Had good interest in India. It was earned by merit. Is first cousin to a Director. Considers patronage in India most fairly dispensed. Would suggest no alteration in the Government of India. If altered at all, would make it what it was thirty-five years ago. At that time liberty of the press was not established in India. Thinks liberty of the press a ridiculous conceit. Sir Charles Metcalfe freed the press of India. Believes that person had not the smallest idea of the curse he was bringing on the country. His reason for thinking so is, that till then everything went on smoothly. Now-a-days there has grown up a habit of complaining of the Government and its servants. The Native mind has been warped by a free press. Believes it is made sensible of imaginary grievances. Thinks justice on the whole administered far better in India than in England or in any other country, except Austria. It is more summary in criminal cases and less rigid in civil. Magistrates and judges have a broader discretion to work upon. Would have no code of laws whatever. Would leave all to the equity and good conscience of those who preside in the various Courts. Had some thoughts of standing for a seat in the Direction. Was aware that he would have to stand a long time—seven years perhaps. Thought, nevertheless, that persons of such high standing as himself had standing enough already. Believes that no emolument, except the £400 per annum, attaches to a Directorship. Is satisfied that the honourable character of the position alone makes it so attractive. Has relations, of course. Considers it his duty to provide for his family. Has nothing further to add.

Major-General Bumbleby can go back to the taking of Agra; that was upwards of fifty years ago. Has since then seen a great deal of India. Thought the condition of the people of India excellent—especially the Baboos in Calcutta. Founds his opinion on their appearance. They are usually fat and lazy. Has observed the working of the system in the East. It works easily on the whole. Should say its moving principle was brandy-and-water, and pale ale. Had several sons in the Bengal army. Has not been able to procure for any of them Staff appointments. Has tried. Thinks it natural to try. Has tried in all quarters. His sons have all passed in the Native languages, and have received medals for proficiency. Understands from them that interest at home is required. Believes this to be a mistake. The Court of Directors assure him that they never interfere with the local patronage. Is given to understand that this extends to their own sons and nephews. Cannot say he ever knew a Director's son in the service, without a good appointment. Believes the Court of Directors a very high-minded body of men. Has heard it insinuated that they sell appointments, and make large fortunes by disposing of contracts to English tradesmen. Cannot think this possible. Is assured to the contrary. Has received such assurances from Directors themselves. Would vote for the renewal of the Charter. Would extend the period to forty years instead of twenty. Hoped his evidence would be published. Thought it due to the Court of Directors that it should be. Is incapable of interested motives. Spurns the insinuation of currying favour. Is ready to fight any one who hints at such a thing. May have expressed different opinions out of doors in a moment of haste. After mature deliberation is disposed to adhere to the opinions now given before the Committee.

THE BUDGET MADE EASY.

Mr. Punch *and* Mr. Gladstone. (*After dinner.*)

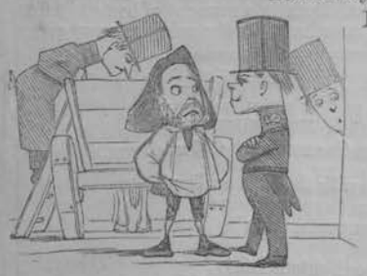
Mr. P. What do you do with the Income Tax?
Mr. G. It still must lie on the people's backs.
Mr. P. What! to be a perpetual fixity?
Mr. G. Not after 1860.
Mr. P. Re-constructed, or lightened duty?
Mr. G. Neither; for either would spoil its beauty.
Mr. P. Extended to humbler incomes, I fear?
Mr. G. To all exceeding £100 a year.
Mr. P. Do you mean to lay it on Ireland, Gladdy?
Mr. G. Divil a claim to exemption has Paddy.
Mr. P. Legacy Duty reform we 've prayed for.
Mr. G. All successions must now be paid for.
Mr. P. Any new tax on Spirit Distilling?
Mr. G. From tipsy Scotland an extra shilling.
Mr. P. Not on "L. L." or potheen, I 'spose?
Mr. G. We 'll let Pat off for a couple of Joes.
Mr. P. None of his burdens to be abated?
Mr. G. Yes, all his debt in Consolidated.
Mr. P. I say, my William, you 're making a purse—
Mr. G. Over two million—it might be worse.
Mr. P. Now you 'll talk of Remission, I hope.
Mr. G. Off goes all the duty on Soap.
Mr. P. Good! Go on till I bid you stop.
Mr. G. At different rates these duties will drop;
On Life Assurance, on 'Prentice Stamps,
On Lawyers' Licenses.
Mr. P. (*aside*). Bless the scamps!
Mr. G. On Cabs to keep up the tax were shabby,
As Fitzroy's going to deal with Cabby:
Receipt Stamps we 'll abolish—instead,
Stamp your bill with a penny Queen's head.
From the eighteenpence Advertisements pay
Deduct a shilling—nay, hear me, pray!
We 'll sponge out the crimson patch diurnal,
On the supplemental sheet of the journal.
Mr. P. I think I know who will like *that* move;
However, we 've got you in Gibson's groove.
Mr. G. I give up something from various sources—
Servants, carriages, dogs, and horses.
Mr. P. (*with intention.*) Fill your glass.
Mr. G. The sarcasm 's fine;
But I can't take off the duty on Wine:
No chance of that, as it seems to me,
But fourpence-halfpenny off your Tea;
And in just three years that duty shall sink
To a shilling a pound on the feminine drink.
Mr. P. Te *Duce?* As will be, I trust, the case.
Mr. G. Puncho juvente, I 'll keep my place.
I can't give wine, but I 'll give dessert;
The following things shall be cheap as dirt:—
Nuts and cocoa, raisins and cheese;
Eggs and butter from over the seas:
On lemons a lighter duty shall fall—
Mr. P. One of the wisest provisions of all.
Mr. G. On a hundred-and-twenty items, I say,
The whole of the duty I sweep away;
And much reduce the duty that bore
On just a hundred-and-thirty more.
Mr. P. How many millions of taxes cease?
Mr. G. Two-and-a-half, if we keep the peace.
Mr. P. Well, *altogether*, it does you credit.
Mr. G. (*earnestly*). Think so?
Mr. P. (*patronizingly*). William, my boy, I 've said it.

SEIZURE OF WARLIKE MISSILES.

We earnestly entreat that the Metropolis will not go into fits at what we are about to communicate, and we particularly beg the neighbourhood of the New Cut to peruse with calmness the following Alarming Intelligence. If Lambeth should feel itself particularly low, or Blackfriars should have a fit of the blues, it would be better for those districts to postpone for at least a week the perusal of the particulars we are about to disclose of an

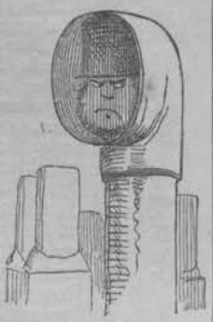
EXTENSIVE SEIZURE OF TIP-CATS,

At a house on the other side of the water, within a pea-shooter's range of Bermondsey.



For some time whispers had been in circulation, which had received further confirmation from certain mysterious winks, and on one occasion these proofs had even taken the still more convincing form of nods, conveying a suspicion that something was going on somewhere, at the instigation of somebody. Acting upon this information, the police, under Superintendent Y. Z., have been for many months engaged in watching everything and everybody, following coal waggons, looking into donkey carts, tracing trucks, purchasing —and eating—meat pies, for the purpose of getting a glimpse of the interior of the cans in which they are carried; stopping muffin boys, holding dustmen in conversation while a detective glanced at the contents of their dust carts; and, in fact, leaving no stone or rubbish heap unturned to obtain the evidence they required.

At length a well-known detective, after having consumed nearly two hundred kidney puddings in his hunger for information, and imbibed upwards of three hundred pints of "Saloup" in his thirst for knowledge, succeeded in finding a clue to a cellar in the vicinity of Blackfriars, where he had reason to believe that the manufacture of Tip-cats was being carried on for aggressive purposes. Having obtained the assistance of a strong body of A. B. C.'s, Superintendent Y. Z. proceeded to the spot, and so planted his men, that all escape—except perhaps for the gas—would have been impossible. Six of the most active officers were stationed on the cellar flap; one on the iron plate, through which coals are usually shot; another on the grating at the corner of the street, to prevent any tampering with the drains; four were seated in a room in a beer-shop over the way; one was in a chimney-pot, commanding a sort of general view, where his head was protected by a commodious cowl from observation; another, disguised as a waterman, had taken his stand at an adjacent cab-rank; and about a dozen more were in "reserve," at numerous places of refreshment in the vicinity. Immense credit is due to Superintendent Y. Z. for the mode in which his plans had been laid, and at a given signal—a sneeze from the acting Inspector—the cellar was entered by a strong body.



On the entrance of the authorities a curious scene presented itself. On the floor of the cellar were several thousand Cats in various stages of preparation; while in the corner was a small dog, who seemed to be placed for the purpose of guarding them. The dog having been first secured, the police took possession of the Cats, which are of the kind now so familiar to the public eye—as well as to other portions of the public face and head—under the name of Tip-cats. There can be no doubt that they are designed for the warlike purpose of disturbing the peace of society, and preventing persons from pursuing in safety the ordinary paths of industry.

It was expected, when the immense pile of Tip-Cats was thoroughly examined, some foreign refugee would be found at the bottom of it; but it is only justice to the numerous strangers in this country to say, that there has been, hitherto, nothing in the way of proof that any subject of any foreign state has been compromised by the Tip-Cat discovery. It would be premature to say whether any of these dangerous projectiles were intended for exportation; but it is probable that many of them were designed for the other side of the water, as several were found to be tied up in bundles ready for removal. It is possible, therefore, that inroads would have been made on the Western frontier, and the Tip-Cat war might, perhaps, have been carried into the very heart of Belgravia. Remonstrances have been already addressed to the Bermondsey authorities by the Eastern, Northern, and Western powers allied, and a joint note from the City, Clerkenwell, and the Strand Governments will, perhaps, be agreed upon.

While admitting the right of Bermondsey to extend the shelter of its smoky hospitality to the Cis-pontine refugees of every description, we cannot help feeling that those who desecrate the liberty they enjoy, by carrying on a manufacture intended to disturb the tranquillity of other places, should be taught that they cannot so abuse the favour that is shown to them. At a period when the whole of the metropolis is in a state of apprehension, from the intelligence that reaches every quarter of it, that a blow has been struck by the Tip-Cat party, in some place or other, every minute of the day, it is shameful that any facilities should be given for the manufacture of the destructive missiles that are spreading consternation everywhere. When we make the serious reflection that a single Tip-Cat fired off in one of the streets at the West End, in the midst of a crowd, might lead to confusion, of which nobody could see the end, and of which there is sure to be no policeman to see the beginning, we feel justified in calling upon Bermondsey to give pledges to its neighbours that no preparations shall be made within its precincts for making an aggression on its allies, and throwing an incalculable number of the most destructive species of dead Cats into the face of civilised society.

THE EMBROGLIO AT THE PHILHARMONIC.

Done into Verse by a very Old Subscriber and Poet.

Sterndale Bennett was Indignant with Costa,
For not playing Bennett's Composition faster,
Costa flew into Excitement at Lucas
For Showing him Bennett's Order, or Ukase,
Haughtily Resigned the Seat which he sat on,
And Contemptuously told Lucas himself to Take the *bâton*,
Moreover Stipulated this Year with the Directors
That Nobody was to read Him any more Lectures:
Also, he made it a Condition Strict,
He was Only to conduct what Pieces of Music he lik'd,
Whereby this Year Costa doth Prevent
Any performance of Music by Sterndale Benn'tt:
Likewise Excluding the young and gifted Miss Goddard,
Whom with Admiration all the Critical Squad heard:—
All to be Deplored, and, without more Amalgamation,
The Philharmonic will Tarnish its Hitherto Deservedly High Reputation.

WARM WORK IN WESTMINSTER HALL.

In the course of the proceedings in the Bail Court the other day, the learned judge—who, evidently, was not one of the justices in Eyre—asked the Bar if they would have any objection to have one of the windows open. One of the learned counsel was so overcome by the heat that he must have thrown up his brief if somebody had not thrown up the window. It is really dreadful that justice should be stifled for want of a mouthful of fresh air, and that there are no arrangements for letting a little of that "ill wind that blows nobody good" find its way into Westminster Hall for the good of the barristers. Considering the falling-off in the business of counsel, and the difficulty many of them have to raise the wind, it is too bad that the usual means of ventilation should be denied to them.

GOVERNMENT PAPER.

DIFFERENT people have different tastes—in papering their rooms for one thing. One covers his walls with postage stamps, another with caricatures: which latter method of adorning the interior of a chamber we approve—of course not from any interested motive.

But there is one Government Office for which, although a highly appropriate lining might be formed of instructive and amusing designs extracted from these pages, we would suggest one composed of other wood-cuts to be found in other periodicals.

It is true that the works of art which we propose should constitute the internal investment of the Office alluded to, would perhaps diffuse a gloom over the apartment which they were meant to decorate; but, like death's-heads and tombstone cherubs in a churchyard, they would be becoming, if not lively. The Office that we mean is the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S; and the embellishments recommended for its walls are the illustrations of certain productions of cheap literature, such as the *Lives of Jack Sheppard* and *Claude Duval*, the *Hangman's Daughter*, and the like, consisting of horrors and atrocities whereon the little boys feast their eyes at the windows of the small newsvenders' shops. Gallant highwaymen blowing gentlemen's brains out in all the varieties of dramatic attitude; romantic ruffians cutting throats; mysterious robberies in the course of commission; savage assaults on unprotected females; burglary, arson, murder, and capital punishment presented in the most interesting and attractive point of view to the vulgar mind, are the subjects of these edifying engravings. It is impossible to look at them without feeling that the publications of which they indicate the contents, must powerfully tend to familiarise the large classes amongst which they circulate with villany, and to enamour them of crime; and therefore they ought to be constantly in the eye of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, to remind him that such rubbish exists to demoralize the people, because the Stamp Duty prevents it from being superseded by wholesome news.

FASHIONS BY A "FIRST" HAND.

THE fashions in millinery and dress-making present some of the usual features. Fingers are very much worn—nearly to the bone—skirts and accounts are still very long, while bodies, particularly those that think themselves somebodies, are excessively low, with a great deal of stiffness and a quantity of bone about the place where the heart is likely to come, if there happens to be any. In evening dress the petticoat is usually very full and the pocket often very empty. The material of the bosom is frequently *glacé*, and covered with a transparent tissue of imitation stuff, which may be seen through easily. Flowers are not much worn this season in the hair, but the cheeks are got up as usual with artificial roses.

THE LAST CHANCE!

Now 's the time, JOHN BULL, or never,
'Gainst the Income-Tax to fight,
MR. GLADSTONE's very clever;
Let him dazzle not your sight.

Tolerate that confiscation
Once again, you 're only sure,
Unredeemed by alteration,
Two years more that 'twill endure.

Time will certainly be hatching
Some excuse, at which, you 'll find,
Government, adroitly catching,
On you will the load rebind.

Have that imposition 'bated
Now, or ne'er its end you 'll see;
Under it, perpetuated,
Groaning you 'll remember me.

Unexampled Culinary Feat.

MR. FITZROY, M.P., has at length succeeded in an exploit which has baffled the culinary force of the age, and to which even the boldness of the M.P. who cooks accounts, has not aspired. He has cooked the Cabman's Goose.

PUNCH AND PARCHMENT.

A LAW-STATIONER, of Chichester Rents, Chancery Lane, has published a Circular, deprecating, in mild terms, some remarks made a short time ago by *Mr. Punch* on an advertisement that had appeared in the *Law Times*, which were also mild. He avows himself the author of that advertisement; and it is but fair that *Mr. Punch* should give the benefit of publicity to his protest against the opinion that the labour of copying eighteen sheets or seventy folios per day, at 30*s.* per week, is excessive. He says that to copy 70 folios is an easy day's work for a practised writer, and that a hand in his employ will do double that quantity in the time specified. He may be right and *Mr. Punch* may have been mistaken. *Punch*, as all the world knows, is no copyist, and was liable to error on that point, which is a question for clerks, who, if he was wrong laughed at him instead of with him—and rendered it unnecessary for his friend the law-stationer to publish any vindication. But *Mr. Punch* cannot but consider service of 12 hours' quill-driving a-day, in confinement to a desk in an office, with intermission of only half an hour for dinner, and a quarter of an hour for tea, hard labour with something like imprisonment. It may not be unusually hard; but so much the better reason for insisting that it *is* hard. If customary, it is not salubrious; if common, so are bilious disorders, nervous complaints, and a host of other ailments, the consequences of sedentary occupation combined with the bolting of meals; and the causes of the consumption of pecks of quack pills, to say no worse. It was the general system of fagging that has originated the very name of fag-clerks which *Mr. Punch* animadverted upon, avoiding indeed, particular reference to the individual law-stationer, who in reply to him has rushed into print, and whom he has permitted to engross this paragraph.

March of Politeness.

THE Cabmen in Palace Yard have profited so much by the remarks of their fares, the Members of Parliament and Reporters, that in abusing one another they now never say, "You must be a precious stupid donkey," but, "You must be the man wot ventilates the House of Commons."

A BOLUS FROM ITALIAN DOCTORS.

A NEWSPAPER calling itself the *Official Journal of the Two Sicilies*, but for which a fitter title would be the *Marvellous Chronicle*, announces, according to the *Times*, another miracle of a Continental character, said to have taken place on Good Friday last, at Bari, and consisting in the bleeding of a certain thorn, alleged to possess a history which need not be repeated. Another such thorn is also stated to have bled on the same day at Andria: and we are further informed that the wonder is no novelty, having been observed several times; the last before this in 1842. It is declared that the Bari prodigy happened in the presence of a numerous concourse of people—on a scale ample enough to have been apparent to all of them? The circumstance may have occurred from natural causes. Such phenomena seem to be connected with atmospheric influence. They are developed in the air of sunny Italy, and, as FATHER NEWMAN says, "in the Roman States." Sometimes they are exhibited in countries less enlightened by the solar rays, and more illuminated by those of science and reflection, as in France, but, examined in the latter species of light, they are apt to result, as in the case of MADEMOISELLE TAMISIER, in the committal of their authors to the House of Correction.

Unreported Remarks.

"I DO not see," said an Honourable Member after the Budget speech, "what GLADSTONE meant by saying, that taking off the duty on soap would diminish the Slave-trade."

"Clearly," replied his facetious friend. "If you soap a nigger he will be more difficult to catch."

"Ah!" said the former. And they went to the Carlton to supper.

SYMPTOMS OF SPRING.

SEVERAL hotel-keepers at Greenwich and Blackwall advertise that "Whitebait is Now in Season." Coincidently with the interesting circumstance thus announced, we observe the Return of the Swallow.

THE COLLAROTYPE; OR, SUN PICTURES OF SCOUNDRELS.

(BY A GENTLEMAN OF THE PREDATORY PROFESSION.)

A VULGAR print has just come out,
To aid the low detective scout;
Appealing chiefly to the eye:
The *Illustrated Hue and Cry.*

The object of this journal base
Is to facilitate the chase
Of gentlemen, for whom the air
Is warmer than their health can bear.

To coarse descriptions not confined,
Which are most personal in kind,
Your portraits also it appends,
Or superadds to them, my friends.

This periodical—excuse
The literary slang I use,
Strange in our fashionable haunt—
Is issued to "supply a want."

That is, in short, should you, or I,
From legal persecution fly,
'Twill circulate the stations round,
That we, the Wanted, may be found.

And—can you fancy any one
So void of taste?—the very Sun
Its soulless publishers degrade
The common Constable to aid!

Grave as the fact is, one might laugh
Almost, to see the Photograph
So ignominiously applied,
To serve as the Policeman's guide.

The likeness most correct you'd deem.
Indeed 'tis rather too extreme;
The least obliquity it shows
Of eyes converging to the nose;

The faintest lines our feelings trace
On our characteristic face;
The cast that to the visage cleaves
Of those called harshly, Rogues and Thieves.

Oh, Sects! for mastery that fight,
And do obscure a deal of light,
Would you could intercept the rays
Whose pencil thus the Prig betrays!

WILLIAM PRIGGS, *loq.* "*Why, that's my Pictur! Well, if that ain't the meanest thing I ever see!*"

TURNING THE CORNER.—It is an awkward turn in a man's life when he begins talking about "his Solicitor."

GETTING RID OF A "GOVERNOR."

THERE has just been printed and laid before the House of Commons a letter, showing how coolly the late Administration could get rid of a Governor. The communication is addressed by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON to SIR JAMES BROOKE, to whom something like a month's warning was given, that he would, at the end of the year, then near its close, be "relieved" from his office as Governor of Labuan. SIR JOHN tells the Rajah in plain terms that Sarawak cannot stand the expense of a governor, except at "a very moderate salary;" and SIR JAMES BROOKE is left to the agreeable necessity of looking out for another situation, unless he wished to be out of work altogether when his brief warning should have expired. Probably the warning was revoked, as we saw no advertisement among the "Want Places" from the RAJAH OF SARAWAK, and indeed, it would be almost a waste of money to advertise; for a Rajah out of a situation is not quite so likely to get into one as a butler, a single-handed footman, or a coachman anxious to drive a serious family.

We do not know whether it is for the advantage, but it certainly is not for the dignity of the public service, to turn off Colonial Governors, or any other class of functionaries at a few weeks' warning, in the off-hand style in which SIR JAMES BROOKE had his *congé* given him. The Rajah could scarcely have had time to pack up his things and get his box corded up—much less to suit himself with another situation—in the very brief space allowed him by SIR JOHN PAKINGTON. It is true that there is an offer, made indirectly, to give the Rajah a character, should he have anything else in his eye; for the letter says,

"In announcing to you this intention, I have to convey to you the assurance of HER MAJESTY'S Government that they neither overlook nor undervalue the important services you have rendered in the formation and establishment of this settlement."

The "valuation," whether under or over, is evidently represented by the few weeks' wages that will be payable from the date of the warning to the day on which it expires. Something rather better than a month's salary is the extent of appreciation set upon the "important services," rendered by the RAJAH OF SARAWAK.

There can be no doubt that this "written character" appended to the warning is intended to be useful to the Governor, should he be a candidate for a situation in the Police, or on a railway. Probably the Government which gave him his dismissal may have thought that a great favour was done to SIR JAMES by letting him know, in time to apply at the Crystal Palace or the Dublin Exhibition, at either of which places a live Rajah (and such a Rajah!) in some official position, might have been an attractive novelty!

FOOD FOR HAIR POWDER.

BY advice from America we learn that a white hair dye is wanted at Washington, for political purposes, "because old fogies are in the ascendant" at the seat of Yankee government. In the United States newspapers we may now expect to see advertisements headed "No More Black Hair," and "Loss of Teeth Promoted." Stump-oratory will accordingly acquire a lisping character, and harangues at caucus or in Congress will be delivered in the accents of *Justice Shallow* and *Sir Peter Teazle.*

There would be one advantage, certainly, if American statesmen were all aged. The inclination of senility being to dwell upon the past, they would talk, in that case, more about Bunker's Hill, and less about Cuba.

An Error of the Press.

IT is quite wrong to suppose—and it shows, besides, but a very slender knowledge of the man to fall into so absurd a supposition—that MR. LUCAS is the Editor of the *Civil* Service Gazette.

A PICTURESQUE TITLE.—The porters, &c., of the Royal Academy, whenever they see approaching the Members of the Hanging Committee, cry out, "Here come the Austrians!"

A NEW FAST PROVERB.—A living Brick is better than a dead wall.

... Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their ... April 30th, 1853.

DISCERNMENT!

Clever Child. "OH! DO LOOK HERE, MAMMA DEAR. SUCH A FUNNY THING! MR. BOKER'S GOT ANOTHER FOREHEAD AT THE BACK OF HIS HEAD." [BOKER *is delighted.*

HARMONIC RAPPING.

IF spirits can rap upon a table, it stands to reason that they are also able to strike the keys of a piano. The rappists should therefore extend the range of their entertainments by adding a BROADWOOD to their mahogany, and by combining the harmonic meeting with the spiritual *séance*. WEBER, who was such a capital hand at supernatural effects, and whose amiable character during life renders it probable that his disposition is accommodating after death, would doubtless willingly oblige the company with an air or two from *Der Freischütz*, or *Oberon*, or perform the overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits*. The ears of the visitors might also be gratified with a genuine "Ghost Melody:" the effect whereof upon those organs would probably be to add, in a preternatural degree, to their natural elongation.

No Little Goes.

AN emigrant to Australia writes:—"People do not mind what hard work they undertake. Very many graduates from Oxford and Cambridge might be found at the bars of public-houses, and in similar places." Considering how utterly unaccustomed these gentlemen must be to such scenes, their fortitude does them credit. One of them is stated to have knocked down his employer for telling him to give short measure, which he described as a "false quantity."

POLICE! POLICE!

WHAT article of dress are Cooks most attached to?—The Pelisse.

OUR HONEYMOON.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 18—.

I SAY, I thought I should have dropped. (To-day is a blank day: I 'm all alone; nobody with me but the fears and anxieties of a wife; so I continue the story from the dreadful yesterday.) When I saw the *young lady*—not that her looks or her manners appeared to me to be *too* much of the lady—standing coolly by FREDERICK, and smiling—yes, boldly smiling, as with his dear white teeth he now and then tried to bite out the tangle of the filthy knots of those stupid fishing-lines—I *did* feel all the spirit of a wife boil in my heart, and burn up in my face. My face! With the very flush, came the dreadful consciousness, the terrible recollection of those odious gnat-bites; and I could clearly see the *young lady's* eyes—(eyes of treacherous, mischievous black; a colour I never could abide,)—see her eyes wander up and down my face; and then, with a simper of insolence, make a dead settlement on my nose; on the very place where *the gnats* had been. I could have—well, at the moment, I wouldn't have answered for what I could have done. If I'd only brought my veil! But there I stood, as I felt, an injured, gnat-bitten, lawful wife, and looked down upon by that *young lady*. And then the coolness of FRED! Did I ever think he could be such a savage?

"You see, my dear, as I've told you,"—and he kept trying the knots with his teeth—"as I've said, fishing near one another—by the way, you should see what an admirable angler the lady is. How beautifully she"—

And at this moment, with FRED still biting, she had—yes, before my very face—she had the impudence to hope he wouldn't hurt his teeth! What right had she to hope anything of the sort? Such familiarity, and as I say, *I*—his wife—present! But I knew there was something: I felt it all the way coming along—I was certain that he wouldn't go out two days together fishing; and for trout, too. Yes: very pretty trout. Never saw trout *in a straw bonnet* before. All this I couldn't help thinking as I stood and saw their lines knotted and twisted. I am not superstitious; certainly not; but can't be deaf and blind to omens so loud and so plain.

"LOTTY, my love"—said FRED with aggravating coolness—"one would think this knot the marriage knot; it seems impossible to undo it. Don't you think"—and he laughed in his old provoking way—"don't you think it is the marriage knot?"

"No, Sir, I don't: I think it"—and I darted a look like a flash of lightning at her—"I think it *quite the reverse*."

"It's a beautiful sport angling," said the young lady, *mincing* her words. The kitten!

"Yes; very likely," said I: "especially to people without that inconvenience, a heart."

"Oh," said the bold thing, "you mean the cruelty? But I always fish with an artificial fly."

"I should think it very likely," said I, and I made her a curtsey, that if she'd had even the feeling of a dormouse, *ought* to have withered her.

"And very beautifully—in fact much finer than Nature—the lady makes them. Yes, LOTTY, much finer than Nature—quite outdoes the real thing," said FRED.

"Oh, I have not the least doubt *you* think so," and I could have cried, but I *wouldn't*.

"Look, love"—and he would shew me a lot of rubbish; I don't like to use a vulgar expression, but it *was* rubbish—"look, love: what do you think of the young lady's Green-drake?" and I did stare; for it was as much like a Green drake, as the *young lady* herself was like a Blue Duck; and more, I had it on the tip of my tongue to say as much.

And then the young lady herself would put in *her* talk. "We anglers"—and she looked at FRED in a bold, strange way—"we anglers call it the Green-drake fly."

"Oh, it 's meant for a fly, is it?" said I; "well, I shouldn't have thought it. I should rather have taken it for a frog, or a grass-hopper."

"Ha, the fish are the best judges; you should see, LOTTY, how they rise to it," said he.

"I can understand *that*, dear FREDERICK: fishes, like *other* people, are so often taken by what is *false*, and artificial;" and my temper began to get up.

"But they may be made so natural," said the *young lady;* "and then they may be used *so* humanely. You see, to make a Green-drake"—

"Or a green goose," I murmured with a look—yes, muttered quite loud enough for FRED to hear me. More: I repeated it between my teeth—"a *green goose*."

"To make the fly according to authority"—and the *meek* and *timid* creature went on—"you must take camel's hair, bright bear's hair, the down that is combed from a hog's bristles"—

"Well, I'm sure," said I, with the loudest laugh I could manage, "camels, bears, and hogs! What strange company for a young lady! And yet for all that, you seem quite at home with them. Ha! ha! quite at home."

"Quite so," she answered, never touched; "with green silk, with long hairs of sables, and feathers of a mallard—but I see you don't care for the gentle art, so I won't weary you. But when you have perfectly made your fly"—and she looked, I couldn't mistake my eyes, at FRED—"when you've really beaten nature, making a finer fly than nature herself, you are sure of your trout. I've caught twenty"—

"At one ball?" I asked, and I gave *her* a look in return.

"In one hour, in one stream," and then *she* curtsied. "Oh, you don't know what may come of a Green-drake!"

It was wonderful the thrill that, with her words, went through me! I was carried back to the day after my marriage. There I was, at the White Hart; and there stood the landlady, asking "if we'd like *ducks* for dinner?" Now I'm not—I'm persuaded—superstitious; but those ducks had, it was plain—oh! it all came upon me—plain, some meaning with the *Green-drake*. I felt that I was doomed to be unhappy. I could not help contrasting my feelings *that* morning, when the landlady talked of ducks, and the present desolate hour when that *young lady* minced about *drakes*. FREDERICK never looked so ill—positively ugly; it was, of course, only my fancy—but remembering my fairy-tale days, he seemed to have almost the face of a *trout*.

And then the thought flashed upon me! I had eaten *trout* for dinner yesterday. Now *who* caught that trout? I *would* know. Looking at the *young lady* from top to toe, I asked her if *she*—that is, if *they*—had had good sport yesterday?

"Yesterday? She didn't fish yesterday. She had only come home last night."

"Indeed! Didn't fish yesterday?" as if I believed her!

And all this time, there stood FRED—sometimes laughing, sometimes picking the tangled lines with his fingers—sometimes using his teeth. At last—I could see it by the twitter she was in—*her* fingers began to move as though she'd use them, too. What next? thought I, and my blood began fairly to boil.

I said nothing. I motioned JOSEPHINE to my side. She had followed me—for all I said—as hard as she could, leaving the pony in charge of a boy, and had—I could see that by the good creature's face—had been a feeling witness of the injuries I was suffering. How the poor thing raised her eyes, and lifted her hands, and wondered at the manners of that *young lady*,

"I never did, in all my days," said FRED, "fall into such a tangle." As if I was deceived by that! As if I didn't see that he was making the tangle greater and the knots tighter, only that he might torture me, and keep me standing there, looking at him with all her *black eyes*, that *young lady!*

"Seems quite united for ever," I observed to the *fisherwo man*, at the same time sidling nearer to *my* husband. "What's to be done, FRED?"

"Can't say, I'm sure. Most extraordinary tangle: tremendous knots!"

"As you observed, FRED, every knot like the knot of matrimony. Now what *is* to be done, when you can't untie a knot?"—

"Well, there is only one alternative, my love"—

"Just so," said I, "only don't *love* me. Just so; when you can't untie it, you must cut it."—

And at the word, I drew forth JOSEPHINE'S scissars—(she always carried scissars)—and with a *tremendous snip*, I cut the lines *in two!*

How the *young lady* stared, and didn't I give her a look! FREDERICK turned red and frowned; and I—just to spite him—I *kissed* the scissars.

POLEMICAL PUFFING.

ATTENTION is hereby directed to the subjoined extract from the *Morning Post*:—

"THE ORATORIANS AT BROMPTON.—A rumour has for some time prevailed that the Roman Catholics are about to found a large religious establishment for this order in the field immediately in front of the parish church, which adjoins the land purchased by the Royal Commissioners. The excitement of the neighbourhood has greatly increased by the hoarding in the premises during the last few days, and the frequent visits of CARDINAL WISEMAN and his Priests. The Vicar and Churchwardens, with a very proper regard to the peace of the parish, as well as its local and religious interests, laid the matter befor the Secretary of State in January last, and (in a memorial forwarded by him to the Royal Commissioners) pointed out the effect of the project on the whole neighbourhood."

The vicar and churchwardens of Brompton should not have done that. *Mr. Punch* must deprecate any attempt to prevent fair competition. CARDINAL WISEMAN has a perfect right to set up an opposition-shop over against Brompton church, if he pleases. Nay, he is to be commended for so doing. It is consistent in him. Does not his EMINENCE continually advertise, or cause to be advertised, his pontifical performances in the *Times* newspaper, in the same, or nearly the same column, with JACOBS, ventriloquist and Wizard? This is not untradesmanlike, but quite the reverse. By all means let the CARDINAL go on in the same way. Let him send acolytes to march along the curbstones, with a placard-board, each, fore and aft of his person, inviting the public to try the Infallible Church. Let him appoint the Brothers of the Oratory an exercise in humility, and make them useful at the same time, by causing them also to perambulate the streets, bearing long poles, whereon are hoisted posters, announcing "Immense Attraction at Moorfields," or "Great Success at St. George's Cathedral." A few advertising vans, driven by barefooted friars, in costume, and illuminated after the manner of mediæval missals, might also be recommended as a means of obtaining publicity for Roman Catholic services and ceremonies. Nay, WISEMAN AND CO. might even try the TOWZERY plan of sending round circulars, announcing the public admission of a convert, or a taking of the veil, as "Enormous Sacrifice," and "Awful Results of Wild and Unprincipled Speculation."

On the front of the edifice about to be erected under the auspices of the Cardinal at Brompton—a locality for it which the vicinity of Belgravia renders very suitable—should be placed the inscription "Established to Supply the Public with the Genuine Roman Doctrine"—for which the spurious imitation of it, called Puseyism, has so long been offered in the neighbourhood. To which might be added "No Connexion with the Establishment Over the Way."

In recommending our Cardinal the improvements in puffing above suggested, we are sure that we advise him to do what is so far entirely orthodox, that it is warranted by the decided authority of MOSES—the tailor.

ACTIVITY IN THE DOCKYARDS.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

I stood in Portsmouth, on the Dockyard ground,
And looked about for industry's display;
But when of work I did not hear the sound,
I thought, of course, it was a holiday.

I was mistaken; things pursued their course
According to the customary track:
I saw nine men uniting all their force
To move what one might carry on his back.

I saw four stalwart fellows, tall and stout,
Who with their arms compactly folded stood,
Looking at one, who as he stared about,
Morticed—by fits and starts—a bit of wood.

I saw two brawny men with feeble blows
An iron hoop upon some timber drive;
And when 'twas on—for practice, I suppose—
To take it off again they did contrive.

I saw four others working at a mast;
But their pursuit I scarce had time to con,
When I perceived with admiration vast
Nine more at the proceeding looking on.

I saw two horses drag a single stone;
At scarce two miles an hour their pace I fix,
Though by one horse the job could have been done—
Not at two miles an hour, but five or six.

Yet Portsmouth boasts, they say, a model yard;
We 've heard that story many a time and oft:
But he who henceforth thinks they're working hard
At Portsmouth Dockyard, will be precious soft.

A LANCASHIRE THREAT.—Always threatening to rain.

GOOD NEWS FOR HUSBANDS.

WESTMINSTER Hall has still some virtue left—we mean no reflection upon the Bar when we talk of virtue as a rarity in the Superior Courts—and in proof of our assertion, we beg to quote a case decided by some of the Judges in Banco:—

"LIABILITY TO A WIFE'S DEBTS.—This was an action by which the plaintiff, a fashionable milliner at the West End, sought to recover from the defendant, a gentleman residing in St. John's Wood, an account of about £32 for articles of dress supplied to his wife. Upon the trial it was proved that the defendant had an income of only £350 a year, that he allowed his wife £30 a year for dress and private uses, besides giving her many presents; that MRS.— was expensive and extravagant in her ideas, and ran up bills for her husband to pay over and above her allowance. The articles included in the plaintiff's bill had been supplied without the knowledge or sanction of the husband. Upon the trial the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, on the ground that the defendant did not make a sufficient allowance to his wife. Cause was now shown against a rule which had been obtained for a new trial.

"The Court held that a tradesman was not warranted in trusting any married woman without her husband's authority, and that the rule ought to be made absolute for a new trial.'

This is indeed excellent news for husbands of every class, from the highest to the lowest, from those whose "ladies" go "on tick" with HOWELL AND JAMES, to those whose "missusses" run in debt with the tallyman. We earnestly pray that no other judges and no other court will, in that spirit of contradiction which too often constitutes the spirit of our laws—or of our lawyers—proceed to run counter to this perhaps the most salubrious principle that has ever been laid down in the old Hall of Westminster. We will be bound that there has never appeared among the "fashionable intelligence" of the newspapers a paragraph that will cause such a deep sensation in the fashionable world, as this judicial intimation that extravagant wives cannot run their husbands into debt, and that tradesmen will, in future, have to pause before they proceed to "tempt" ladies to what has too often proved their husbands' ruin. We have, however, still more reason to rejoice in the blow that will be struck at the iniquities of the "tally" system, which has introduced misery, over and over again, into the family of the industrious mechanic whose thoughtless partner has been cajoled into pledging her husband's credit, and often breaking up his home by the facilities for debt afforded by the "tally" man. There can be no doubt that the old song which connects the words "tally, high ho" with the characteristic name of the "Grinder," originates in the grinding practices of those whose calling it is to draw female weakness within the talons of that rapacious bird of prey, the keeper of the "tally" shop.

Barbarous Feudal Punishment.

AT Preston, a man charged before the magistrates with drunkenness, denied the charge, and asked to be allowed to read a newspaper to them, alleging that "a man who cou'd read a newspaper, could not be intoxicated." A worthy magistrate handed him a copy of the *Morning Herald*, (kept for the punishment of Evil-doers), but on coming to the eleventh "*great* and GOOD man" in the first article, the poor fellow begged to be spared further ordeal, and paid his fine.

Justice for Ireland.

REMISSION of all Taxes whatever.
Fixity of Tenure.
Optionality of Rent.
Emancipation of the Roman Catholic Priesthood from all accountability to the laws.

CAUSE WITHOUT EFFECTS.—The Court of Chancery is like the description which THOMSON in his "Spring," gives of a Rookery: some "ceaseless caws" may always be heard there.

STRIKE OF THE WORKING CLERGYMEN.

A Ditty for Visitation Dinners.

THE working men are striking, striking, striking,
The working men are striking, in all directions round,
Higher wages liking, liking, liking,
Higher wages liking than hitherto they 've found;
Cobblers and tailors,
Joiners and nailers,
Merchantmen-sailors,
Day after day.
The journeymen are striking, striking, striking,
The journeymen are striking for better rate of pay.

The weavers all are meeting, meeting, meeting,
The weavers all are meeting, to get a larger sum;
The miners too are beating, beating, beating,
The miners too are beating the agitating drum.
Painters of houses,
With all the "blouses,"
One spirit rouses,
So the fact is.
The journeymen are meeting, meeting, meeting,
The journeymen are meeting to get their wages "riz."

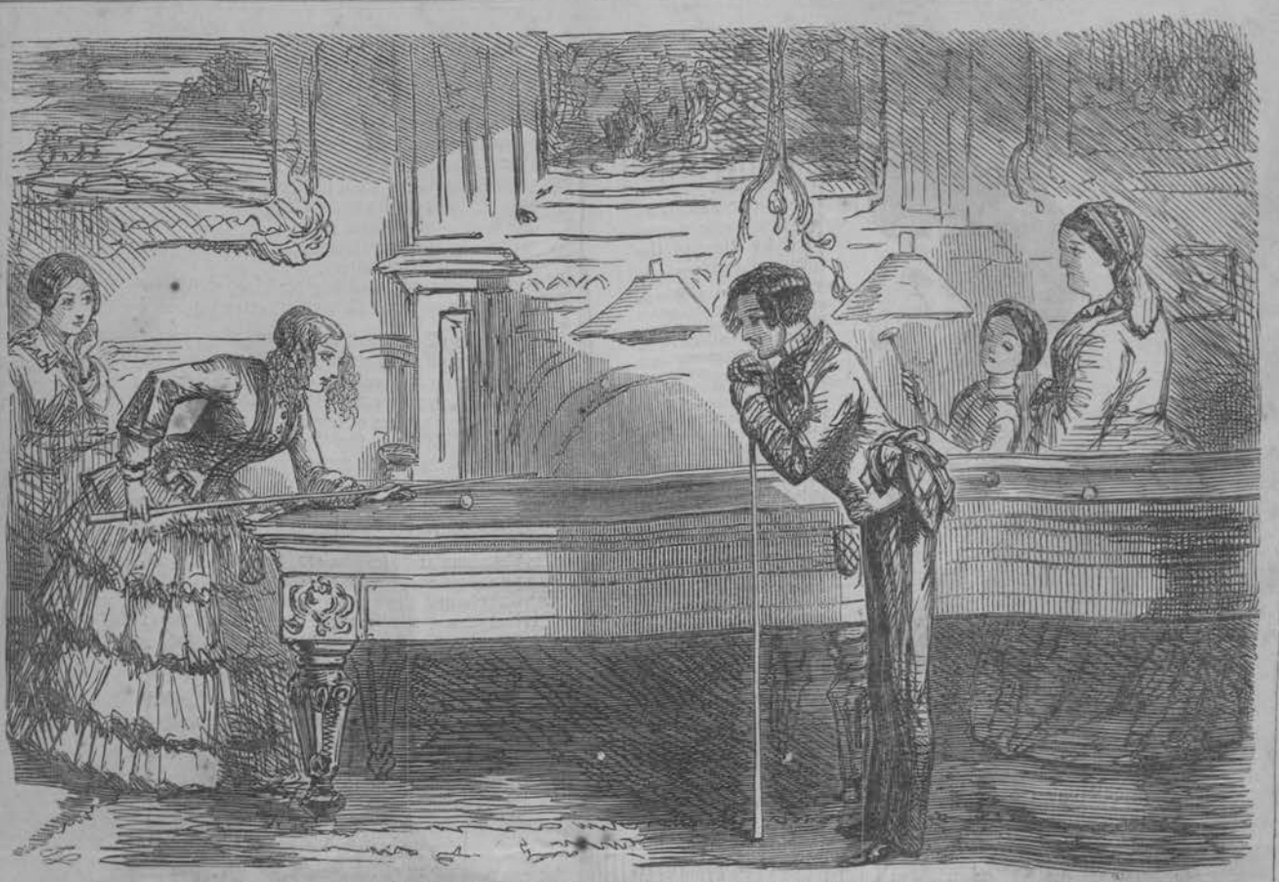
The plumbers and the glaziers, glaziers, glaziers,
The plumbers and the glaziers insist on an advance;
The tinkers and the braziers, braziers, braziers,
The tinkers and the braziers; then haven't we a chance?
Poor working clergy,
Who, by theurgy,
Steer through Life's surgy
Billows and rocks,
Slaving for the graziers, graziers, graziers,
Slaving for the graziers that live upon their flocks.

Curates then, so needy, needy, needy,
Curates then, so needy, in rusty coat and gown,
Strike, until the greedy, greedy, greedy,
Strike until the greedy pluralists come down.
Strike, each lean spectre,
Fag of fat rector,
Port 's ruby nectar
Purpling his jolea:
Journeymen so seedy, seedy, seedy,
Journeymen so seedy, employed in cure of souls.

BOARD AND LODGING FOR MURDERERS.

AN unfortunate scamp gave himself up the other day to the police authorities on the charge—supported by his own confession—of having murdered somebody in Edinburgh. The self-accusation turned out to be a hoax, and upon inquiry it appeared that the pretended Murderer had no other object than board and lodging, which he obtained readily enough when he was supposed to have committed a murder, though, to use his own words, he had been "kicked out" when he offered himself up in a state of innocence to the "proper authorities." The brand of blood, like the stamp on a newspaper, seemed to have given him a sort of legitimacy, and conferred upon him the privilege of passing free of charge to his desired destination—the Station-house. Here he was entertained with a supper, for no one can present himself to the Police in the interesting character of a blood-stained guest without becoming exceedingly popular. Crime is obviously the price that must be paid for Station-house hospitality, and it might therefore be as well to issue a tariff for the information of criminals, showing how much petty larceny goes to a slice of bread and cheese, or what amount of felony will entitle the perpetrator to an egg or a rasher of bacon.

The supposed murderer was invited to a *déjeûner à la* lots of bread and butter, and there would no doubt have been a series of similar entertainments provided for him, had not the discouraging discovery been made that he was no murderer at all, when he was ignominiously hurried out of custody as unceremoniously as he had been refused a lodging when he first demanded one without the qualification of a murder to gain him admittance. Everybody seems to have been thoroughly disgusted with a fellow of whom high hopes had been entertained, and even the penny-a-liners dismiss him with an ignominious kick of indignation at the idea of his having baulked them—as well as himself—of many a meal by his not having become a qualified candidate for the gallows. Everybody is irritated at the result, from the detectives who expected the *éclat* of tracing a chain of evidence, and the parson who hoped to preach him into a state of "abounding grace" over his cocoa, down to the servant "gal" who was looking out for a good column of "murder" in several successive Sunday newspapers.



A NICE GAME AT BILLIARDS.

Pretty Cousin. "LET ME SEE, FREDERICK! I'M JUST EIGHTEEN TO YOUR LOVE!"
Frederick (who is always so ridiculous). "THAT IS PRECISELY THE STATE OF THE CASE, MY DEAREST GEORGINA."
Mamma (with severity). "COME! LUNCHEON IS QUITE READY."

ADMIRALTY "INDISCRETIONS."

ACCORDING to the general run of opinions expressed the other night in the House of Commons, on the disgraceful Dockyard affair, the parties implicated have been guilty of "indiscretion." It may be useful, therefore, to the public to understand what it is that passes for mere "indiscretion," according to the judgment of that very honourable body, the Lower House of Parliament. The evidence given before the Committee on Dockyard Appointments, on the very first day of its sitting, will throw some light on this subject.

MR. STAFFORD is proved to have denied the existence of a letter which he is proved to have talked about, and which is proved to have been in the hands of one of the parties in the room, while he, MR. STAFFORD, was discussing the contents of it. MR. STAFFORD is also proved to have cancelled a minute of the Board of Admiralty, without the consent of the Board. And he is also proved to have asserted that he had the authority of the Board to do so. These are among MR. STAFFORD'S "indiscretions."

The DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND is proved to have asserted that he had never heard of or seen a letter which was proved to have been put into his own hands, and the purport of it explained to him. This is, we suppose, merely a ducal "indiscretion."

ADMIRAL PARKER having denied that he had given permission for two letters he had written to SIR B. WALKER to be read to the Committee, is proved to have given such permission in the presence of two witnesses, who prove the fact denied by the Admiral, who is thus also guilty of an "indiscretion."

The greatest "indiscretion" of all, will be on the part of the nation, if it ever allows its affairs to get into the same disreputable hands from which the Government was rescued by the overthrow of the DERBY-DISRAELI Ministry.

HYPOCRISY.—A great deal of what is called hypocrisy frequently arises from the delicacy one has in offending the feelings of another.

POOR LITTLE MO'!

MY name is MO SAMUEL, a poor little Jew;
Tro de Shety I trampsh it, de Commonsh in view;
But though I am shent dere, 'tis bootlesh to go,
For de Lordsh sets deir face agin poor little Mo'!

My constituentsh often have chose me in vain,
And shent me to Parliament over again,
Determined the shpirit of Britonsh to show;
But de Lordsh sets deir face agin poor little Mo'!

Every year LORD JOHN RUSSHELL proposhes a bill
To give de Electorsh of England deir will;
As often he finds 'tis no use to do so,
For de Lordsh sets deir face agin poor little Mo'!

NON-DISCOVERY OF POWDER AT *PUNCH'S* OFFICE.

YESTERDAY a body of police, consisting of a single constable, acting on his own warrant on behalf of the Secretary of State, entered *Punch's* Office, to search for a quantity of explosive matter.

He was informed that this periodical was not a magazine, and contained nothing calculated to cause any explosion more dangerous than a burst of laughter.

On wanting to know if any gunpowder was concealed on the premises, he was offered a cup of tea, which contained all that was left in a damp state.

Demanding whether there was in the establishment any composition for filling rockets, he was answered in the negative, and assured that the only fireworks dealt in at 85, Fleet Street, were squibs.

Having with some difficulty apprehended a joke, the Police retired.

POOR LITTLE MO'!

Lord Sh—sb—y. "DON'T MAKE A NOISE HERE—YOU'LL GET NO RELIEF FROM THIS 'HOUSE,' I PROMISE YOU."

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 10.

AS RAILTON and I were standing talking at the gates of his College, we saw a young fellow approach from the inner quadrangle. We moved aside to allow him to pass, but like an Admiralty steamer, he steered wild and could not fetch the opening. He stumbled over the bottom bar of the wicket, and nearly came on his nose, for which, to my astonishment, he begged my pardon. I entreated him not to distress himself on my account; and, as he floundered away, all arms and legs, and blushing amazingly, JOE RAILTON burst into a great rude peal of laughter, which gave me pain. Certainly, the boy's appearance was funny enough. He was dressed like MR. BUCKSTONE in *Box and Cox*. His trousers, of an inconceivably bright blue, were a mile too short for his long shanks. A plum-coloured waistcoat, adorned, or at least varied, with sprigs, and which possibly fitted him when he was twelve years old, struggled to meet the pantaloons. In vain—a layer of shirt was obstrusively visible between the two, as well as the mechanism of his braces, which, like French harness, were eked out with string. He wore a short brown coat, in which his great grandfather might have sat when a child to SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. A fancy cotton handkerchief of gay rather than chaste design encircled his red neck apparently five or six times, and was ultimately tied in a very small bow under one ear. Two walls of crumpled linen rose halfway up his cheeks, and were separated by a wide gap behind. His hair was cut according to the historic tonsure adopted at Christ's Hospital, which gave his poll the air of a large spherical tooth-brush. He wore the black tattered rag on his shoulders which denotes a commoner, and a seedy college cap hind before. It is only my University readers, perhaps, that will fully perceive the grotesque effect of this, as well as of an immense walking-stick which he carried in ignorance or defiance of Academical etiquette.

I never insult anybody, and, therefore, retained my composure till the poor lad had shambled in apologetic awkwardness out of sight. I was then informed that he was "VERDURER, of this College"—a freshman, and a character by force of having none. His father was a provincial lawyer, and, according to RAILTON, a very Rum Old Cock, who had no knowledge of the world (JOE, who has passed through a quarter of a century, is very fond of talking of the world and his experience of it). "He thinks this place is a sort of large boarding and day school, like the 'College' just established in his town of Stumpingham. He made his wife write to Mrs. Provost, to see that young Hopeful's sheets were aired, and that he took a little cooling medicine every week, of which she enclosed the prescription. The Provost was in such a rage, that he almost determined not to receive the new lamb into his flock. Only he didn't like to do anything against MUFFINS, who had introduced him. Not know MUFFINS? not old MUFFINS? REVEREND METHUSELAH DITTO, D.D.?—why, M. M. has done more for Protestant interests than any one since ah—what's his name?—one of those venerable divines, you know—you recollect who I mean, of course—the fact is, I take a great interest in these things. MUFFINS wrote '*Three words to the Pope of Rome*,' a very powerful work. It's in process of republication by the Barebones Society; and I take it in. Eighth volume just delivered. Like to see it? no? Well, young VERDURER comes here from the parental care of M. M's curate, of whom he is the perfect coloured sketch. His favourite literature is *Telemachus* and *Sandford and Merton*, and I understand he models himself after the good boys in MRS. BARBAULD'S Stories."

It is unnecessary to state that VERDURER was a universal butt. The clever men harassed him with epigrams, and the stupid men (it appears the majority) with practical jokes. Every traditional trick upon freshmen was exhumed for his especial benefit, and his life was made of no good to him. The worst of it was, that his head was so soft, or his hearing so hard that *nothing ever failed*, and even MOONEY and SPOONEY, men of his own stamp and standing, could practise on him with success. "Of course he is screwed up in his rooms over and over again; he never finds it out till the morning. Quite an ordinary spectacle to see him coming down into quad by the porter's ladder in an awful funk, with all the men chaffing him about the shape and price of his legs. GRIG, STENCIL, and some other fellows pulled him out of bed the night before last, and after adorning him with emblems and patterns in red and black, for which STENCIL has really a very pretty taste, turned him loose on the staircase. 'Gad, Sir, he looked just like CHINGACHGOOK in his war paint, previous to burying the pipe of peace. Really quite an illusion. After sufficiently admiring the exhibition, and making overtures to him about appearing at Cremorne in company with the Bosjesmen, they wished to escort him to his chamber in a triumphal procession, when it was found his oak had been sported accidentally (I believe GRIG did it on purpose myself). They communicated to the youth the impossibility of inhabiting his wigwam for that once, and the necessity for couching on the war-path, when he takes to a sudden and terrific howling, a regular scalping yell, I assure you; and they bolted in perfect raptures at the evening's entertainment.

"It came out the next morning that old BOWSER took him in, gave him hospitality, and lent him a nightshirt, to which of course he transferred the productions of STENCIL'S fancy. I only hope it's a good impression, and that BOWSER will appreciate the good fortune of possessing a unique proof before letters. VERDURER went to the Vice to complain of the outrage on his person and privacy, but he could not point out his assailants (he is as stupid as a cow), and PACKINGTON declined to interfere, recommending him to keep a thick stick in his room, and defend himself as STIFLES did last Term. Never heard about it? oh, capital fun! PUMPVILLE, after dining with some other 'Tufts,' and getting rather cut, said, 'Suppose we go and dwaw little STIFLES,' and proceeded to dwaw him accordingly; but STIFLES, though not big, is very plucky. He locked the door, took down his hunting crop, thrashed my Lord to his heart's content, and did not let him go till he roared for mercy. Well, VERDURER purchased the plant you just saw, and has used it already, though not very luckily. WALKER, the junior exhibitioner, came into his rooms last night to borrow a Greek testament, and found him in bed. VERDURER, thinking every visitor a foe, jumped up, seized his bludgeon, and running at his friend as if he was mad, administered to him a clipper over the head which brought him down like a shot. And I don't know but what he would have finished him outright in spite of MRS. BARBAULD, but he happily found out his mistake, and helped the poor little beggar on his legs again. On the whole I think he had better stick to a good Bramah to defend his fortress and leave cudgelling alone. He's not fit for it. He's too nervous. You saw what a stew he was in when he kicked against the door going out. He's always doing that sort of thing.

"His entry into chapel is quite a public event. He hustles every one within reach; bangs up against the eagle, if possible, smashes a candle-glass; and, on passing to his place, kicks the shins of each individual man who is already seated with unerring precision. Gad! I don't wonder they pull him out of bed. I expect to hear of his being burnt as a Guy in the middle of quad next Fifth of November. Then, as soon as he is seated, down goes his folio Prayer-book on the marble pavement with a crash that startles every one. This ceremony he repeats generally three or four times during service at those portions where it is likely to be most effective.

"His manners in private are harmless, I believe. He regales himself and his friends with some of the paternal jam and the ginger wine for which STIVENS is so justly celebrated. He calls his servant Sir, and wants to ask him to tea, only he's shy. He used to be very fond of playing the 'Flaxen-headed Cow-boy' on a little flageolet, till that instrument came into constant use by his friends, as a poker; and at last obstinately refused to blow at all. But he's going to replace it by an accordion, which is very sweet for chants, you know."

Poor VERDURER! he has had to pay pretty heavily for the privilege of having been kept from the corruption of a public school. I hope he is grateful to his sagacious parents and the Venerable MUFFINS who have so carefully protected him.

A Mitre Full of Money.

SOME people object to the largeness of the income attached to the Archbishopric of Canterbury; but they do not consider that a metropolitan must be a capitalist.

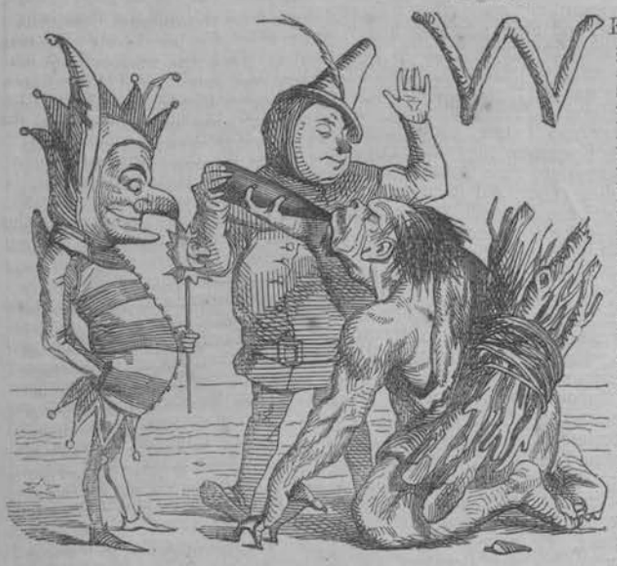
A TAKING TITLE.

IT is proposed to publish, in a series, the Thieves' Calotypes, after they have figured in the *Hue and Cry*, under the title of "Constables' Miscellany."

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.—Though dry measure and long measure are not the same, it is a curious fact that wet measure—in bottles—and short measure are equivalent.

CALLS TO THE BAR.—LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI are about to be called to the Bar—of Public opinion.

ART AND IDEAS.



WELL done! My little *ruse* has succeeded! I have won my wager; I said I was sure they would find it out. But I must explain. Before writing my article under this title last week, I had been talking about the education of artists with my friend CHAINMAIL, himself an artist and a learned one, especially in all that appertains to English history and costume. He had been lamenting the ignorance of his brethren, and, I thought, exaggerated it. But he declared it surpassed all bounds of belief. I argued that, at least, with certain incidents and epochs of our history they must be well acquainted; and I gave, as instances, the very list of subjects which I set out in my prospectus of the Artist's General Intelligence Fund last week. He declared that I might commit any blunder, even within the limits of this list, and that it would escaped detection from his brethren of the brush, and suggested the substitution of the THIRD for the FIRST EDWARD, and of the resolute PHILIPPA for the shrinking and tender ELEANOR. It was done, and lo! the result.

I have to acknowledge with pride and triumph, that I have received no less than twenty-four letters pointing out the blunder, and administering to me the severest and most withering castigations for my presumption in assailing others, when myself so vulnerable. With this explanation, and thanks for their letters, I might leave my four-and-twenty correspondents. But there are some remarks in some of their communications which deserve a few words of comment. "What do you mean, Sir," asks an indignant young friend, CIMABUE POTTS, "by forbidding me to exercise the genius, with which it has pleased Heaven to crown my brow, on any of those glorious subjects from English History which you enumerate? Are *you*, too, leagued with the Academy to crush me? That miserable clique refused to hang my JOHN *Signing Magna Charta*; but do you think I am to be put down in my Heaven-inspired work of enshrining in immortal form my country's *Historic epochs*, by their impotent envy, or your ignorant sneer? No, Sir, I have ordered a canvas twice the size of my former one (which was 16 feet by 12), and rubbed in *another* picture of the same subject, *with twelve new Barons!* This is my answer to your *sneers*.

"And I tell you, Sir, as a man of genius, it is my intention to paint a picture of every event in that series, if only to prove that the subjects are grand ones; and that, if consecrated by power like mine, they will command the admiration of the world when the Academy is buried in oblivion, and when your *paltry print* has ceased to cumber the shelves of the *low* publishers with its accumulations of *unsold* back numbers. I am assured by my tobacconist (who also is a news-agent), from whom I *used* to have your weekly trash, that your sale has declined *enormously* in this neighbourhood, and that he expects you will shortly be *discontinued*, as it is *notorious* you are going on at an *enormous* weekly *loss*."

To the more personal part of this letter I have nothing to say; I can only bow my head before the prospect of ruin, which must impend on the heels of MR. POTTS's discontinuing to take in my journal.

But on MR. POTTS's Art argument, I would remark that he is quite right in his contention that every incident, last week enumerated, might form the subject of a grand picture in the hands of a man of genius. But he should remember that my programme contemplated a distribution of ideas, not to men of genius, for they do not want them, but to those who have embraced the profession of Art without Ideas, or at least appear, by their works, to labour under a lack of them.

A man of genius cannot choose his subject ill. By the act of choice he makes a good subject of it, and far be it from me to say that of the subjects I mentioned, great pictures have not been, and may not again be painted. In fact, it is their suitableness for pictorial treatment which has made them as hacknied as they are, and hence it is that to the most vacant mind notions of composition and incident and treatment will occur, in connexion with any of these subjects, which the thinker is likely to flatter himself are "ideas,"—"thoughts" of his own, when they are, in truth, but faint reflections of what others have done of that kind on the same subject already.

Hence it is desirable that young men should be warned off ground so often trodden, that they can scarce plant a sole but it will fall into some other man's foot-print. With this explanation we leave our enterprising CIMABUE to his twelve extra Barons, and wish him health, strength, and capital to cover his 24 by 32 foot canvas.

A Cup Too Much of Tea.

IF, as is stated, the rebellion in China has involved some of the tea districts, those provinces must be in a state of hot water, and consequently are in danger of being swamped by the draught which cheers but not inebriates.

THE STATE OF THE WEATHER.

HERE we are in Springtide merry,
And the Apple and the Cherry,
That should bloom in silvery glory,
All white frosted, sparkle hoary!

Lambs in flowery meads should gambol;
Children, picking cowslips, ramble:
Children cry, and lambs are bleating,
Whilst the squally sky is sleeting.

Groves with song the thrush should favour,
And the blackbird ought to quaver;
And the nightingale should tune up
When you have the cloudless moon up.

'Stead of which, the grim North waileth:
Ice-shot rattles, as it haileth
Through the covert's leafless branches,
On the venison's living haunches.

Bloom should flush the fresh young faces
Of the little Loves and Graces:
Where, alas! are all the roses?
On the summits of their noses!

And the forms of lightness fairy,
Which, in gauze and muslin airy,
Robed should be, dark furs do muffle,
And the gentle voices snuffle.

Bring the lemons; set the bowl on:
Brew the punch, and fling more coal on:
Let us push about the flagon,
And the children play snap-dragon.

Make the most of moments flying,
Whilst asparagus is dying,
And the green peas loom more distant,
With the weather inconsistent.

Loss of Spring a Fogy grudges,
More, as down the hill he trudges;
Every year that passes o'er him,
Counting fewer Springs before him.

MR. GLADSTONE'S FANTASIA.

THE Exchequer *fantasia*, as played by MR. GLADSTONE, is a performance which has elicited considerable approbation. It may, however, be considered whether, clever as is the execution of this eminent violinist, his composition is not rather brilliant than correct, and more calculated to dazzle by display than to satisfy the taste of a judicious public. The *diminuendo* on A, B, and C, and so on alphabetically in the scale, takes vastly at first hearing; but on consideration it will hardly reconcile the audience, at whose expense the whole is played, for the want of change in the key of D, where some modulation is felt to be so imperatively required, whilst the whole burden in that weary key, as well as in C. hard and the corresponding sharps—a specimen of severity without grandeur—is amplified, and protracted to the period of a full seventh; without rest or relief for the present, and with a prospect of cessation too remote to be indulged in with any confidence.

An Honest Living.

As it will in all probability be expedient for the late Secretary of the Admiralty to withdraw from political life, we may be excused for suggesting to him, that he may still find a field for the exercise of his peculiar powers by taking out patents for some of his numerous "inventions."

NEW EXPRESSIVE TERM.—It is usual now to call any extortion—that is to say, the art of asking or getting more than what is morally, or legally, fare—CABB-AGE.

TURNING THE TABLES.

Somebody wrote an excellent farce called *Turning the Tables*, but it is not so great a farce as one that is now having a run in private circles, where the entertainment of turning the tables is being got up in a very novel manner. The performers are linked together by a finger of one hand, while they place the thumb of the other on the table, which they surround; and it is asserted that, after they have continued in this position for about half an hour, the mahogany will begin to spin round with fearful velocity. That a table will go round, occasionally, in the eyes of those who are sitting at it we can readily believe; but we suspect that the circulation of the table is rather intimately connected with the circulation of the bottle. We have not much faith in the experiment of putting the thumb to the mahogany, but we believe that, if the fingers, with a full glass between them, are raised very often to the lips, the phenomenon may be at last realised.

We have seen cases in which a rotatory movement has been imparted to objects of a more fixed nature than furniture; and, indeed, it is not an uncommon thing for a lamp-post, a pump, or even a public building, to commence a series of rapid whirls under the influence of what—without reference to the rappers—may be called the "spirits." We suspect that, if the cause of the revolution of the tables were to be closely investigated, it would be found to result from that species of electricity, of which—although glass is said to be a non-conductor—the glass and the bottle are the principal agents. Perhaps Scotch philosophy may be able to throw some light on this subject, for now that Scotland is proved to be the drunkest of the three kingdoms, we may safely leave such subjects as that of turning the tables in the hands of our staggering neighbours.

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION.

China—from the last advices—appears to be cracked, and is in danger of going to pieces. It seems that the acerbity of the Tartar rule has caused a fearful degree of fermentation; and, indeed, there is nothing surprising in the fact that a considerable effervescence should arise where Tartaric acid is prevalent. There appear to be at least two or three Pretenders, and civil war is raging to such an extent that, however freely the Chinese may sell their Twankay or Congou, they are likely to require for home consumption the whole of their Gunpowder.

Whether we shall suffer much from the Chinese disturbances is doubtful, and, indeed, we know not how there can be any falling off in our usual supply of tea as long as we have our native hedges, our British cabbage gardens, and our old English sloe plantations to fall back upon. Somebody has hinted at the possibility of our interfering with a view to cementing the various ruptures existing in China; but, further than our sending over a bottle or two of Poo-Loo's cement—which is warranted, we believe, to keep China together, however numerous the divisions in it may have been—we should not feel ourselves justified in going to any outlay, Our chief interest in China arises from the possibility of our losing our tea, and a great deal of nervous excitement has been occasioned among the elderly female part of our population, who are afraid of being brought "a cup too low"—as the saying is—by the stir that some fiddle-headed spoons have been making in the tea districts. We confess that our most recent tea-papers, or advices, are a good deal "mixed" in the intelligence they contain; but the majority has, what may be characteristically called, a "roughish flavour." If, however, the whole of the tea countries should be thrown into hot water, we can only suggest that the natives may as well send us over our tea ready made, instead of in the leaf as heretofore.

The Dockyard Dodger.

An advantage o'er Walker has Stafford to claim,
Inasmuch as Sir Baldwin's but Walker in name,
Whilst Augustus is such an equivocal talker,
That though Stafford by name, he by nature is Walker.

THE ELECTRIC PARLIAMENT.

An Electric Telegraph is now laid down from the House of Commons to the principal railway stations, and the echo of a legislator's wisdom has hardly died upon Mr. Barry's rafters, when the wisdom itself is crying aloud in the news-rooms of York and Edinburgh. Fine-Ear himself is beaten dead by a score of telegraph clerks scattered over the kingdom. It is also announced not only that wires are being arranged all over that vast labyrinth of the New Palace at Westminster, so as to summon the Members, in whichsoever of its thousand cells they may be hidden, when wanted for divisions, but that lines are being laid down from the House to the Carlton, Reform, and other Clubs, so that men may dine in peace, and yet save their country. Is not the orator's trade made easy—"as easy (as Hamlet says) as"—we really forget the simile.

But why not carry out the plan a little further? Instead of merely sending electric messages to the Members at the Clubs, why not make the Members send their speeches down to the House by the same medium? The Speaker and a couple of clerks might then do all the work at Westminster. And how oratory would gain by the abbreviation which would ensue on a Member's finding he had to pay for every word he sent down. How prating and platitude would be checked when a cheque was necessary for their utterance. How patriot-eloquence would be boiled down into terseness, as a whole basket of spinach is boiled into a little dishful. How men who now find it quite impossible to hold their tongues, would find it very possible indeed, as the clerk in the Club-hall counted out their words. How—but let us try and realize so blessed a reform.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre is in his chair. A brace of clerks, in wigs, is before him, and the reporters are shivering in the fierce blasts behind him, coughing consumptively, and calculating how much, at their premature departure, their widows will receive from the Assurance Offices. The House is empty. But the Members are at their Clubs, and the clerk has proceeded to telegraph the order of the day. The silver bell rings—there is a message.

"Who is that?" asks the Speaker.

"Colonel Sibthorp, Sir."

"Read his message."

"Sturdy opposition—twaddle—a job—Ministers wallowing in turtle and champagne—humbug—*bis dat qui*—people want food not flummery—always opposed it—always shall—*timeo Danaos*—utter disgust—contemptible swindle—Crystal Palace—ruin of country—*sera nunquam est*—hearty hatred."

The next is from an Irish Member, penuriously careful of his money, but, as spoken words cost nothing, Mr. Crowle used never to speak under an hour.

"Sirrr—having hurrud the spache of the learnud mover of this beel, I feel ut me juty to say that I would be failun in me pledge to the Cath'lic clargy if I did not be offerint the firrmest opposition, though in me conscience I bleave the beel is a good beel."

Then comes a financier, who was wont to pour out floods of figures, until the columns of such of the newspapers as were foolish enough to report him looked like a new edition of the "Tutor's Assistant." How Mr. Phractions is improved by pressure!

"I support the bill, Sir. Take two millions and a quarter from three millions and a half (I omit details, which would occupy three hours), and you have a balance of one million and a quarter, which in the £3 per cent. Consolidated Reduced South Sea determinable Exchequer Loan Long Annuities, will produce twice what the bill asks."

Or, once more, hear Mr. Fitzorange, who used to bring down a ton of blue books, a pleasing collection of the works of our best divines, and a wheelbarrow full of papers, under which the table groaned during his four hours' harangue to prove that little children should be taught in his way only. He is obliged to be short and frank now.

"Sir, I oppose the bill. I have been called an enemy of these schools. Heaven forbid, Sir; I love to honour education, and I only aim at putting down the teaching and transporting the teachers. The child who does not learn to spell out of my primer will never read anything but wicked books all his life, and will become an infidel, a democrat, and a Socialist."

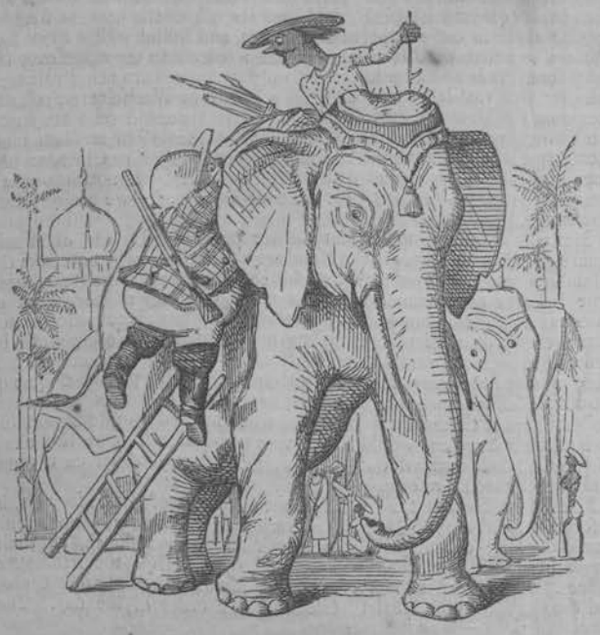
Why, at this rate reports would become readable. And if Members would talk in this way, the difficulty of giving increased representation would be got over. Now, two-thirds of 656 wise men dally and dawdle over everything until the public wearies. But when men give merely a Table of the Contents of their mind, instead of the volume itself (foolscap octavo), a thousand Members may express themselves, through a few active clerks, in a night's sitting.

"But they would not hear one another speak, and so would lose the opportunity of being convinced."

"Who said that?" as Lord Derby cried to the Bishop the other night. Not one of *Punch's* million readers will answer in Lord Clarendon's choice English, "It was me." For *Punch* flatters himself that his readers know better than to make such a green speech as that. Who was it that talked of conviction? Could it be Mr. Stafford?

HOW MR. PETER PIPER ACCEPTED AN INVITATION

FROM THE RAJAH OF RHUBBURDUBDUB TO HUNT A "ROYAL BENGAL TIGER."—PART 1.



ELATED BY HIS RECENT TRIUMPHS, MR. PETER PIPER IS DETERMINED TO PERFORM PRODIGIES OF VALOUR, BUT IS SOMEWHAT DISCONCERTED ON TRYING TO MOUNT HIS ELEPHANT IN AN ACTIVE MANNER.

ON ENTERING THE JUNGLE AN APPALLING GROWL IS DISTINCTLY AUDIBLE; THE ELEPHANT IS SEIZED WITH A PANIC AND GETS RID OF MR. PETER PIPER BY A SUMMARY PROCESS.

BEWILDERED CONDITION OF MR. PETER PIPER ON REACHING THE GROUND. (ANOTHER GROWL.) WHEREVER HE TURNS HIS FRENZIED GAZE HE "MAKES SURE" HE SEES THE TIGER. HE BEGINS TO FEEL NO LONGER VALIANT—

—AND IS ON THE POINT OF "LIFTING UP HIS VOICE" FOR HELP, WHEN THE MAHOUT RE-APPEARS WITH THE ELEPHANT, WHICH PERFORMS A TIMELY SERVICE BY LIFTING UP HIS BODY. MR. PETER PIPER IS RESCUED FROM THE HORRORS OF HIS POSITION.

None so Deaf as Those Who Won't Hear.

MR. AUGUSTUS STAFFORD declared, very pathetically, a little while ago, that he found consolation in the "voice of his conscience." Considering the moral deafness MR. STAFFORD has exhibited, we are afraid that the voice of his conscience is what may be vulgarly termed, "a stunner."

CHARGE! CHESTER, CHARGE!—One cause of the great revenues of our Bishops may probably arise from the fact that when their Clergy ask them to give them advice, they always make a Charge.

A Lucky Find.

THERE is one consolation left in the midst of the disclosures of demoralisation and falsehood among the members of the DERBY-DISRAELI Administration. We may at least congratulate ourselves that the men will never again be found in, after having been so effectually found out.

EVEN ODDS.—It is difficult to say whether the decimal coinage will be established or not, for whether it is, or whether it isn't, it is precisely *ten to one*.

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OXFORD COSTUME.

First Swell. "AWFUL SHIRT! EH?"

Second Ditto. "YA-AS, LINEN'S SO DEUCED COMMON NOW—I'M GOING TO SPORT EMBROIDERED SILKS."

First Ditto. "HAH! CHEESY IDEA, TOO! BUT YOUR GILLS WANT ELEVATING!"

OUR HONEYMOON.

FRIDAY, MAY 16, 18—

As I have said, I kissed the scissars. The *young lady*, after colouring a bit, had the impertinence—can I call it otherwise?—to burst into a fit of laughter: not that it was *real laughter*—I could see that; but that was not the worst. FREDERICK, after a minute, began to laugh also; and then *both of 'em*—as if it had been quite a concerted thing: yes, as if it had been a planned *duet of laughter* between them, laughed as who should laugh the loudest! I cast a look at JOSEPHINE and—I shall like her better for the rest of my life—I saw she felt for her mistress; for her face never moved a muscle. No: the good creature stood and looked *like a stone* at the *young lady*; who, to make the insult the deeper, after a time tried to recover herself, and then—with her giggling still spirting out at the corners of her bold mouth—and then, she dropt a curtsey—a *bitter* curtsey, I could see that—and begged my pardon for laughing; and hoped I was not displeased.

"Certainly not," said I: "quite *the reverse*." Though I may confess here to myself I felt very unhappy: I may say I felt just a *little* small—there was such an *easy boldness* in that young lady; which, I suppose, she meant for *innocence*. Like her *impudence!*

At this minute, who should come bustling up, but an old gentleman in a suit of nankeens! A very nice-looking old man he would have been at any other time—a man looking over sixty, and all his years *comfortable and rosy* in his face; and his hair like thistledown. Well, the young lady—directly she saw him—ran into his arms, and kissed him very tenderly, very dearly.

(Now, I don't know why that should have relieved me; why, for the moment, I should have felt more comfortable; but I did: but why, I can't say. Still I felt a load taken off me.)

"Why, MEG, my darling!" said the old gentleman; and then they kissed one another again. And then, after a time, it came out that he was the young lady's father; that he had been away from home when she returned last night—for *that*, it appeared, was all *true;* that he had just come back, and *changed himself*, and had then bustled down to Diamondstream to find MEG, "she was such a little *puss*," he said, 'for fishing."

FREDERICK, in his own easy way; it is wonderful how, when he likes, he can glide—like a *snake* I was going to write, but I *won't*—like a snake into the confidence and good graces of people; FREDERICK congratulated the old gentleman at so soon finding his daughter—as if, having any eyes at all, he could have missed her!—told him, with a laugh, how their lines had got tangled; at which the old gentleman laughed like a whole playhouse, and said that in this world such things would happen. And then the old gentleman—as if *at last* he 'd found *me out*—with twinkling eyes, and taking off his straw hat, made a bow that *ought* to have gone like a dagger to the conscience of FRED; but it didn't—not a bit.

"Oh!" said FRED, as if he 'd just remembered a parcel, or a portmanteau: "my wife, Sir."

Upon this, MEG—since that was her name—MEG made me another curtsey; and I—*bowed*. I can't explain why it should have been; but the easinesss, the cordiality of FRED—and MISS MEG's face lighting up at his every word, like—like a tulip bed in the sun—all this seemed to call up *such a spirit* in me, that I found myself—without knowing it—clenching my hands, and *just* grinding my teeth, whilst I'd have given anything in the world to have been calm and cold and civil. At this minute a peal of bells, of church bells, rung across the fields; and smothering my feelings that seemed suddenly to rise *all up in arms*, I turned pale—and was nearly fainting.

"LOTTY, my love," said FRED, in a moment with me, "you're not well?"—

"Quite well," said I, with a struggle; "it's merely"—and I looked at her—"a little too warm."

"It *is* warm," said the old gentleman; "and so, Sir, without ceremony will you and your good lady come up to Beanblossoms—my house; my name's BLISS, known in the county as SQUIRE BLISS,—it's only a quarter of a mile away"—

"Well," thought I to myself, "that's very kind; and we *will* go."

"Not a quarter of a mile"—said MEG.

"We *won't* go," was my next determination. "Not a step," I was inwardly resolved.

"And if you and your good lady can stop and spend the rest of the day with us; and then return in the cool of the evening—we're all alone; spend the day with us and"—

"You're very kind, indeed," said FRED; and no doubt he thought so: for positively he bowed and looked as if, at once without consulting my feelings, he accepted the invitation.

"You know, FREDERICK, that we have to get ready for our journey *to-morrow;*"—I said to-morrow, as if I'd liked to have talked pins and needles—"you know that."

"Ready, my dear!" answered FRED: "Why, I thought all your things were packed?"

"Now, how should you know?" and I laughed. "But that's so like you."

"Well, if you can't stay, and I wish you could," said MR. BLISS with his good-natured face a little serious—"at least you'll come and rest yourselves, and take a"—

"I thank you," said I, with a sudden firmness, and a *will of my own*—"but I'd *rather not*." The old gentleman, I could see it, pulled himself up; and MEG looked grave.

"You had really rather not? you have quite made up your mind to the matter?" said FRED, with calm, settled looks, and speaking slowly every word; and I'd have given the world to unsay what I'd said, but I *couldn't*.

"Quite made up—I'd much rather not." Whereupon, MR. BLISS made a formal bow to FRED, who—with his face all flushed—returned it; MEG curtsied, and I stooped a little; and—in a minute, and hardly that—MEG and her father, who *would* carry her fishing-tackle and basket, had turned from us; and JOSEPHINE—as I'd mentioned to her before—was crossing the fields back to the chaise.

FRED and I were alone. Somehow I tried to look every way, but towards his face. "Shall I help you to put by your tackle, love?" said I, with a chirrupping voice.

"No," said FRED, flinging the word at me, that I'd rather the word had been a snowball.

"I didn't know, FRED," said I, "that you really made your own flies. Do you?"

"Sometimes," answered FRED, putting up his fishing things.

"And of duck's feathers?" No answer. "Didn't the young lady say of duck's feathers?"

"What young lady?" asked FRED; and I could see his aggravating eye.

"Why, the young lady that was here; the young lady there"—and I nodded in the direction.

"I am sorry, CHARLOTTE—sorry for you as for myself, that you seem only to have discovered that she is a young lady when her back is turned."

"What do you mean?" said I. "You wouldn't have had me run up and embrace her, would you, when I found you both in a tangle? Very odd—I must say that—very odd, that your lines should have caught. Very odd, when I was left at home"—

"Now, CHARLOTTE;" and he spoke as I didn't think he could speak—"didn't I wish you to get up, and"—

"Get up! Yes; the figure that I was! With my face in such a state, but"—

"CHARLOTTE," said FRED, "when I married you"—

"Well, you needn't put such a solemn face upon the matter," said I. "I suppose I may say when I married *you*"—

"I thought your face, as far as its fair looks went, belonged to me; and to nobody else soever. I thought your face was face of my face; nose of my nose; mouth of my mouth;" and he broke into his old way again.

"And when I married you"—said I—"it was my belief that if you went fishing with anybody, it should have been with me, and me only. But I see I am mistaken. It's a little early, to be sure; but my eyes are opened." FRED had sat himself down upon the grass. He made no answer. "Yes," I repeated: "at last my eyes are opened," and then I sat down upon the grass beside him. He said nothing; but in my own mind I could feel he was in a bad humour.

"How lucky"—at last he said, for all the world as drily as a rusty hinge—"how very lucky, CHARLOTTE, that you had those scissars."

"You think so?" said I: "you really think so? Well, it was lucky."

"CHARLOTTE," said FRED, a little languidly, "are you superstitious? I mean, do you on eventful occasions believe in accidents that—I mean do you believe in omens?"

"I don't know what you mean," said I.

"I mean do you believe in the scissars?"

"Believe in the scissars!" I cried.

"Why not? You kissed them"—

"Did I?"—

"Oh yes;" answered FRED, "kissed them with great fervour: had they been a lover's present from old VULCAN to VENUS in her days of maidenhood, she couldn't have kissed the gift with greater warmth."

"Now, don't be foolish, FRED," said I, for I felt I'd been wrong; and I sidled towards him, for I wanted to get him into a good humour again. "Don't be foolish, there's a dear."

"I never was more serious, CHARLOTTE: for, I am sure of it, there is an omen: a fatal omen to our happiness—to mine at least—in those scissars."

"What can you mean?" and I was becoming really afraid.

"Marriage, my dear CHARLOTTE, should be a union of hearts."

"Of course. Should be? Why it *is!*"

"An interknitting of the chords of sympathy; of the very strings of the heart. How many begin marriage, thinking marriage this!"

"To be sure: or why marry at all?" said I.

"And then, after a time, they find their mistake,"—and he spoke the word *mistake* like the tolling of a bell.

"Mistake!" said I.

"But then, when they discover that the whole scheme goes wrong with them—that the union between them is not a union, but a tangle of temper, a tangle of feelings, a tangle of interests—they discover what is worse, more bitter still: they find, too late, that however they may desire them, there's *no* scissars to cut the tie."

"I don't see what you mean," said I, with a cold shudder.

"I mean, CHARLOTTE, that your scissars of to-day, exercised with your temper of to-day, *may* make us wish that *law* had scissars for marriage lines, even as ready as your scissars for lines to fish with."

"FREDERICK!"—

"CHARLOTTE, you have marked some of these days with flowers. Mark mine to-day with *this*," and turning, he plucked and held before my face a nettle.

A PHOTOGRAPHER ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.

Duffy and the Days of Chivalry.

DUFFY said the thing that was untrue, and DUFFY has apologized! Woe! woe unto Erin! The days of Irish chivalry are gone! SMITH O'BRIEN on such an occasion heroically went into the "Cellar." DUFFY ought—as an Irish patriot—to have spurned the Speaker, folded his arms, and magnanimously have walked into the Dust-hole! Ashes to ashes, DUFFYS to dust!

Doubtful Dealing.

IF, as a newspaper paragraph states, the prisoner KIRWAN has been transported for life, we should like to know what for? He was convicted of the murder of his wife, and condemned to death. Is there a doubt that he ought to be hanged, or a doubt that he is guilty? If the latter, we should think there is also some doubt that he ought to be transported.

MR. DRUMMOND ON BRIBERY.

TUNE—"*Sir Roger de Coverley.*"

MR. SPEAKER,—I pray, let us
Our feelings of purism high bury:
I wish we made less fuss
About Corruption and Bribery.
Fiddledy diddledy dee!
We are all birds of a feather, Sir,
To be bribed if 'tis roguery,
We are all of us rogues together, Sir.

My voter—if I bribe him
By giving his wife a yard or so
Of halfpenny ribbon, to trim
Her cap, or embellish her pardessus—
Is not half such a flagrant case
As some—if the truth is confest of 'em—
Who sit in Another Place,
With a Ribbon in front of the breast of 'em.

By an Earldom the Baron is bought,
And the Earl, in his turn by a Marquisate;
By a Dukedom the Marquis is caught;
And the Duke by some kind of a perquisite;
The Garter, we'll say, is the prize
That his Grace's ambition itches for,
And we know what price he ties
It beneath the knee of his breeches for.

By the Sovereign's favour, more
He is bought for political valet, Sir,
Than the fellow behind the door
That is purchased in Sovereign Alley, Sir.
For whatever you can afford
In this House, too, supporters are sold to you;
As for instance, a seat at a board,
In the hope of which they hold to you.

A Place Market, and Office Bazaar,
We have here the honour of sitting in;
Hither gentlemen come, from the Bar,
Their mark expectation of hitting in.
That this is all wrong I don't say:
I believe 'tis the height of propriety
That the pocket should here hold the sway
Which it bears in all human society!

"BEAUTIES WITHOUT PAINT."—The "Old Masters" at the National Gallery.

PUNCH'S SELECT COMMITTEE ON POLITICAL DELINQUENCY.

In consequence of the recent alarming and disgraceful disclosures of political delinquency, we have constituted ourselves a Select Committee for the purpose of inquiry, with power to examine witnesses, call for the production of documents, and, in fact, do precisely as we please, with a view to eliciting the truth for the information of the public. In pursuance of this power, we have collected the following evidence, and proceed to lay before the world the result of our labours. As some of the parties examined will criminate themselves, we omit the names of the witnesses.

BLANK BLANK *called in and examined:—*

Q. You have been, I believe, in the public line, and have been employed at the QUEEN'S Arms, in the Admiralty?—Yes.

Q. It is understood that you admit having been guilty of some indiscretions?—I do.

Q. What first drove you into it; was it necessity, or some other cause?—Partly necessity, and partly bad training. In fact, I was led into it.

Q. You were led on little by little?—Yes, by degrees!

Q. Did you not dread detection?—Not at that time.

Q. Are there many little rogues employed by bigger rogues than themselves?—There are, for the bigger rogues think the little rogues may escape, when they themselves might not be let off so easily.

Q. Can you tell us one of what you call your "indiscretions?"—I meddled with something I had no business with.

Q. Was it for your own personal gain?—Oh no! not at all. It was for the good of the "gang."

Q. Are political rogues, then, generally collected together in "gangs?"—Certainly. There are two or three parties, each having one or more leaders.

Q. Are those parties friendly towards each other?—Not at all. They are always quarrelling. In fact if they did not quarrel, they would do a great deal more mischief.

Q. You mean to say, perhaps, that when a certain class fall out, another class of people get their own? That is what I mean.

Q. Can you name any of these parties or "gangs?"—It 's quite notorious who they are, or rather, who they used to be; but there is not quite so much of that sort of thing now. There has been LITTLE JACK'S party, but that is nearly all broken up. Then there was YOUNG BENJAMIN'S party—a very disreputable party—that I was persuaded to join.

Q. Do you trace your "indiscretions" to the influence exercised over you by that party?—Yes. I was foolish enough to become one of the "gang."

Q. Was the connection profitable?—It seemed to be so for a time. The "gang" found its way into a set of offices, and we all thought we could do just as we pleased.

Q. I believe it was while you and your "gang" were in these offices that you attacked some of the old and faithful servants of the concern?—We certainly did tell them that they must hand over to us all the property that had been entrusted to them, for our "gang" had been a long time without such a chance, and the members were eager to make the most of it by getting everything they could lay their hands upon.

Q. It is said that you wanted the old and faithful servants to connive at the introduction of some improper persons into a dockyard?—No: we didn't exactly want them to connive; we only told them they must keep quiet while we let our people in.

Q. Did it not occur to you that this would be, in fact, robbing their employers?—I did not think about that. Besides, I was not the Captain of the "gang," and I could only do as I was ordered.

Q. But I think I understood that you exceeded your orders in at least one instance?—That 's true; but I knew very well what our leaders wanted, and I was sure I should not get into trouble with them by exceeding my authority, so long as it brought anything to the "gang."

Q. But had you no fear of being found out?—No! I never thought of that. If I had, I should never have done it; for I was quite sure they would throw me over, as they have done.

Q. You spoke just now of there being several gangs or parties; can you mention any besides the two you have named?—There used to be a very bad and noisy lot called the Irish party, but they are such a set of quarrelsome fellows that they seldom work well together; and if any one of them gets hold of a good thing the others are so savage with him that they will not allow him to enjoy it in peace.

Q. Is a "gang" generally faithful to a leader?—Generally; but I have often heard the complaint that the leader deserts his "gang," and is the cause of breaking up the party.

Q. Is this usually the fault of the "gang" or of the leader?—I think it is more often the fault of the "gang" themselves, all of whom wish to have the largest share of the plunder; and as the leader cannot satisfy all, the "gang" get dissatisfied, and declare that their leader has deserted them.

Q. But to return to the little "indiscretion," as you call it, which has been so much talked about lately, have you any objection to say how you fell into it?—Well, I hardly like splitting upon the leaders, though they have not served me well; but the truth is, they drove me to it. They were always at me. They were always saying, that the party was dissatisfied, and that I ought to throw more into their way.

Q. Why did you not tell them to do their own dirty work for themselves?—Well, I sometimes wish I had. But those big rogues have so many ways of coming over us little ones. They always try to put us in the hole; and they are in the habit of saying to us, "You needn't care; for though we should be too big, you are sure to be able to creep through, however small the loophole may be that you have to get out by."

Q. You spoke of LITTLE JACK'S party having been broken up. Can you tell us how that happened?—I can't say that the party is broken up; but it has gone into a more respectable line, and has shaken off some of the worst of the lot.

Q. Is it as prosperous as it used to be?—I think it is doing better than before; and, as many people give it credit for a sincere wish to "reform," it has the advantage of character.

Q. Did the "gang" to which you belonged care anything about character?—It would have been invaluable to us if we could have got it; but we knew that was out of the question, so we never even tried for it.

Q. Had not some of the "gang" a reputation to lose?—There were some that had, but there were one or two that had none to lose, or rather they had a reputation which it would have been very desirable for them to lose, if such a thing had been possible.

Q. Your own character was good, I believe, until this unpleasantness happened?—It was; and I very much regret that I allowed myself to be led away by evil companions. If I had never been tempted to go into that office this would never have occurred, and I will take care that I never get into such another scrape again.

The Witness was here allowed to retire.

DEAN SWIFT'S "JACK" ALIVE.

It is delicious, in these hard times of straightforward reason and common sense, to see Cant and Hypocrisy retiring from the busy hum of men, to indulge in that hum which they like better in the sequestered retreats of rural innocence. In a rapture of nausea, accordingly, we quote from the *Scotsman* the subjoined interesting paragraph:—

"INTOLERANCE IN SCOTLAND.—It is a not uncommon custom on the part of the farm labourers in the Lothians to relieve the tedium of the winter evenings by amateur representations, or rather recitations, of ALLAN RAMSAY'S beautiful dramatic pastoral "*The Gentle Shepherd*"—a practice innocent in itself and sanctioned by long usage. Will it be believed that a party of farm labourers, who lately indulged in this harmless amusement, were actually summoned before the kirk session of Ratho, to answer for doing what was "unbecoming their position as professing Christian communicants?"

Our Caledonian contemporary then proceeds to quote documents, in proof that such was the delightful fact. The precious pietists who sympathize with the saints of Ratho will, however, snuffle with sorrow to learn that their holy brethren made what is vulgarly termed a mull of their attempt at interference with other people's business, and that, having shown the cloven foot, they were ultimately obliged to draw in their horns.

Punch has great pleasure in proposing their very good health—in antimonial wine.

Dissolving View of the Budget.

The two principal boons conferred upon us by the Budget require one thing additional to give them due effect. Cheap Souchong, alone, is not sufficient for a cup of good tea. A proper solvent is also requisite for the infusion. And, however well we may be off for Soap, that article will avail us nothing, unless we can convert it into lather. To both of these ends an essential condition is an adequate supply of good soft water.

A New Parliamentary Rhyme.

(*For the Nursery of Young Protectionist Statesmen.*)

RICKETTY, Ricketty, Dock,
He bribed like one o'clock.
But it strikes one
That STAFFORD'S done.
Ricketty, Ricketty, Dock. (*bis.*)

LOST, OR STRAYED—THE SUN, WHICH HAS NOT BEEN seen now for the last two months. Any one who can give information as to where it has gone to, or where it is likely to be found, or when it is probable it will return again amongst us, will be handsomely rewarded by a body of disconsolate daguerreotype Artists, who find it impossible to get on unless the Sun gives them the benefit of its countenance.—Address to the Photographic Institution, New Bond Street.

Cousin Emily. "AND SO IT'S LITTLE ALFRED'S BIRTHDAY TO-MORROW. NOW, WHAT WOULD HE LIKE BEST FOR A PRESENT?"

Alfred (after much reflection). "WHY, I THINK I SHOULD LIKE A—I SHOULD LIKE A TESTAMENT—AND—A—A—AND—OH, *I* KNOW! I SHOULD LIKE A SQUIRT!!"

ODE ON THE ISLE OF WIGHT SAVINGS' BANK.

To MR. CALCRAFT.

ALTHOUGH, friend CALCRAFT, I incline
Against judicial strangulation,
And think we might wind up your line,
Allowing you fair compensation:
Albeit, I could wish the drop
Brought altogether to a stop,
So far from wanting, in the least, to see
The restoration of the good old times,
When, thick as apples, upon Tyburn tree,
Small rascals expiated petty crimes:
Good CALCRAFT, notwithstanding that
About a fellow-creature's throat
I would not have your fasten your cravat,
Because the scoundrel forged a five-pound note;
Or dislocate a villain's neck
Merely for passing a fictitious cheque:
Yet there 's one species of offender,
A caitiff so detestable; a wretch
So base, so cruel, that I could surrender,
Almost, that special miscreant to JACK KETCH.
If any man is hanged for any thing,
I think that knave deserves to swing
Whose acts of counterfeit and theft
The poor and frugal have bereft—
The blackguard!—of their little all.
What hearts are broken through his greed!
Is cutting throats a blacker deed?
CALCRAFT, I say, let him be *sus. per coll.*
Whilst by thy hand one malefactor's strung
To gibbet beam; whilst yet thou pull'st thy tug;
It is unfair that he should go unhung—
That heartless rogue, that execrable chap,
That lowest reptile in the race of Snobs,
Of criminals the vilest in the rank,
The fittest thief to tread the fatal plank,
That gallows-worthiest vagabond, who robs
A Savings' Bank!

WICKED AND UNFEELING HOAX.—Directing an elderly gentleman, who wishes to see one of the burlesques upon *Macbeth*, to the Princess's.

PRESERVES OF THE SEE OF DURHAM.

A PAINFUL mistake has been committed by the *Times* in the course of some remarks on the slight increase which has accrued to the BISHOP OF DURHAM'S pittance. It shows how cautious all secular writers (except *Mr. Punch*) ought to be when they meddle with spiritual matters. Among certain accounts sent in by the BISHOP to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in evidence of his outgoings, our contemporary publishes the following little bill:—

"PARK, MANORS, AND MOORS.

	£	s.	d.
Auckland Park, and gamekeeper	101	0	6
Merrington gamekeeper	58	6	6
Two permanent watchers at Auckland	78	0	0
Weardale gamekeeper	80	0	0
Two permanent watchers on the Moors	80	0	0
Additional watchers during the grouse season	172	15	0
Sundry extra expenses attending this department	40	0	0
The chapel at Auckland Castle	15	0	0
The gardens, lawns, and grass walks	490	19	2
Total	£1,116	1	2"

Whereupon the *Times* very naturally—and therefore very erroneously—observes, "only £15 worth of bread to all this intolerable deal of sack!"

This comment is, to repeat the epithet which custom applies to all observations made at the expense of the cloth, very "painful." Proportionally pleasing is the task of proving it groundless.

How strange that to so acute a journalist as our irreverent contemporary, it should never have occurred that the idea of a Bishop's gamekeeper obviously presents two aspects—may be regarded in a figurative as well as in a literal point of view.

The gamekeeper of a Bishop is a person employed to prevent poaching on the Bishop's manor. And what is a Bishop's manor? Why, his diocese of course; and the poachers thereon, who are they but the Romanist priests that infest it, with the pseudo prelate, pretending to "govern" it in virtue of having been illegally dubbed by the POPE, at the head of the band? The gamekeepers are clergymen appointed by the lawful Bishop to preserve his spiritual game or flock, and to frustrate the stratagems and destroy the snares of the illicit one, and his subordinate depredators. The gardens, lawns, and grass walks, are the true Protestant grounds of faith and right paths. The document, in short, is simply a bill of the charges incurred by the BISHOP in resisting Papal Aggression; the special period thereof being particularly denoted by the "grouse season;" when it was necessary to employ "additional watchers."

The word "watchers," indeed, might have suggested to the *Times* the true meaning of the interesting little account which it has misunderstood so "painfully." The *Times* should have considered that the word may be taken to signify angelic spirits, and that "angel" is often to be construed, minister of the Church. At any rate, the salaries, being from £58 odd to £80, and the highest not exceeding £101 0*s.* 6*d.*, ought to have manifested the fact that the so-called episcopal gamekeepers were simply—CURATES.

On Certain Outrageous Puffs.

WHAT ISAAC at morn to our HARRIS supplies,
Our SAIREY at evening extols to the skies;
A union, the Radical VOLSCI to flutter,
The *Herald* with BUTT, and the *Standard* with Butter.

Scotch Fiddle Faddle.

SCOTLAND has recently been complaining of her position in the Royal Arms; but when we look at her disgraceful drunkenness, we cannot help feeling that she should be able to keep her own legs before she talks about her position in the arms of Royalty. We must, however, admit that she has at least one ground of complaint; for, if in the Royal shield Ireland is allowed a quarter for her Harp, surely Scotland might ask another quarter for her Scotch Fiddle.

THE DOCKYARD "JOB."

"ALL RIGHT, BEN. LITTLE ST—FF—RD CAN DO IT: IT WAS TOO SMALL FOR US."

"ART IN THE CITY," BY GOG.

WITH A COMMENTARY BY MAGOG.

"HAVE you heard the wondrous tidings, Brother MAGOG, Brother MAGOG?"
Thus a voice was heard inquiring, 't other evening, in Guildhall,
"They've bought statues for the Mansion House!" Another answered, "Ay! GOG,
These civic yearnings after art prognosticate our fall.
When MACDOWELL, BAILY, MARSHALL, LOUGH, and THRUPP have done, adorning
The Mansion House with statues, hitherward they 'll surely turn,
And we, poor battered images, without a moment's warning,
Shall be sent away, in Baker Street a resting-place to earn."

"Nay! my MAGOG," quoth the other, "they've commissioned MR. BAILY,
The 'Morning Star' of MILTON with his chisel to portray;
And louder will the revel grow, the feast go on more gaily,
When 'tis honoured by the presence of that harbinger of day."
"Stuff!" said MAGOG, "Did you ever know a gay convivial meeting,
That didn't think 'day's harbinger' had come an hour too soon?
Let me tell you, too, the people will be joking while they're eating,
And comparing that 'Bright Morning Star,' with our 'Bright Sheriff MOON.'"

"But consider, worthy MAGOG, how the form of patient GRISSEL,
Or GRISELDA, as they call her now,—that best of womankind,—
Will live again amongst us, by the help of MARSHALL'S chisel,
Our wealthy civic matrons of their duties to remind."
"Bah!" said MAGOG, "If a sermon in these stones they would be preaching,
And inculcating patience unto Aldermanic souls,
Let them banish patient GRISSEL, and illustrate their teaching,
With statues of the men who pay the City tax on coals."

"Nay! my MAGOG," said his brother, "Thou art getting rather crusty;
Think how beautiful a vision MR. FOLEY will provide!
How EGERIA (his subject) 'mid the banners torn and dusty,
Will beam upon our civic chiefs assembled in their pride."
"A fig's end for the goddess," muttered MAGOG, "I presume her
Sweet form will be intended civic wit to represent;
But to make the work completer, there should be a Civic NUMA,
A SIR PETER cut in marble, and before the goddess bent."

"Then MR. LOUGH, from *Comus*, with a statue will provide us,
Though what his subject is to be, we don't exactly know—"
"Confusion!" shouted MAGOG, "Does he venture to deride us?
We must be greatly fallen, if they dare to treat us so!
If our revels be attended by *Sabrina* or *the Lady*,
Some terrible calamity will surely come to pass;
And, as the loving cup goes round, the MAYOR will be afraid, he
Shall see it smashed before his eyes, like *Comus'* magic glass."

"Come! Come! MAGOG, don't be captious!" said his kinder-hearted brother,
"For, if so very bitterly you cut the project up,
I really cannot venture to afford you any other
Remarks upon the statues of MACDOWELL or of THRUPP.
I don't know what their works will be, but thus much men can gather,
That two statues by these artists will complete the civic plan."
"Then," quoth MAGOG, "if they really don't know what to carve, I'd rather
They should come and carve a noble haunch of venison, if they can."

THE HUSBAND'S BEST EXCUSE.—"I was detained upon business, my dear."

THE WONDER OF THE AGE!

SUCH is the phrase commonly applied to Railways, in general, but here it has a special reference to one. *Mr. Punch*, having occasion to travel by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, with that condescension which ever accompanies true dignity, and in that spirit of economy which is suggested by the renewed Income Tax, took his place in a Second Class carriage. He was rewarded for his graciousness and for his thrift by a very comfortable seat. The carriage, in striking contrast with the Second Class carriages of other lines, had the agreeable peculiarity of being lined and padded, so that the dorsal convexity of *Mr. Punch* met with a gentle reception, instead of experiencing a stubborn and galling resistance. Under these agreeable circumstances, he fell into a refreshing slumber, when he dreamt that all the other Railway Companies had followed the example of the London, Brighton, and South Coast. He heartily congratulates that Company on having comprehended the duty and the policy of rendering the Second Class carriages commodious. He commends them for having conquered that nervous anxiety for profit, which causes the generality of Railway Directors to make their Second Class carriages unpleasant and ineligible, with the design to drive as many people as they can into the First; a trick of overweening rapacity which defeats its own purpose, like the greediness of the cur in the fable of the Dog and the Shadow. With an enlightened eye to business, it is perceived that the cleverer scheme is to endeavour to get both First and Second, and also Third Classes, as well filled as possible, by affording every accommodation that can be afforded in each. The superior classes may safely be trusted to patronize the corresponding class of carriages; paying their money accordingly, and taking their choice, which is to be select: just as they prefer the boxes at the theatre to the pit.

In informing Europe and the universe of his ride in a decent Second Class carriage, *Mr. Punch* is conscious of a quite singular gratification; an entirely new sensation of delight: the pleasure of expressing his approbation, for once in the way, of a Railway arrangement.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

DURING last week much of the time of the House of Commons was consumed in personal altercations between the Members, several of whom were accusing each other of bribery, corruption, and guilty consciences. Demands were made on all sides that certain abusive words should be "taken down," but the vituperation was so plentiful in amount, and so coarse in quality, that nothing short of a PETER LAURIE power could have succeeded in "putting down" the nuisance. Several of the Irish members were for having each other "taken down" at once, and it is to be regretted that they did not succeed, for some require to be "taken down" in a very decisive manner. We ought not, however, to feel much surprised at the coarseness of the Commons, when such examples are set in the Lords as that of applying the term "smiling villain" by one nobleman to another. We hear occasionally some talk about the morality of public men; but if we are to take as correct resemblances the pictures of the Lords and Commons, as painted by themselves, we fear that the result will present a very sorry exhibition of some remarkably ugly features.

Sights for the Working Classes.

THE labouring classes in this Metropolis have no other day to devote to sight-seeing but Sunday, on which day a considerably numerous party of sectarians would, if possible, prevent them, by stopping all omnibuses, trains, and steamboats, from quitting London. Under these circumstances, should they be brought about, our industrious fellow-citizens may wish to know what objects of interest, within the sphere which they will be restricted to, they may contemplate to refresh their minds. We may enumerate the Monument, the Duke of York's Column, and the *outside* of the British Museum and National Gallery, to which may be added Aldgate Pump—but the Statue at King's Cross is gone for ever!

Emma. "WHAT DO YOU THINK, DEAR GRAN'MA? THE LADIES IN PARIS WEAR THEIR HAIR TAKEN OFF THE FOREHEAD AND SPRINKLED WITH SILVER!"

Grandma. "DO THEY, INDEED! WELL, MY DARLING, SO LONG AS THEY ARE RESPECTABLE, THERE CAN BE NO HARM IN GREY LOCKS!"

TEST OF SABBATARIAN SINCERITY.

THERE are certain persons of the semi-Hebrew persuasion who hold by the observance of Sunday with the rigour of the Mosaic Sabbath, yet keep their Sabbath on the first day of the week—and not, as MOSES prescribes, on the seventh. These demi-Jews, not content with abiding in their own forms, endeavour to force others to conformity with themselves, and are, accordingly, trying to get the Crystal Palace closed on Sunday, in the face of the non-Judaizing Christians of the community. They must, however, see that if laborious townspeople are obliged to keep one day in the week holy—in the Levitical sense of the word holiness—they ought to be allowed for health's sake, both of mind and body, to keep another day holy, after the ordinary manner of a holiday.

Nature and Common Sense exclaim, that working folks ought not to be cooped up on their only leisure day, in the heart of London, with nothing better to do, when out of church, than meditate, like an unfortunate kind of HERVEYS, among intramural tombs. Our demi-Jewish friends, therefore, should agitate for the establishment of a secular Sunday, in addition to the regular one; and they would make a good beginning of this movement by releasing all manner of persons employed by them from labour on one working-day in every week, and continuing to pay them wages as before.

Measure for Measure.

GIVE an inch to some people and they will take an ell; but buy a quart bottle of wine of some other people, and a pint and a half is all you will get out of them.

MR. PUNCH AMONG THE PICTURES.

Is it a show, or a shop, or a library—that suite of rooms under the Punch-bowl and Pepper-boxes?

Are the pictures which cover the walls of those apartments—from the lordly LANDSEERS in the Great Room to the poor little outcasts in that condemned cell, where they confine and execute too, and so, I suppose, have eight sides to it, that more may be hung at one time—are these pictures, I say, put there to be stared at, or to be sold, or to be read? Do the thousands who keep that unhappy stout gentleman in the entrance-hall dealing out tickets from morn till noon—from noon till dewy eve—come there to gaze only, or to buy, or to read?

These questions occur to me every year, when I am asked that distressing question so prevalent this month—"What do you think of the Exhibition?"

For my answer, I feel, ought to be guided by a knowledge of what the Exhibition means. If you ask me what I think of the Exhibition as it affects the arts of painting and sculpture, I have an answer—not by any means cheerful, or likely to be pleasant to the gentlemen who write R.A. after their names.

If I am to say what I think of it as a lounge—a place to meet my acquaintance in, and to rub shoulders with charming ladies in the freshest spring *toilettes* (for I am given to understand the Exhibition is a heavy blow and great discouragement to husbands, and other male relatives who pay the bills), and to exchange shakes of the hand and compressed criticisms with my good friends the painters—then, I say, those rooms under the Punch-bowl and Pepper-boxes are delightful places to spend a morning in, and as pleasant this year as usual.

If you wish to know what sum of money is likely to go into the funds of the Royal Academy, or into the pockets of my old acquaintances CARMINE, and OLDCLOUGH, and MANNEKIN, and BOB BLADDER, and CIMABUE POTTS, and VERDITER, then I can only refer you to their respective bankers' books, and butchers and bakers, and landladies, and laundresses, and colourmen. But I have no reason to doubt that the demand for coloured canvass is as brisk as ever. Nay I am inclined to think the trade of canvass-stainer is getting a better one, year by year, for the industrious capitalists of the North have gone into it; and when Manchester, and Leeds, and Birmingham, and Liverpool take to investing in pictures, we may be tolerably sure there will be a brisk market, and a rapid turning over of capital.

But if, my dear young lady, when smiling so sweetly under the half-shadow of your pink crape, you ask me with that charming voice of yours, "But seriously, dear *Mr. Punch*, what *do* you think of the Exhibition?" you wish for an answer that refers to the Exhibition as I look at it—I will tell you. I go to those rooms, as to a library, where I may read books written in form and colour, and light and shadow—just as poor students, whose pale faces and white-seamed coats proclaim them too poor to buy libraries of their own, go to the reading-room of the British Museum. I go there to refresh my mind with thoughts and impressions, whether they be of great historic actions, or the sweet simplicities of fireside life, or the pleasant passages of sentiment, or the great struggles of passion, or the beautiful harmonies or deep mysteries of earth, and sea and sky—just as I go to the reading-room for THUCYDIDES, or LIVY, or HOLLINSHED, or FROISSART, or for BURNS, or CRABBE, or SHAKSPERE, or MILTON, or WORDSWORTH, or TENNYSON.

And thus, you see, when you ask me what I think of the Exhibition, you ask me what I find there to read and think upon, and gather knowledge, or insight, or impression from. And in this way the question becomes very much narrowed, for, putting it so, you have unpeopled nine-tenths of those walls for me. The picture-books that cover those nine-tenths have no meaning for me. Either there is no meaning in them, or it is so familiar and trite that it awakens nothing in my mind, or the language it is written in is a mystery to me, a cuneiform character, to which, for me, there is no GROTEFEND, or RAWLINSON, or LAYARD. But, if you please, I will begin by telling you of some of the picture-books I *did* read, and with a relish not common. You must not expect me to respect established order and the painters' table of precedence. I leave that, with as much more of their practice as possible, to the gentlemen who criticise in the serious papers, and who find it convenient always to begin at the R.A's.

Will you throw a very withering expression of contempt into those tender grey eyes of yours, if I say that I begin with the "Pre-Raffaelites"—or suppose we drop a word that has been a good deal abused and may lead to misconceptions, and say with MILLAIS and HUNT? Will you consider me ridiculous or blind when I assure you, on my honour as a puppet and a public performer, that these young gentlemen have written for me this year four of the sweetest and deepest and most thoughtful books I have read since I laid down MR. MILLAIS's historical romance of the *Huguenots*, last year? I am sensible of the omniscience of the daily, and some of the weekly papers, and I am aware that this is an opinion which should not be breathed within ear-shot of places where they take in the *Times*, and the *Morning Post*, and the *Examiner*. But I am a sort of chartered libertine, and nobody will believe anything I say is serious, so I can

enjoy the luxury of saying what I feel, having no character to keep up. Then I tell you frankly—not forgetting EDWIN LANDSEER'S two grand cantos of his Highland poem, *Night* and *Morning by the Loch-side*, or STANFIELD'S noble pæan-picture of the Battered Hull that carries the body of Nelson, like a Viking with his ship for bier—not forgetting these and other picture-books well worth reading—I tell you that HUNT'S *Claudio and Isabella* is to me *the* book of this collection, though it records in colours what SHAKSPERE has written in words; and that little, if at all after it, comes MILLAIS'S *Order of Release*, and then the { *Strayed Sheep*, and / *Proscribed Royalist*, } of the same authors. I do not mean to put either after the other, so I bracket them.

I am glad to say, too, that notwithstanding the infallible judgment of the *Examiner* critic, who talks about "Pre-Raffaelite, and other follies," my *Claudio and Isabella* has quite a large reading public; nay, I find that it draws round it a denser *cordon* than even the noble LANDSEER at its side.

You wish to know what I see in the picture? My charming young friend, I see in the head of *Isabella* what I think I should see in your own sweetly serious face in the like circumstance. I see in those grave, tearful eyes, that set brow, the dawn of the suspicion—till now kept down—that this brother, for whom she would die without a fear or a regret, is about to choose his own life before his sister's honour. Do you see how she presses her hands on his heart, as if to quell the fluttering fear that is about to unman the poor wretch, and how he has clutched her wrists in the abject terror that the images of what he fears of death bring storming in upon him? How skilfully and delicately he has marked in the character of her head, with all its beauty, that strong temper which will soon rise to her lips in scornful rejection of "that warpèd slip of wilderness"—that unworthy *Claudio*.

And the *Claudio* too—ungraceful, say some—as graceful, I say, as a man in mortal terror of death is likely to be. I like that perplexed clutch of the fetter, that cowering figure, those wide-open haggard eyes, and that mouth adust and clammy with apprehension. I see "the horror in his hair." And all made the more palpable by the fresh life of the apple-blooms outside the grated window, and the distant church-spire telling of a peace beyond the grave which his coward-fear will not let *Claudio* see, though *Isabella* has seen it all her life long, so fair and fast, that no terrors can shake her hold upon that hope.

Do not ask me to go into technical criticism of this picture: as well pause upon the typography of a great book. But if you will have it so, as some of my daily and weekly brethren have disparaged these works in this particular, I will tell you that truth and care and force of execution cannot, to my mind, be carried farther than this young man has carried them in this picture. The *Claudio* is as finely coloured as the finest figure of GIAM BELLINI, and the convent draperies of *Isabella* wrought up to the highest pitch of accurate effect. But I must warn you again and again that this is not what you must look at and love the picture for. It is for the thought that the painter has put into it—that tells out of it, by the means of all this admirable labour, the labour itself being of value only as the letters are that embody the thought in readable form.

But this is as true for Mr. MILLAIS' *Order of Release* as it is for MR. HUNT'S *Claudio and Isabella*. It is the sweetest and most moving passage of domestic romance! He has been wounded and is prisoner, in the '45. And his brave young wife has walked, with her bare feet and her hale body, their child in her arms, a weary way, before she got that order which tells the suspicious old soldier-gaoler that he is free. The faithful colley has followed her from the hills, and leaps up to lick the well-remembered hand. In her wifely and womanly triumph she hands the precious paper, but you see her eyes are brimful of tears, through all her exulting, and that crusty old fellow in the red coat will no sooner have taken himself and his filthy mundungus out of the cell, but she will be sobbing and crying on her husband's neck, as he is now on hers—for the man is the woman at this moment, and the woman is the man, but with all her woman's tenderness welling up under her bravery. And then, when they have the cell to themselves, they will wake the child, and the father will be woman again as he devours it with kisses, and the dear old colley will frisk about, and yelp and whine in an agony of inability to express himself otherwise, and thump the floor with his tail, and they will sit quiet together for a while, and forget all in the joy of being together, with life and love, and their Highland hills before them once again. Here again, if you will have me talk of painting—I could talk—Gods, how I could talk!

But what is the use of discussing *how* the painter has said all this? It is enough for me, a reader, to feel in my heart that he has said it. It is for them who want to say as much to find out the means by which this young man of twenty-four speaks to my affections and those of thousands with this potent truth.

Heaven forgive me! I forgot all this while the critics of the *Times* and the *Examiner!*

THE PUBLIC HEALTH, WEALTH, AND HAPPINESS.

WE are delighted to find, from official reports on the subject, that marriages are on the increase, and that the population is quitting rapidly the state of single blessedness for the purpose of getting doubled up and, domestically, done for. Such has been the velocity with which the connubial noose has been recently tied, that single ladies have been going off at more knots an hour than we are able to calculate. There is, however, a mystery which we feel ourselves wholly unable to solve in the statement which informs us that, in the last quarter of the year 1852, "one person in 48 was married." How "one" person can be married we are quite at a loss to conceive, unless we come to the conclusion that the "one" alluded to is the female, or better, half of the wedded pair, and that the male fragment being less than one of the two, may be set down as nobody, and accordingly ignored by the registrar. We are told that marriage is a sign of prosperity, and as people are said to be never satisfied to leave well alone, we may, perhaps, conclude, that when a population is found rushing into matrimonial cares, it may be presumed to be flourishing.

The statistics of the public health are not quite so cheering as could be wished, but we may hope that Nature having been weeping for so many weeks, and having gone to the country with a protracted cry—almost bad enough to cry her eyes out—we may, at last, look for sunshine and salubrity. Every place is happily getting healthier, but we cannot help being struck by the pertinacity with which certain complaints stick to certain localities. For example, the Mumps have seized Coggeshall in Essex by the ears; and, though the report says nothing of the fact, we have reason to believe that the Blue Devils have been raging at Bayswater. Streatham has been suffering severely from the Stitch, Mitcham has been a martyr to the Megrims, Battersea has had a sty in its eye, and there is not a house in Dulwich that has not been visited by the Vapours. As to Scotland, it has been brought frightfully low by the hiccups, Brighton has been laid up with chilblains, the neighbourhood of the New River has had a cold in its Head, and the City has been groaning under corns, which have been frightfully irritated by the patient's toes having been unmercifully trodden on. Population has on the whole increased, but there has been a diminution at Herne Bay, which has fallen, by the discharge of a beadle, from forty-six to forty-five individuals. These numbers will not perhaps tally with the official return, but the error arises, naturally enough, from the donkeys having been accidentally classed with the other inhabitants.

Memorandum of the Month.

IN the merry Month of May
Exeter Hall, like bees, doth hum,
And pale young men in sable array
Throng thither to beat of polemical drum.

A CONVERSION CARDINAL WISEMAN IS PERFECTLY WELCOME TO TRY.—The Conversion of the National Debt.

HOW MR. PETER PIPER ACCEPTED AN INVITATION

FROM THE RAJAH OF RHUBBURDUBDUB TO HUNT A "ROYAL BENGAL TIGER."—PART 2.

ONCE MORE SECURELY SEATED ON THE BACK OF THE ELEPHANT, MR. PETER PIPER PURSU'S THE CHASE WITH RENEWED ENERGY. TERRIFIC APPEARANCE OF THE "ROYAL BENGAL TIGER."

UNGOVERNABLE RAGE OF THE INFURIATED ELEPHANT. THE "ROYAL BENGAL TIGER" FALLS, TO RISE NO MORE. IN THE INTENSITY OF HIS EXCITEMENT, MR. PETER PIPER LOSES HIS EQUILIBRIUM.

ON REGAINING HIS PERPENDICULAR, MR. PETER PIPER PERCEIVES THE DANGEROUS CONDITION OF THE "FELINE MONSTER," AND DETERMINES TO "POLISH HIM OFF AT ONCE." HE DOES SO IN GALLANT STYLE.

MR. PETER PIPER RECEIVES THE CONGRATULATIONS OF HIS FRIENDS FOR THE "INDOMITABLE COURAGE" AND "RECKLESS DARING" HE HAS MANIFESTED THROUGHOUT THE PERILS OF THE DAY'S ADVENTURE.

Engrossment of Church Property.

CONCERNING the BISHOP OF DURHAM, the *Times* says that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners "proved to demonstration" that his "gross income" was not under £23,800 a year. They took a little unnecessary trouble. The amount was all that needed to be demonstrated. That the £23,800 a year of the BISHOP was a *gross* income, is self evident.

SOYER'S SAUCE.—SOYER says "An alderman lives on the Green Fat of the Land."

Plea for the Proctors.

PEOPLE complain of the plunder to which they are subjected at Doctors' Commons, and yet there is no institution in the world where a greater amount of wealth is acquired by sheer Probaty.

DISRAELI ON "PRIVILEGE."

DISRAELI sees no difference between the privileged noble and the privileged tobacconist. *Punch* sees a great difference. The privileges of the noble are by no means to be sneezed at.

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THE CONSTITUTIONAL WALK.

Lady. "DEAR, DEAR, IT'S COMING ON TO RAIN! RUN, JAMES! QUICK, AND FETCH AN UMBRELLA AND TWO PARASOLS. I'M AFRAID MY POOR DEAR COCHINS WILL GET THE RHEUMATISM!"

A "SWELL'S" HOMAGE TO MRS. STOWE.

A MUST wead *Uncle Tom*—a wawk
Which, A'm afwaid's extwemely slow,
People one meets begin to talk
Of MRS. HARWIETBEECHASTOWE.

'Tis not as if A saw ha name
To walls and windas still confined;
All that is meawly vulga fame:
A don't wespect the public mind.

But Staffa'd House has made haw quite
Anotha kind a pawson look,
A Countess would pasist, last night,
In asking me about haw book.

She wished to know if I admiawd
EVA, which quite confounded me;
And then haw Ladyship inqwaw'd
Whethaw A didn't hate LEGWEE?

Bai JOVE! A was completely flaw'd;
A wish'd myself, or haw, at Fwance:
And that's the way a fella's baw'd
By ev'wy gal he asks to dance.

A felt myself a gweata fool
Than A had evaw felt befaw;
A'll study at some Wagged School
The tale of that old Blackamaw!

A Parliamentary Move.

SIBTHORPE is vastly indignant at the fuss that is being made about "moving the table," which, he says, any broker's man can do, but what is it, he asks, compared to the fact of his being able, any night he chooses, to "move the entire House?"

OUR HONEYMOON.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 18—.

TO-DAY, a blank; and so to end my *sad, sad* story of yesterday. When FREDERICK offered me the *nettle* to mark the day with—*his* day, he said, I put on my glove as coolly as I could—just to *shew my spirit*, and took it from him smiling, as if it had been a rose. I *would* let him see, that I *would not* be *stung* by his cruelty. A nettle, indeed! And in a honeymoon!

Well, we had scarcely risen to go home, when JOSEPHINE came flying back across the fields. I knew something dreadful had happened. "That limb of a poney had broken from the stupid boy, and had torn back like mad." I expected to see FREDERICK in a rage; but no, he only laughed—laughed as if he mightily enjoyed it.

"No matter," said he, "'tisn't above eight or nine miles back over the fields."—

"And in this weather," said I, "with the sun over one's head and in one's face; and I *think* I've suffered enough."

"If we step along," said FREDERICK, with all the carelessness in the world, "we shall be at home before the gnats are out. Gnats, you know, only make up evening parties."

"Oh, certainly"—said I—"if you desire it: of course you know my strength better than myself: you *ought*, of course; man is such a *superior* creature: you *ought* to know."

"Well, LOTTY," said he, and my heart began to melt at the softness of his voice; and I did *not* feel the gnat blotches on my face, he looked so tenderly into it—"Well, poor LOTTY, I tell you—as you're tired—I tell you, dear, what we'll do."

"Yes, love," I answered, very happily.

"We'll cast ourselves upon the hospitality of SQUIRE BLISS—he can hardly have got home—and, amending our resolution, put up for an hour or two at Beanblossoms."

"Just as you please," said I, with such a sudden tightness of the heart, I'd never felt the like. "*Just—as—you—please.* But for myself, I can walk."

"What! alone?"

"Yes; why not? Quite alone; that is, JOSEPHINE and I can walk together. You, if so *very tired*, can rest yourself with MR. and MISS BLISS; and *perhaps*—if we don't walk very fast—*perhaps*, long before we get home, you'll overtake us."

FREDERICK made no answer; but I thought I heard him sigh: and then, for a moment, he passed his hand across his forehead.

"Have you got the headache, dear?" said I.

"No; not the *head*;" and he walked on, merely adding, as he pointed the way, "This is the shortest cut; this will bring us the nearest way to the comforts and delights of our own fireside;" and then he broke into a low whistle.

For a time, we walked on in silence. For myself, I never believed that we should walk all the way. I made certain we should find a house where we might put up, and get another chaise home. And so we went on, the sun burning fiercer and fiercer, and JOSEPHINE—quite red hot—casting such pitiful looks about her. And so we crossed field after field, and found nothing.

"When shall we come to a house, FRED?" I at last ventured to inquire.

"Well, the house—the only house—this way across the fields—the only house from the inn,"—

"Yes, dear?"—

"Is the house we've turned our backs upon. Beanblossoms, my love, is the only house I know; and as you're very tired—I can see you are; and with this heat, you'll be brown as any mulatto"—

"Oh, no matter for that. I'm sure I needn't care anything for complexion, now. That's all over now,—since *nobody else* cares about it."

"Your philosophy, CHARLOTTE, is delightful. After all, what *is* complexion, especially when a woman's married? If the sun burns her face to a cinder—what then? The husband has taken the face for life; white or pink, black or brown. So why need she care? The great first business of a woman is to get a husband: when he's *got*, her anxiety may be said to be over: she's so convinced that the *law must hold him*, she may make herself quite easy and independent of the matter."

I knew he didn't mean a word he said; but I made no answer, for I knew he was in one of his aggravating humours, so I was resolved—suffer what I might—to say nothing. And still the sun burned hotter and hotter—and I'd had nothing to eat since breakfast—and as I kept walking on, I felt every step fainter and fainter, and I thought with every step, I should drop. And so went on broiling and broiling—and for all the weather, FREDERICK was as cool as a frog—but this was to aggravate me.

"We must have come seven miles at least," said I.

"Not three," said FRED.

"And is there no inn, no habitation, no roof between this and"—

"Not a door, not a thatch," answered FRED; stepping out at the words, as if he'd got on a pair of three-leagued boots.

"Well, then," said I, "if only for five minutes, I must sit down somewhere. I wonder if there 's a stream! I'd give the world for a cup of water."

"And couldn't you eat something, ma'am," said JOSEPHINE, rather provokingly,—"if it was only a bit of the hardest bread-and-cheese?"

"I'm sure *I* could," answered FRED. "A tankard of fine, amber ale, now; with a delicate, creamy froth; milk for giants. I could see the bottom of the silver, were it any depth," and then he smacked his lips. "Couldn't you take a cup, LOTTY?"

"Well, I confess I could, FREDERICK," I answered; and my lips seemed hot coals with thirst.

"And then a nice slice of ham, with the true odour about it? Or even a few wings of cold chickens; with some cream cheese and—eh, LOTTY?"

"Yes," I gasped.

"And there they all are," said FRED.

"Where?" I exclaimed.

"No doubt there;" and FRED pointed back: "there, in the full cellar and crammed larder of Beanblossoms."

"And *there*," said I, "let them be;" and with *new spirit*, I immediately rose from the grass; and began to walk on, as if I hadn't walked a step before. And so for another half-hour; and—for it became hotter and hotter—and then I thought I should have dropped.

And all of a sudden, all about one it became stifling as an oven; and the clouds gathered as black as night.

"Talking about ale"—said FRED, carelessly enough—"there 'll be plenty of thunder, in a few minutes, to trouble it." And just as he spoke, there shot down such a flash of lightning, that it seemed to fall right at his feet, and I screamed, and ran into his arms. And then there burst such a roar of thunder, the very earth trembled, and seemed to me to heave under us.

In that minute I felt myself so wicked! What would I have given to be seated at—yes, at Beanblossoms, with anybody and anything, so that FRED were there, too! I cried—I couldn't help it; fairly sobbed, as he held me in his arms. "Oh, if we get safely home again," thought I, "how different all in future *shall* be." Again and again the thunder, and JOSEPHINE ran screaming, and huddled herself right into a hedge.

Then came down heavy rain-drops, and then a torrent. "Courage," said FRED, pressing me, "and let us push on." And I had new strength with the words; and we seemed to fly, the rain pouring for some minutes about us; and then, as suddenly as the storm began, it ceased. The black clouds rolled away, and all the sky burst out blue again; and the birds poured out their songs; and only that we were wet to the skins, we might have thought it even beautiful.

Well, we crossed a stile, that brought us into a green lane; and there—shall I ever forget it, for it seemed at the time like a fairy hut to me?—there was a gypsey's tent snugly sheltered in a nook; and there was a gypsey family; and there was a fire that seemed to blaze and sparkle, as though in gay defiance of the storm. Just as we 'd crossed the stile, JOSEPHINE—picking herself somehow out of the hedge—followed us.

As soon as the gypsies saw us, one tall handsome fellow—with one of those faces that we sometimes see in pictures—came up to us; and with a glance at our clothes, all soaking, asked us if we wouldn't come and dry ourselves under the tent. And had the man been owner of a mansion, he couldn't have made the offer more politely, or with better grace. He 'd hardly done speaking, when his wife—with a young baby in her arms; such a brown, plump *little dear*—also came up to back her husband's offer.

FRED, just glancing at me, at once accepted the invitation: that is, if there were not too many for the tent to hold. "Not a bit," said the gypsey; "we gypsies lie close like young rabbits in the flick."

In less than a minute we are under the tent; and the fire is fed and heaped with sticks, and although it *is* a little smoky, it's *very warm*; and wet as we are, *that's* much.

Almost before we could place ourselves, the kettle hanging over the fire was emptied; and how delicious was the smell! It was very odd; and I saw FRED's lips curve, and his eyes twinkle,—it *was* odd, but the young gypsey wife offered me a share of their dinner, or supper, or whatever it might be. I *was* hungry and wet; and—at once I took the offered meal and—I could hardly help laughing—I found myself eating in a gypsey-tent—and eating with such an appetite—beans and bacon!

"I wonder what SQUIRE BLISS has for dinner to-day?" whispered FRED; but I made no answer. I was hungry, and a little humbled, and so—saying nothing—I went on with my beans and bacon.

THE POOR CLERGY AND THEIR FRIENDS.

THERE has lately been a sharp contest among two or more different parties, who are struggling for the benevolent privilege of befriending the poor clergymen. Two rival societies—rivals, of course, in nothing but Christian charity—have been advertising, dinner-giving, letter-writing, sermonising, and will soon be speechifying, to prove themselves the best and truest friends of the poor clergy. One association is so hungry for the satisfaction of "assisting poor curates, pensioning their widows and daughters, and educating, apprenticing, and providing outfits for their children," that it can scarcely tolerate the existence of another society engaged in the same humane pursuit; and with an almost morbid appetite for the luxury of aiding, pensioning, outfitting, and apprenticing, it requests that its own "title may be borne in mind, in order to prevent mistakes which frequently arise from another society having recently been established for similar objects." We cannot quite understand this jealousy of "another society" with "similar objects," for we should have thought that all persons working conscientiously in the cause of charity would be delighted to meet with as many fellow-labourers in the same field as possible. Benevolence ought to be the last thing in the world to ask for a monopoly, and to wish for protection against competition.

That there is an opposition between the two societies engaged in helping the poor clergy is clear enough; but it is—on one side, at least—not the rivalry of an honest endeavour to do the most good to the objects of its bounty, but of a rather spiteful effort to do the most harm to the other society "recently established for similar objects." Both societies put out their strength for their anniversary, and it is difficult to say which of the two got together the best names in its bill of performances. Both began the day with a sermon, the old concern offering the attraction of an Archdeacon in St. Paul's Cathedral against a Bishop in one of the parish churches of London, advertised by the younger society. Each had, of course, its dinner; and in this the new association seems to have had the best of it, for it succeeded in getting LORD JOHN RUSSELL as chairman, in opposition to the LORD MAYOR, who is no novelty in the City, and who presided at the banquet of the old original, which, in its eagerness to do all the good work that is to be done, has warned the public against the younger promoter of "similar objects."

For ourselves, we can only wonder that any poor clergyman remains to require relief at all, when there is such a struggle going on for the satisfaction of befriending him. As we, nevertheless, do hear occasionally of clerical distress, we can only imagine that the two societies which so hotly contest the privilege of helping the poor clergy are practically a couple of stools, between which an unfortunate clergyman does, now and then, happen to fall to the ground.

Nose Cartridge.

THE *Illustrated News* has put its readers in a new way up to snuff. It tells them that —

"A MR. DANIEL CANNON has been fined by the Excise £25 for mixing chromate of lead with snuff. The full penalties were £300. The defendant said he only did it to add brilliancy to the mixture."

MR. CANNON may be regarded as a brother in misfortune of MR. HALE, having, like that gentleman, got himself into a scrape by the manufacture of a dangerous substance, which may certainly be regarded as *poudre à Can(n)on*.

We Cannot Help it.

WE hope it is not ill-nature on our part, but we cannot help fancying that there is something rather suspicious about a young man who takes to wearing spectacles and a white neckcloth. We should think twice before we trusted that young man with the loan of our name on a piece of Government paper.

A HOUSE OF HUMBUGS.

VERSION to humbug of any description has led MR. DRUMMOND into a speech in which he plainly told the House of Commons a "bit of his mind," and proclaimed the Government, the Legislature, and the whole system, from the Throne downwards, to be a mass of bribery, corruption, and regard to self-interest. Without "accepting the situation" on the part of the public, we must admit that the House of Commons received the description of itself with a degree of good humour that found vent in frequent bursts of merriment. As it is well that the opinion held by one legislator of the whole legislative body, should be placed permanently on record, we have translated into what will no doubt become "immortal verse," the contents of a full mortal column of the daily newspapers.

A SONG FOR THE SESSION.

(*As sung by* MR. DRUMMOND *with unbounded Applause in the House of Commons.*)

Now listen to me, boys, I'm sorry to find
That by making a speech I may p'rhaps spoil your dinners;
But I cannot help saying a bit of my mind,
And calling this House a collection of sinners,
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

It's all very well to begin to cry "Oh!"
You may talk about "purity" glibly enough;
But every one round me must very well know
All that kind of thing is the purest of stuff,
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

Electoral Freedom is all very fine,
But, really, I take its true meaning to be,
That, if to make use of my vote I incline,
To sell it I ought to be perfectly free,
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

This House independent! Ridiculous thought.
Will any one venture my words to assail?
When I boldly assert that the House may be bought,
By India Directors and Kings of the Rail,
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

Your purity! pooh! leave the subject alone;
'T were better that nothing about it be said.
For all is corruption, right down from the Throne,
To the voters we buy at a sovereign a head,
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

And as to mankind! why the ways are but two,
By which to subjection they are to be brought,
There's nothing but force or corruption will do;
Mankind then must either be bullied or bought;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

This House independent! Why, only just look
At your COPPOCKS and BROWNS who, you all must confess,
Just move you about like a Bishop or Rook,
Employed in a game they are playing at chess;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

We all of us know why the gents of the bar
To get into Parliament struggle like mad;
It is that the House is in fact a bazaar,
Where places, by bargain and sale may be had;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

E'en recent experience easily shows,
In spite of the purity doctrine we preach,
A barrister who his true interest knows,
May get a good berth by a partisan speech;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

You really are some of you stupidly nice,
Or, perhaps, you may think that JOHN BULL is an ass;
He knows very well that you all have your price,
The higher the figure the higher the class;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

It 's true fifty shillings won't purchase a peer,
But, allow me to tell you what 's equally true,
A lord may be bought, be he never so dear,
For a few yards of ribbon—especially blue;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

Some seek for advancement, the more and the more,
Though the Government don't for their claims care a pin;
But one who becomes a continuous bore
May finally manage to bore himself in;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

If the Ministry now may be said to be weak,
'Tis from shortness of places for little and big;
The voice of hostility is but the squeak
Of some teatless, and therefore dissatisfied, pig.
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

Let bribery therefore go fearlessly on,
Let all opposition be put to the rout;
And this is my final advice to LORD JOHN,
Stop in—you 're a fool if you ever go out;
With my derry down, hey! down derry.

THE GREAT SARSAPARILLA MOVEMENT.

THERE is an evident affinity between physic and the dogs—a fact that shows the master mind of SHAKSPEARE in suggesting the throwing of the former to the latter—for it is clear that every medicine, like every dog, has its day. Pills have had their popularity, and Elixirs have had their run. Lozenges have taken their turn on the wheel of Fortune, and even Pastes have been stuck to for a time by crowds of adherents, but the period has at length arrived for Sarsaparilla to have its fling. Everybody is being asked in a hundred different ways to buy Sarsaparilla at almost a hundred different establishments. At one concern we are tempted by a gaudy picture of a heavily freighted vessel arriving amid enthusiastic millions, eager to purchase its cargo of Sarsaparilla, and it is delicately hinted to us, that we should rush to purchase a bottle of that precious decoction which is the object of so much interest to assembled crowds. At another shop we are allured by full length portraits of our own QUEEN VICTORIA and the American President, both of whom, it is ingeniously insinuated, are large consumers of Sarsaparilla, and thus are supposed to preserve the excellent constitutions of the countries over which they are in authority.

A few doors further off we are enticed by a portrait of a bald-headed individual, and we are requested to apply for "OLD DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND'S Sarsaparilla," which we have no sooner made up our minds *not* to do, than we are reminded that there is a still older DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND, with still better Sarsaparilla, a few doors off. Having crossed over to avoid the Sarsaparilla nuisance, we find ourselves assailed by men whose chests are placarded with an invitation to try somebody else's genuine article, and having re-crossed in disgust, we tumble into the arms of the bill-deliverer of the Hygeist, who offers to pour his own peculiar Sarsaparilla down the throats of the public at a contemptibly low figure. One would think that London had gone Sarsaparilla mad, to judge by the present state of the Strand. For our own parts we look at the Sarsaparilla Movement as belonging to the *haute école* of Humbug; or, to make use of a characteristic illustration, we regard it as Quackery *par sang*.

A Toss Up. Man or Woman.

A COMMITTEE is, it seems, about to sit on the cleaned pictures of the National Gallery. We would suggest that the Committee, instead of being presided over by a Chair-man, should submit itself to a Char-woman, who will be a likely person to judge of the effects produced upon the national pictures by the scrubbing brush.

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

THE announcement of the intended Camp at Chobham has at present had no other effect than causing a general demand for camp stools, which, though recently so unsettled as not to have had a leg to stand upon, may now be quoted as quite firm.

A DEFINITION TO A HAIR.—The greatest failure of the crops—having one's hair very wretchedly cut.

SERVANTGAL!SM; OR, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF THE MISSUSES?—No. 9.

Lady. "WISH TO LEAVE! WHY I THOUGHT, THOMPSON, YOU WERE VERY COMFORTABLE WITH ME!"

Thompson (who is extremely refined). "HOH YES, MAM! I DON'T FIND NO FAULT WITH YOU, MAM—NOR YET WITH MASTER—BUT THE TRUTH *HIS*, MAM—THE *HOTHER* SERVANTS IS SO 'ORRID VULGAR, AND HIGNORANT, AND SPEAKS SO HUNGRAMMATICAL, THAT I REELY CANNOT LIVE IN THE SAME 'OUSE WITH 'EM—AND I SHOULD LIKE TO GO THIS DAY MONTH, IF SO BE HAS IT WON'T ILLCONVENIENCE YOU!"

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE ceremony of Marriage seems to be getting more difficult than it used to be; for we seldom find that it can be performed in these days by one clergyman, without his being "assisted" by another. A recent advertisement seems to show a rather unusual amount of difficulty in tying a nuptial knot, which might have been a porter's knot, to judge by the quantity of parson-power employed in bearing the weight of it. We give the advertisement—merely omitting the names—though we shall perhaps offend the parties by suppressing what they have been so ready to publish.

"On the 15th inst., at St. Mathew's, Brixton, by the REV. ——, assisted by the REV. —— and the REV. ——, the REV. ——, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, chaplain of ——, to ELIZA, youngest daughter of ——."

Here are three Reverend Gentlemen engaged in the task of uniting in matrimony a solitary couple—a fact that offers to the ill-natured the temptation to remark that the young lady must have been rather difficult to get off, since it took no less than three clergymen to marry her.

As the price of advertisements is about to be reduced, we shall expect to see the names of the clerks, sextons, beadles, pew-openers, and others, included as "assisting" the parson by whom the marriage ceremony is performed; and indeed there are frequently so many names brought in to the announcement of a marriage, that we often give the lady to one of the two or three Reverends concerned in the affair, instead of to the bridegroom. We constantly experience great difficulty in sorting the couple really married; and when the underlings are dragged in, as we expect they speedily will be, we shall now and then, by mistake, find ourselves congratulating a young lady of our acquaintance on her marriage with the beadle, or some other "party" named in the nuptial announcement.

CONVICT COLONIES AT HOME.

AN idea is just now prevalent that transportation must be discontinued because the earth has, it is said, become too full. We confess we do not yet look upon the world as an overcrowded omnibus, and we are inclined to believe that there is yet room for a few more outside. If transportation is to cease on account of over-population abroad, let us begin to look at home. Why, even in the very midst of the metropolis we have abundance of localities which are as yet untenanted by man. We have only to refer to the Exeter Arcade, where the beadle, like a CRUSOE without a FRIDAY, walks from Monday to Saturday the inhospitable stones of that sequestered spot. If any one doubts whether those cavernous recesses are really untenanted, let him ask the landlord. But even supposing that the spot we have indicated should be thought too near the centre of civilisation, there are still other localities to which the convict might be banished, without sending him to our over-populated colonies. The common finger of consent points at once to Herne Bay, whose bricky wildernesses seem to invite the outcast to their empty embrace. Under the influence of convict labour, Herne might rise, if not from its ashes, at least from its brickdust, and none will deny that if the criminal should be kept at Bay, there is none more suitable for the purpose than the Bay of Herne. When the Legislature asks, Where shall we send our criminals? Echo and the pier-master, with a chorus of inn-keepers, answer simultaneously, "here."

A HIBERNIAN LEADER.

THE honourable Member for Meath is considered, by his constituents, to be the first fiddle of the POPE'S Brass Band.

MOTTO OF THE NORTH-EAST WIND.—"Cut, and come again."

A ROW AMONG "THE POPE'S BRASS BAND."

(SEE THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.)

MR. PUNCH AMONG THE PICTURES.

I HAVE received another drenching from the vials of wrath of my friend CIMABUE POTTS, on my last article under this title.

"What!"—he asks indignantly—"devote two columns of praise to the niggling, stippled, tortured, stiff, tea-boardy productions of those benighted young men, HUNT and MILLAIS, and not even come as far as New-Bake Villas, Piecrust Row, Camden Town, to see my *rejected* picture of *The Barons and King John signing Magna Charta*, though I took care to send you a ticket! There, Sir, if you like, is a work that may be *read* (to use your own affected phrasecology)—a stately folio volume of British History, and not a miserable duodecimo after the style of the Pre-Rafaellites. There, Sir, is a canvas such as TITIAN, or PAOLO VERONESE, or TINTORET would have revelled over! I maintain that, if these young men be right, all the great masters—MICHEL AGNOLO, RAFFAELLE, GUILIO ROMANO, ANDREA DEL SARTO, TITIAN, VERONESE, RUBENS, and the CARACCI,—were wrong. Look at the broad handling of these men, their sweep of brush, the breadth of their distribution of light and shadow, their manner of indicating leading points only! That is the way, Sir, that history should be treated; and there is no true Art that is not historical. Conceive MILLAIS or HUNT attempting to fill a side of Westminster Hall, or a lobby of the New Houses of Parliament—one of those spaces abandoned now to the tender mercies of the Academy *pets;* although I have sent in my sketches for a series that would really do honour to the Art of England, the receipt of which the Fine Arts Commission have *acknowledged;* but for which, owing to the influences of Academy *cliques* and *coteries*, I never expect to receive a commission—conceive the niggling feebleness, the petty detail of these coxcombical boys displayed on *that* scale!" And so on for four closely written folio pages.

MR. POTTS's criticism is that of a great many, both artist and lay judges. As it really involves considerations which lie very near the root of the theory of representation by painting, I feel inclined to pause upon it longer than mere respect for MR. POTTS would lead me to do.

I begin, then, by taking for granted that in Art, as in all things, we must consider the thing to be done with reference to the circumstances in which it is to be done. Thought has, in all civilised times, striven to express itself in form and colour, as well as in speech and writing. The Egyptians had one mode, which combined both representation and writing; the painted walls and pillars of Luxor, and Carnac, and Aboo Simboul, are confessedly and by intention books and picture galleries in one. The Greek uttered his thoughts through the grandest sculptured forms the world has seen; and not less in pictures, too, though not one square inch remains from which we can guess what were the wall paintings of the Lesche or the Pœcile. And from the Greek, degenerated to Byzantine, grew up the Christian Art of Italy and Germany, through CIMABUE and GIOTTO, to RAFFAELLE and MICHEL ANGELO, and thence by the Venetians and the Eclectic schools of Bologna, to the feeblenesses of MARATTI and BATTONI, the sprawlings of VERRIO and TIEPOLI, and the deadly-lively classicalities of CAMUCCINI and the modern Italians.

But note how all these differed from each other; and how, in proportion as Art became a tradition, and an affair of schools and Academies, instead of the reproduction of a living impress from things, a simple honest utterance of real thoughts, and beliefs, and meanings, it sunk down and down towards a dead level of pretty, graceful, no-meaning—such as it reaches in the CARLO DOLCES and MARATTIS, and others of that kidney.

Two things kept it alive—portrait and landscape painting—for in them the old giant Art touched Mother Earth and Man, and sprang up refreshed. A man's face always had a meaning, and Nature always had her story to tell, her speech to speak, of all which, if the painter could succeed in faithful copying, he became an interpreter.

But this function of interpreting what a man's face or a landscape says, is a lower one than that of conceiving the man and the landscape, and so the great conceiving and creating artist is an incomparably higher potentate than the copying and reproducing one.

In our time and country, matters have tended irresistibly to develope the lower power rather than the higher. We have no churches on whose walls to open the awful books of Judgment and Redemption—the legends of saints and martyrs—the story of missionary peril and triumph; no family chapels wherein to record the memories of ancestors. Our palaces and town halls, our courts of law and railway stations, we have never yet looked upon as reading-rooms, on whose walls might be spread out for the public eye the records of historic achievement, of kingly acts of justice, of popular triumph, of law overriding force, of mechanical discovery of the progress of the people, in short, through all influences—from woad and sheepskins to broadcloth and baths and wash-houses.

Public Art Libraries of this kind England has not yet attained to. But private and personal picture-books she *has* had, enough and more than enough; she has been a large transmitter of faces, more or less foolish from generation to generation; she has always rather liked pretty pictures—as children do—and has hung them about her rooms as I used to paste over my nursery screen with childish daubs, simply and purely for the pleasure of the eye. But the want of the greater works has told upon the lesser, and the mere art that copies has declined more and more since the art that creates ceased to have a field for its working.

This being so, our CIMABUE POTTSES can have but to despair and die. And what there is of creative art must seek some other fashion of expressing itself than the great men of old had. Art must adapt itself to the conditions of the time and the life it has to reflect.

See what follows.

If pictures are to be hung in rooms instead of churches, and public halls and palaces, they must be small.

Work on a small scale, being meant for the satisfaction of a close eye, must be highly finished.

These conditions did not affect the old painters and must affect the moderns, and these conditions my young friends the Pre-Raffaelites appear to be conscious of and to submit to, for which I cannot blame them, but praise them rather, for wisely recognising the necessity of adapting Art to surrounding circumstances.

What have they recognised besides?

That the truest representation and grandest creation may and must be combined by the great artist; that as man works in a setting of earth and air, all the beauties and fitness of that setting must be rendered—the more truthfully the better—and that the most accurate rendering of these need not detract from the crowning work—the creation of the central interest which sums itself in human expression.

They have refused, for example, to admit, that if two lovers are to be painted in a garden, you may put in slovenly or fancy leafage and impossible or random flowers, because the rapture of the faces is *the* point of the picture. They say, "I will render the rapture of the faces as powerfully as I can, and the roses round about shall be as like roses as I can make them, and the green leaves that close in the trysting-place shall be as true green leaves as eyes and hand can succeed in putting upon canvas." If roses and green leaves be more in the picture than the lovers' faces, the painter has reversed the true order of these objects in importance, and has so far committed a blunder. But the remedy is, not to paint roses and leaves more carelessly, but to render the expression of faces better.

The practice of painting, hitherto, has seemed to challenge the possibility of combining these two things,—human expression, and accurate representation of inanimate or lower nature. These young men take up the gauntlet, and say, "We are prepared to do this—at least to try to do it." Their first-fruits are before the world, and already it has felt that the undertaking is new and startling and cheerfully courageous: nay, more: that to a certain point—and further than might be expected from such beardless champions—it has already succeeded.

So God speed these young LUTHERS of the worn-out Art-faith; they have burnt the bull of the Painter-popes of their time. They have still work enough before them, such as their spiritual father before them went through—devils of their own creating to hurl their palettes at, and many mighty magnates to wrestle with, and confute, and put to shame—by trust in their gospel truth—Accurate Representation is the first requisite of Art.

MARRIAGE IN VERY HIGH LIFE.

MARRIED, at Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, the 11th instant, by DR. WYLDE, MUSIC to IMMORTAL VERSE; the latter having been selected from MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*, and the former composed by DR. WYLDE himself. The marriage ceremony attracted a large concourse of persons, to whom its performance appeared to afford high gratification. We have much pleasure in stating that the match is considered a very satisfactory one by the friends of both parties, notwithstanding the exalted position of one of them in the poetical world. The other, however, it should be remarked, is of genuine English parentage; a fact which refutes the fashionable supposition that the higher class of Music is necessarily of Italian or German origin.

A Mythological Conundrum.

(Only for Young Ladies.)

Q. WHO was the first Spinster on record?

A. ARACHNE, when she was turned into a Spider.

Reasons for a Singer's Cold.

"WHAT is the reason that fellow is always indisposed at the moment he is wanted to sing?" inquired an Exeter Hallite, just as a sett of SIMS REEVIAN apology had been made for a popular singer. "Oh! it 's easily accounted for," answered his stall neighbour, "when you think of the great airs he is continually giving himself, it 's no wonder he so often catches cold."

PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED PHOTOGRAPHER,

WHO HAS JUST SUCCEEDED IN FOCUSSING A VIEW TO HIS COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

PAROCHIAL PARLIAMENTS.

We really shall feel compelled to act the part of Cromwell, and walk in some fine Saturday afternoon to dissolve the Long—or long-winded—Parochial Parliaments that infest the neighbourhoods of Pancras and Marylebone. It would, we are sure, be a source of great satisfaction to all lovers of sense and decency, if *Punch*—acting the part of the Protector—should make his entry into one of these self-constituted senates, and order the taking away of "that bauble," the beadle's staff, which we believe does duty for the mace in the assembly room of the parish politicians. The affair is becoming such a nuisance at last that, unless the absurdity is checked, we shall have the Pancras and Marylebone vestrymen going clean out of their minds, and imagining themselves—in their madness—real Members of Parliament. Already there are indications of disordered intellect among a few of the leaders; and it was only last week that Mr. Somebody, Senior, or Mr. Nobody, Junior, got up and talked incoherently about his conduct "since his accession to power," and his determination to relinquish "office" when he could no longer hold it with satisfaction to his own conscience.

Those unfortunate imbeciles who fancy the vestry a Parliament, are beginning to talk about the influence of party, which is divided apparently into the "Old Orientals" and other sections, named after the various public-houses at which they are accustomed to congregate. The "Oriental party" sounds very grand indeed, and has something of Eastern magnificence to all but those who happen to know that the "Oriental" is a tavern, where the "party" which takes the name of the "house," is or has been in the habit of smoking the "calumet" of anything but peace, and perhaps, occasionally, the bird's-eye, or short-cut of discord. At the risk of being summoned by some "honourable member" to the bar of the House—which would of course be the bar of the public-house "used" by the "party"—for breach of privilege, we must declare our determination to put down all this nonsense, which is likely to delude a lot of otherwise decent tradesmen into the idea that they are called upon to manage not only the affairs of the parish in particular, but of the kingdom in general.

Already we are inundated with resolutions and debates by these suburban Cabinets upon nearly every measure of importance that the Legislature has in hand; and we shall not be surprised, if Pancras or Marylebone should favour us with a budget next year in opposition to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When Somebody, Senior, and Nobody, Junior, begin to talk about "accession to power," or "indifference to office," or "sacrifice of party" in a vestry, it is quite time that these gentlemen should be recommended to mind their own business—wholesale or retail, as the case may be—and leave the management of Imperial affairs to the Imperial Parliament.

Convents and Castles.

Against Mr. Chambers's bill for the inspection of nunneries it may be urged by the Irish Brigade that every man's house is his castle; but even if the houses of women can, in some sense be so denominated, their character, as castles, need not be so complete as to include a dungeon amongst their arrangements.

SOUND SENSE IN SINGING.

Professor Aytoun, in one of his lectures the other day, alluding to the circumstance that Italian was the language exclusively used by modern fashionable Syrens to sing in, appeared to hint that English lyrical poetry might rather advantageously be substituted. The suggestion provoked a genteel smile from the Professor's titulary and ornamental audience. Of course. In English song more is meant than meets the ear; in Italian—present Italian—precisely nothing more than just that. Nothing else is meant: nor is it desirable, to the Syrens in point, that there should be meant anything else. The end in view is simply to give the greatest possible effect to the Syren's notes; every adjunct to her singing is accordingly objectionable that in the least tends to distract attention from the mere tone of her voice. The less sense, therefore, in proportion to the sound, the better; not to think even of the expression of earnest feeling or emotion, to which, besides, all well-instructed young females of the superior class ought, of course, to be superior.

THE OLD MAY MONTH.

Air—"*Young May Moon.*"

The Old May Month is here, my love,
With its weather wet and drear, my love;
How sad to rove through Peckham Grove,
With the frowsy trees all bare, my love.
Then awake: the heavens look dark, my dear,
See the snow how it covers the Park, my dear!
And the best of all ways, to shorten your days,
Is to go out in May for a walk, my dear.

Now all the world is waking, love,
For the 'bus damp clerks are making, love;
But I, whose star unluckier far,
Have to walk through the wet all quaking, love.
Then sleep on, for the wind is East, my dear,
Neither fit for a man, nor a beast, my dear;
'Tis the worst of all Mays to lengthen your days,
Lie abed till July at least, my dear.

QUEEN OF THE MAY.

Cultivation for Cabmen.—If Mr. Fitzroy's Bill should not amend the deportment of the Cabman, it will at all events improve his Carriage.

SELF-SUSTENANCE; OR, THE LOST PET.

A TALE OF A RURAL TAVERN.

"Come gie 's a zong," cries Moses Gale,
"Wi' all that are strong beer avore 'ee."
"Can't zing, mate," answered Simon Dale,
"But vust I'll drink a drap o' ale,
And arter that, I'll tell a a story;

"A tale I read on 'bout a Pig,
Vor I can rade, although no scollard,
And—just let 's ha' another swig—
As zoon as ever I was big
Enough to work, the plough I foller'd.

"Now as for this here Pig, 'twas in
The Peaper as I read about un;
And when I tells thee he was thin,
I zays enough to make thee grin:
Thee doesn't look vor much good out o'n.

"Well, I 'ool own that I do love
To look on a good pig—a vat un,
Of varty score or thereabove,
One upon barley male that's thruv,
I likes to punch his ribs, and pat un:

"And then to hear un, when you pokes un,
Make answer to 'ee in a grunt,
Much as to tell 'ee you provokes un,
And that it bain't no use to coax un
To move, because a zays, 'I wunt!'

"And sich a precious Pig, mayhap,
Was he whereof I'm now a spakun,
But layun down to take a nap,
This Hog did in his valley drap,
By manes o' lozun all his bacon.

"The Pig, at Ripple Farm, nigh Deal,
Was lost, and five long weeks a missun;
Stole, as 'twas thought; vor zome don't feel
No shame nor fear a pig to steal;
However he warn't stole, not this un.

"One day, a shepherd working 'bout
The yard, to his surprise and wonder,
You'd ha been took aback no doubt,
Lo and behold! the Pig creeps out
Of a straw-heap as he'd got under.

"It zeems the Pig had fell on sleep,
As many pigs have done afore un:
Thrashing machine hard by kept pouring
The straw upon un, 'neath the heap
Whilst a lay comfortably snorun.

"A couldn't stir wi all that load on,
And did to sitch a shadder pine,
The zow as bore 'n ood scarce ha know'd un,
For livun Skelnton I'd ha show'd un,
If he'd a bin a Pig o' mine.

"But, now, a Pig, spiled droo starvation!
There couldn't be a crueller loss,
'Tis bad enough to zee a hoss
All skin and bones; but wuss vexation
A skinny Pig to come across."

When Simon thus had made a finish,
Brisk Moses, with a grin, replied,
"Without thy victuals for tc bide
That while in straw 'd make thee look thinnish,
I vaney, too, 't 'ood shrink my hide."

A SUM FOR SOMEBODY.

If wheat is 44 shillings a quarter, how much is it a year, and what will be a fair average price for chaff?

THE LOCOMOTIVE TABLE COMPANY,

PROVISIONALLY REGISTERED.

Capital, £20,000,000, at Twopence Halfpenny a Share.

A letter in Galignani's *Messenger* having fully proved the facility with which Tables can be moved by means of a Company, through mere volition, after the hands of the Company have been placed for a short time on the Table, it is proposed that a Company shall be formed for the application of tabular locomotion to practical purposes; to be called the "Locomotive Table Company." The principal object of the Association will be, to supersede Steam Engines on Railways; an improvement in travelling by which, it is hoped, many serious accidents will be prevented which would otherwise have occurred. The Table will be placed where the engine is at present, in front of the train; it will go on grooved castors: and a certain number of the Directors of the Company will be seated at a board in connexion with it; which will insure that additional guarantee of safety so much wanted on railroads.

As the movements of the Table can be guided by the volition of one individual, the Chairman of the Company will supply the place of Engineer; assisted by the Secretary in the capacity of Stoker.

The expenses involved in carrying out the Company's object will not, it is expected, be very considerable: but Shareholders will be required to pay down the whole of their subscriptions, as the projectors anticipate some little difficulty in obtaining credit.

Three things a Married Man cannot do.

(By one who has reazon to know them.)

To keep his temper because dinner is not served the very moment he comes in.

To see how it will be possible to take his wife out of town *this* year.

To go out to dinner without wishing to "give five pounds to stop away."

A PHILOSOPHER WANTED.

We have heard of advertisements for a hermit; and, indeed, we believe that there is now an opening for a respectable recluse at Vauxhall to sit in his cell, surrounded by his cat and his cabalistics, till the hour fixed for the fireworks; but we never, until the other day, met with an announcement intimating that the services of a philosopher may be made available. The following *bonâ fide* extract from one of the papers is rather curious:—

WANTED, A YOUTH OF GOOD CLASSICAL EDUCATION (well grounded in *composition* and *logical analysis*), as Clerk, to aid in *arranging* and getting up a *New Edition* of some *Philosophic Works*, illustrated with diagrams, and for *general business*.—Address, stating *height, age, &c.*, to ——, Post Office, —— Court, London. *Salary* to commence, **10s. 6d.** per week; and if found suitable, he might reside in the establishment.

A youth of good classical education who is expected to live on ten shillings and sixpence a week should indeed be accustomed to composition, for he will probably have to effect a composition with his creditors. He is, it seems, to aid in getting up some philosophic works; but the most philosophic work of all will be the labour of looking with philosophy at his own position. The stipulation that the young philosopher shall state his height seems a strange one; but, perhaps, it is the moral elevation to which he has attained that he is required to notify. If the young philosopher is found "suitable," he may, it seems, share the privilege conferred by Moses on his poet and reside on the premises. He would, of course, be treated as a philosopher of the Attic School in the apportionment of his lodging.

A FINANCIAL ACHIEVEMENT.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has a right to expect that his repeal of the duty on eggs will be illustrated in his hatchment.

Fine Arts.—They are busy embellishing Buckingham Palace again. We wonder what architectural enormity it will be like when it is completely beautified?

THE UNPROTECTED PROTECTED; OR, CABS AS THEY WILL BE.

Polite Policeman. "THE DISTANCE, MISS, IS EXACTLY TWO MILES, AND YOU WILL HAVE THE GOODNESS TO PAY THE DRIVER ONE SHILLING."

AN ODD PATTERN FROM MANCHESTER.

IF there is anybody unable to form a conception of chaos, here is an advertisement, extracted from the *Manchester Guardian*, which may assist him in that difficulty.

TO BE LET Cheap, yet (several houses been lately let) the Strongest, Best-built and Finished HOUSES in the county, lately thoroughly beautified, stand high and dry, and on the healthy, clear, airy west, and to windward of Manchester, away from the swamps near the river northward, and the stenches of the river and canals, &c., southward, the flats south-easterly, and altogether with smoke, &c. &c., to leeward of the whole easterly and north-easterly, at from £26, all prices to £100 per annum, some with coach-houses. Two splendid MANSIONS, at £100 per annum each (the faculty often urge patients to go up towards Pendleton); and Building Land, one plot of freehold, adjoining Swinton Park, and about an acre full of very pure filtered spring water, fine for a brewery. Numerous other plots, in the best localities for building, at various rates. Windsor Bridge Junction Railway Wharfage to all parts of the kingdom.—A few Houses in gardens, yet on Sale: many sold to pay 8 or 10 per cent. The new measures of government are likely to reduce interest to 2½ per cent.—All true, and no puff, as may easily be seen, on correct examination, by any person sufficiently interested to do so.—The rents of the above to commence on the 24th of June.—Apply at High Street Cross Lane, Salford.

Not much else than the idea of mere confusion may at first sight appear derivable from this masterpiece of incongruity; but on a closer examination of it, we learn that there are some directions in which the wind never blows at Manchester: the wonderful abodes alluded to therein lying to the windward of that city, and having on their leeward all its exhalations, including smoke and unspeakable &c., &c., to the north, south, east, north-east, and south-east. It might nevertheless be imagined that these various effluvia were offered at from £26 to £100, if we were not informed that there are some with coach-houses, with which &c. &c. of that sort are not usually connected.

In order to be satisfied on this point, we should be under the necessity of applying at the Weather Office, if there is one at Salford, as well as at the place to which the reader is directed for further particulars. Assuming the statement in question to be correct, and to relate to a locality lying towards Pendleton, we can have no hesitation in admitting that the faculty have good reason to urge their patients to go up in that direction, wherever it leads; that the hint as to investment is well worth the notice of capitalists who want more than MR. GLADSTONE'S per centage for their money; and that the announcement in so far as it is intelligible, is "all true, and no puff"—not even the slightest puff of unpleasant &c. &c.

SCULPTURE FOR THE LONDON CORPORATION.

WE are enabled to give the subjects of the six pieces of Sculpture which are to adorn the Mansion House:—

1. The LORD MAYOR Screening his Coals.
2. Lame Ducks Dabbling in the French Funds.
3. The Death of the Stag in Capel Court.
4. LOUIS NAPOLEON hugged by a Stock-Exchange Bear.
5. City GANYMEDE carried away by the French Eagle.
6. SIR PETER LAURIE "putting down" a sovereign for the benefit of a poor Needlewoman.

The latter subject, however, has been cancelled; it having been considered too personal, or perhaps, too figurative for the hard realities of stone. The following idea has been substituted, and is to be executed in *alto relievo* on the portico of the Post Office:—

6. Expulsion of the Franks from St. Martin's-le-Grand by ROWLAND HILL.

The Exeter Hall Ring.

DR. CUMMING is always challenging CARDINAL WISEMAN to meet him—and CARDINAL WISEMAN is always too wise, or too indignant, or too frightened to accept the invitation. Amongst religious sparring circles, these two belligerents are known by the names of:

THE MAN THAT'S ALWAYS CUMMING, and
THE MAN THAT ALWAYS AVOIDS CUMMING.

OUR insane Correspondent informs us that the RT. HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is familiarly called, in monetary circles, "Exchequer BILL."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their

"I SAY, OLD FELLOW, HOW DO YOU GO TO THE DERBY THIS YEAR?"
"OH, THE OLD WAY—HAMPER AND FOUR."

OUR HONEYMOON.

SUNDAY, MAY 18, 18—

VERY late this morning; so worn out and tired by the storm of yesterday. However, very happy indeed, and very thankful, and *no temper*—that I felt assured of—*no temper* to perplex me. All things seemed to return to me with their first happiness upon them. I was so happy! I sat waiting for FREDERICK, all ready for church—that dear little church! And the sound of the bell—sweeter and sweeter still—came over the fields, and my heart seemed to open to the music.

At this minute JOSEPHINE with staring eyes and pale face glided into the room. Something was the matter. I saw it: something, and all my happy feelings were but to mock me.

"Don't be frightened, Ma'am," said JOSEPHINE, "for it may be nothing after all."

"What 's the matter? some of your idle apprehensions," and I tried to be indifferent.

"But to be sure," said she, "it was nothing less than tempting fate to eat a morsel with such cattle,—I mean the gypsies, Ma'am."

"You didn't think so with your spoon in the dish, JOSEPHINE."—

"Why, Ma'am, cold and hunger can't be over-nice. Still, we may all of us pay pretty dear for that beans and bacon. Eating of stolen goods! What *could* come of it? As I say, it was tempting fate."

"What *is* the matter? Speak at once, or go about your business."—

"Well, Ma'am, it's this. That gypsey tent, Ma'am—don't be alarmed; but you recollect that baby?"

"Of course I do. What of the baby?"

"Well, they 've all been down with the small-pox, and the baby worse than any of 'em."

Suddenly I felt cold at the heart. "Ridiculous," I said, and shivered.

"Bless you, Ma'am, you should have seen how the landlady jumped when I told her"—

"And what right have you to tittle-tattle with the landlady?"—

"Why, Ma'am, it was only nat'ral; for though I said nothing about eating beans and bacon with the creatures, still I *did* say how we 'd taken shelter with the gypsies, and warmed ourselves over their fire; and how you nursed the baby, and how the baby's mother wanted to tell your fortune and—and all that time the landlady, who 'd started from me, as if I 'd been any snake, stood and stared, holding the toasting-fork atween me and her, as if I was pison. 'Been with the gypsies!'—says she—'then you 'll sicken and have it! Why, MR. SIMMONS—our parish doctor—has been in such a pucker with the creatures. Never, he tells me, in all his practice saw such small-pox in his life.' Oh, Ma'am! I don't care for myself *much*—and I don't think you do. But, Ma'am, has master ever been vaccinated?"

"That 's a very tender question, JOSEPHINE," said FREDERICK, coming into the room at the time. "Are you particularly interested in the subject?"

"Missus is, Sir," said JOSEPHINE, stealing a look at me. "For my part, I wonder why in a decent Christian land, they suffer gypsies at all. I 'd have 'em all burnt."

"If that 's your Christianity, JOSEPHINE," said FRED, "I think you 'd better make the shortest way to church, and change it."

"Not that I bear malice to anybody"—cried the girl—"only supposing, now, that you or Missus, or both of you—for I don't care much for myself; beauty's only skin-deep—both of you was to be pitted!"

FREDERICK stared, and then I told him the bad news. He laughed, but I could see he was vexed, anxious.

"Wasn't it a pity, Ma'am," said JOSEPHINE, and I could have *killed* her—no, that 's wrong, but the word's down, so let it stand—"wasn't it after all a pity you didn't go to SQUIRE BLISS's house—to Beanblossoms, and then you wouldn't have had beans and bacon, with perhaps the small-pox in the bargain, in a gypsey's tent?"

I felt the blood rush to my face, and I fairly trembled with passion. "Come," said FRED, "a brisk walk over the fields—we shall not be too early—and we 'll pray for ourselves and the gypsies."

"La, Sir!" cried JOSEPHINE, with a look of wonder at the monstrous notion.

"It may do us good, and can't do them any harm," said FRED, and away we went; and somehow my heart was lightened by his manner; and although, now and then, a gloomy thought would steal upon me, I was—considering the circumstances—very cheerful. At times, I felt a little faint, and then I couldn't help asking myself—and how my heart did *knock*—"if this should be a symptom!" We 'd gone on for some time in silence, and still my mind brooded: still I caught up again and again the looks of the gypsies, and again and again dismissed the thought with a smile at its folly. It was plain that FREDERICK knew all that perplexed me.

"I 'm certain, LOTTY," said he, "it wouldn't make the least difference."

"What?" I asked—for I couldn't do less than ask.

"Not the least difference, love. In fact, after a time—a reasonable time—there 's no beauty between man and wife."—

"That 's as it may be," said I, a little drily.

"None whatever. In six months, and I don't think I shall know whether you 've a nose on your face."—

"Well, I 'm sure!" said I.

"It is even so, LOTTY," continued FRED. "Even so, my love. And I much doubt whether—in less time it may be than that—whether you 'll remember it as a daily matter, if I have two eyes or only one."

"Indeed, FRED," said I, "you are very much mistaken. *Quite the reverse.* However you may overlook my nose, I trust I shall never be blind to your eyes."

"That 's a pity, my dear," said FRED, "a very great pity."

"I don't see it. Quite—I mean, quite otherwise."

"For this reason," and FRED laid his hand over mine. "Man and wife make—or should make—to one another faces that are not faces of the flesh. The mind, LOTTY, and the affections gradually make the noblest and the brightest looks of no more account than so much stuff in garments. And thus, as I say, I shall forget whether you have or have not a nose—not but what it 's a nose of the nicest self-assertion—and you 'll equally forget"—

"*I* can't," said I, "whatever *you* may."—

"And thus, my love," continued FREDERICK, quite as if I hadn't spoken, "thus, at the very worst, and with your very darkest apprehensions realised, I shall love you quite as well minced by the small-pox"—

"FREDERICK!"

"*Minced* by the small-pox," he repeated, in the coolest manner,—"as now, with your face as smooth, as white and pink as face of shepherdess in Dresden china. And for this reason, as I say; you will have made for me such a beautiful face in your daily mind—such a sweet and lovely presence by your affections—that the mere visible outside"—

"Don't tell me," said I, "a husband is just as proud, or ought to be, of his wife's beauty, as ever; and if not, it 's only a proof of the insincerity of the sex. *I* quite agree with you that"—

"What 's the matter, LOTTY?" asked FRED, as I thought, very seriously.

"Matter! What do you mean?"—

"Ar'nt you well? You look a little pale."—

"Ridiculous, FRED; never better," though I thought I should drop. "Depend upon it, although the face of the mind, as you call it, may make people forget their other faces, I shall take care of *mine* to the last."

"Very right, my dear; very proper. Only if accident or sickness—such evils *do* happen—should spoil it, 'tis as well to have something ready—that neither age nor disease can change or tarnish—something ready behind it. I feel rather odd symptoms, myself"—I hardly knew whether he was in jest or earnest—"but what of that? I know you 'd love me all the better, the uglier I looked to the rest of all the world."

"To be sure," said I.

"And here we are at the church-door, where we ought to take off, and set aside all the pride and vanities of the flesh, even as one takes off one's hat."

And as FRED spoke, who should come up, but SQUIRE BLISS and his

daughter, and with her—and her arm in his—a gentleman, evidently *no relation*. I don't know how it was, but all my temper seemed to die within me, and I felt quite happy, seeing them so *comfortable*. FRED bowed; and I made my *best* curtsey to MISS BLISS, and then into the church.

We had a beautiful sermon; but the text startled me a little—from JOB: "*I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister.*" And as the dear good man went on in his homily upon the dust and ashes of flesh, and upon the vanity of blooming looks, and perishable beauty, I did—once or twice—seem to be in the gypsey tent; and do what I *could*, could not help smelling the beans and bacon.

On leaving the church, we again met the BLISSES in the porch; and the Squire shook FREDERICK by the hand, and MISS BLISS offered me hers. I grasped it very kindly; and then a pang went through my heart; for I could not but think, if it should be all true about the gypsies!

A SCHOOL FOR CABMEN.

THE alarming ignorance of certain cabmen was alluded to by an honourable member, in the discussion on the New Cab Bill, who complained that a driver frequently did not know the East from the West End of the Metropolis. We should not be surprised at the introduction of a clause into the new Bill to compel every cabman to wear a weathercock in his hat, with the points of the compass distinctly marked to prevent the possibility of his mistaking the East for the West for the future. We confess that, though we have met with some very lamentable specimens of ignorance in the cab-driving fraternity, we have not found the sort of Gothicism complained of, though a driver's want of information of other kinds has been painfully manifest. For example:—we never met with a cabman, who upon his legal amount of fare being placed in his hand, was not perfectly mystified, and who did not exhibit a thirst for knowledge, by exclaiming, "What's this?" with peculiar emphasis.

On points of distance, also, we have found a fearful amount of error in the cab-driving mind, and a tendency to exaggerate space, which, though indicative of what may be called enlarged notions and a grasp of idea, is too closely connected with a grasp—or take in—of another description, which is far from respectable. The arithmetical qualities of a cab-driver have always seemed to us considerable; for we never met with one who in multiplication and addition was not advanced far beyond ourselves, when he came to multiply miles and add up eightpences. It is proposed to submit cabmen to an examination previous to granting them their licenses; and as we know the effect of a cultivation of the "*ingenuas artes*" in softening the manners, we may hope for a good result from acting on the suggestion.

When we remember, however, that education *non sinit esse feros* (does not permit us to become brutes), we may, perhaps, fear that it may not permit any part of the population to become cab-drivers. This would be true if cab-drivers were to remain what they are; but MR. FITZROY'S New Bill will, we hope, tend to that elevation of the species, which will tempt us to look upon the cab-rank as one of the most polished ranks of society.

Haberdashers Eclipsed.

SINCE the time when children were offered to MOLOCH, the most alarming sacrifice on record—not excepting the sale of MESSRS. RAGSWORTH'S Stock at a loss of sixty per cent.—is the sacrifice of £7,000 which MR. SMYTHE confesses that he performed in 1841, in order to obtain a seat in Parliament for Canterbury.

Royal Sport in Austria.

WE are sorry to learn that the physicians of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA the other day interdicted His Majesty from his snipe-shooting. They might as well have allowed him to amuse himself by shooting snipes, and contented themselves with recommending him not to shoot patriots.

TARTUFFE AT THE CONVENT GRATE.

(DEDICATED TO MR. CHAMBERS.)

THE tinkle of the convent bell, so dolefully that rings!
I hear grand music in its chimes; they promise famous things.
Toll, sexton, for the dead-alive: there's triumph in thy knell,
More glorious than the conquest-peal, or jocund marriage-bell.

Lo! there the wither'd Brides of Heaven, so wan, and pale, and gaunt,
Are stalking, in their wedding shrouds, a nuptial dirge to chaunt,
With ghostly love the eyes are glazed behind their veils that shine:
Of all those souls the masterdom and lordship may be mine!

Say I am their Confessor!—what need hinder me to be?
To me they'll bare the secret heart, and crook the lowly knee;
Ay; they will kneel, I know, to me, and that is all I know,
For aught the holy Brotherhood, whose mask I wear, can show.

Oh joy, oh pride, to hear my Nuns wail out their dismal hymn,
To organ's growl, mid tapers' blaze with curling incense dim!
Oh brave, for me to hearken while their grim hosannas rise,
And snuff the thurible's rich smoke of fragrant sacrifice!

Revered for might to loose and bind—the false priest as the true—
Will they not worship me, indeed, with soul and body too?
Our portals closed against the world—who list outside may knock—
This is the Power of the Keys!—the Convent gates to lock!

For that no thanks to PETER: to more generous friends owe we
Religious prisons, suffer'd on Religious Freedom's plea:
Hurrah for such like Liberty!—that Priestcraft soon may reign—
Will they withhold the Stake from us who trust us with the Chain?

MODEL HOUSES OF CORRECTION.

NOT know what to do with our convicts? Don't we!—we should rather think we did. Set them to hard labour; keep them at it from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven at night, with intermissions of just ten minutes at each meal to swallow their victuals in—wasting no time in mastication. Let them not perform their task in an airy and spacious ward, but fag them, by gangs of ten or twelve, in almost air-tight garrets of about a dozen feet square, whereof the atmosphere for many hours is flaring hot with gas, and is at all times loaded with a deleterious excess of carbonic acid. Put their lungs on short commons, as well as their stomachs; stint them to a limited quantity of oxygen, the same allowance to last them a long while by being breathed repeatedly over again. Half suffocate them perpetually by way of secondary punishment; wring it out of the rascals in perspiration. As for their sleep, never suffer them to take it coolly in a ventilated cell; give them dormitories, each barely capable of holding six rogues of moderate dimensions, and squeeze into every dormitory six large rogues. Huddle them together so that they may be mutually unpleasant. Afflict them, by these arrangements, with heat, giddiness, headache; give them the benefit of an occasional fever; let them carry away the seeds of consumption in their chests for prison keep-sakes. Moreover, and into the bargain, give every one of them, finally, a sound thrashing, without which, in undergoing the sufferings above prescribed, they will endure no worse hardships than those which honest milliner girls, earning their living by their industry, are subjected to in the City of London workrooms.

Nitrous Devotions.

BY our *Times* Correspondent we are informed that a certain GENERAL PERRODON

"Has been appointed Director of the service of gunpowder and saltpetre at Paris."

This service is performed, both at Paris and at Rome, for the maintenance of the present order of things.

THE PROPERTY OF THE BRIGADE.

THE Irish Members object to the Income-Tax; but we should think that the impost which they would feel most oppressive, would be the duty on personal(i)ty.

THE CHINESE REBELLION.

IF the Emperor of China does not take care, the rebellion in his dominions will present us with the most wonderful case ever known of "Tea and Turn-out."

POCKET LEGISLATORS.—Considering how many members purchase their seats, most of the Laws that are made in Parliament may be called Buy-Laws.

THE ROBIN OF HYTHE.

AKE note, Mr. Punch! as you listen for a while,
Whilst the crystal fount of Helicon I bob in,
And I'll sing a little ditty, your attention to beguile,
Of a most phrenological Robin.
Not that Robin who of old fell in love with Jenny Wren,
And—declaring her to be his "winsome marrow"—
First treated her with cherry pie and currant wine, and then
Was feloniously slain by a Sparrow;
But an heir of those good birds, who on finding in a wood
Two little babes, with hunger sick and weary,
Sat and nursed them till they died, and then built, as best they could,
A tomb, that will be still *perennius ære*.
In the ancient church of Hythe they've a quantity of bones,
Skulls, *humeri*, and *scapulæ*, (ah! drat 'em! I
Forget the other names,) ranged in order on the stones
Of the crypt by some student of anatomy.
And the sextoness affirms, as this cheerful sight she shows,
(And in Hythe 'tis the only Exhibition,)
That the owners of these bones, by the ancient Saxon blows,
Were brought to their present sad condition;
They were Britons, she declares, who to perish in the fight
For the sunny hills and vales of Kent were willing;
But poor fellows, all they've gained by their valour, is the right
Of now and then procuring her a shilling.
Now, not very long ago, as she swept the crypt one day,
She was startled by a funny kind of tapping;
And knew not, for a moment, if to faint or run away
From what seemed to be a Spiritual Rapping:
And you'll readily imagine her terror and surprise,
When she found that the funny noise proceeded
From a highly-polished cranium, within whose hollow eyes
Was a something that *would* move whenever *she* did.
In the greatest trepidation off she ran to fetch the clerk,
The sexton, and the beadle, and the vicar:
Says the sexton in a passion, "It is some howdacious lark!"
Though the tapping grew much louder and much quicker.
Says the beadle in a tremble, "I shall soon see what it is
In this skull that is a wrigglin' and a bobbin';"
But as he put his hand to it, there came a sudden whiz,
And out scuffled—not a lark, but a Robin.
At her eggs the vicar started, and so did all the rest;
'Twas so strange in such a resting-place to see 'em,
And they all of them concluded they would confiscate her nest
To the profit of their singular Museum.
But ever since that day when the skull and nest are shown,
A little bird *will* whisper the spectator—
"I'd as good a right as they, if the truth were fairly known,
Of that skull to make myself the conservator;
Pray what *have* these Britons done, that every stranger's hand
With their bones should be familiar, if it pleases?
Or that in a crypt, on shelves, their honest skulls should stand,
Ranged in order, much like gallipots or cheeses?
And if to save their native land their lives they really gave,
In that native land I think there can be no man
To say their relics should not have a sexton and a grave,
Instead of a mere theatre and showman."

ON THE PRESENT INFERNALLY LOW STYLE OF DOING THINGS.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

"My Dear Punch,

"I hope you see now the consequences of that free-and-easy style in which you have been accustomed to talk about Ministers and gentlemen, and generally about persons infinitely your superiors in station. Low people are losing all sense of their situation. The country is going to the deuce, and will soon be unfit for a gentleman to live in. In fact it will soon be as bad as America.

"Now do look at matters, like a man of the world, without any of that infernal humbug about duty, and public interests, and progress, and the masses, and sanitary reform, and baths and wash-houses, and all that sort of trash. By Jove! it's enough to make a man sick. My good fellow, I know what '*shop*' is. I've not been in Parliament these fifteen years, and six of them a Lord of the Treasury, without being perfectly well aware that newspapers, like public men, must go in at that style of thing. It pays—tells on circulation and popularity, as the case may be. I know that. Of course, if I were an editor or a Minister, I should talk the same rubbish myself. I often do, as it is, in the House. But what I want now, is to speak *seriously* to you, as one man of the world to another.

"Things are really looking infernally nasty in our direction—for what you call the upper classes—that is for the right sort of people—people one knows and can get on with. There's an ill-natured, meddling, democratic spirit at work everywhere—I don't mean only in politics, but in private life, Sir. Now there's sporting. As a man of the world, of course one goes to the country for hunting and shooting. Well now, here are these infernal railroads cutting up some of the finest counties in England—all to pieces. The fellows get their Act of Parliament, and go slap through a man's country without with your leave or by your leave, or any consideration whatever for one's amusements. That settles one's hunting. Then, as for shooting. Your low, canting, Manchester radicals have poisoned the farmers' minds about game preserving, and hedges, and so on, till I expect in ten years' time there won't be a hare, or a partridge, or a pheasant, in the three kingdoms. Now I ask you candidly, how is a gentleman to take an interest in his place without his hunting or shooting? Turning farms into a set of cattle or corn manufactories! Upon my soul it's sickening! And then to see men—really of some standing—men like Carlisle and Shaftesbury, going about and lecturing to those discontented, infidel vagabonds, the 'operatives,' as they call themselves, and getting up baths and wash-houses, and bringing forward long-winded rubbishing motions about 'Health of Towns,' or 'Common Lodging-houses,' or 'Vaccination,' or something or other of that kind. I always feel as if touching one of the bills would give one the itch.

"But what's worse than all this sentimental cant, is the stuff people are beginning to talk this session about purity, and public virtue, and conscience, and so on, in connection with matters between one gentleman and another—such as the Elections, and the Public Offices, and the House. If it stopped at the newspapers, and the spouting clubs, and the public-houses, one wouldn't mind. But by Gad, Sir, it has got into the House of Commons with the low fellows who've found their way there since the Reform Bill.

"And really, now-a-days, a gentleman never knows where he's safe. Those Election inquiries this Session. Was ever anything like them? Raking up a man's arrangements with his agents, and turning a fellow out, by Jove!—as if it was nothing—for some twopenny-halfpenny matter of a tavern bill, or a breakfast, or a few sovereigns given to some drunken vagabond for his vote? As if these things were not necessary—as if they weren't regularly done, and hadn't been going on always, and weren't perfectly understood among people who know what things *are*; in short, among gentlemen and men of the world. And then there was that 'W. B.' business; and now there's this Dockyard Inquiry. What business on earth have the public with that sort of thing? It's not in their way, any more than the etiquette at a drawing-room, or the rules of the Jockey Club. Gentlemen understand the thing. These 'revelations,' as they call them, are matters of A B C with us. Nobody thinks the worse of Beresford or Stafford, poor fellows! But then there's the bore of being found out, or rather of having low people thrust their noses into the matter, and talking infernal nonsense about it, and forcing Ministers and fellows in the House of Commons to talk a lot of stuff about Purity, and Principle, and all that sort of thing. It's all nonsense.

"The fact is, the masses, as they call 'em—that is, people one doesn't know, people who don't go anywhere, people who are not in society—*can't* understand these things, and have no business to meddle with them; and I don't believe they would care a rap about them, if it wasn't for you editors and fellows, who keep writing down every thing that's at all the thing, and putting nasty, infidel, democratic Yankee notions into other people's heads. But you'd better mind what you're about, or I can tell you you'll be bringing another French Revolution about your ears. *That* began with putting down the Aristocracy—but see what it came to before it stopped. By Jove! you'd better mind what you're about.

"Your constant Reader (though you *do* publish a great deal of rot and cant),

"A Man of the World."

THE HAT-MOVING EXPERIMENT.

IT IS NECESSARY TO GET A HAT. TWO OR MORE PERSONS PLACE THEIR HANDS ON THE RIM THEREOF, THE LITTLE FINGERS OF EACH PERSON BEING IN CONTACT. IN ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES OR HALF-AN-HOUR, OR PERHAPS MORE, THE HAT WILL BEGIN TO JUMP, AND REVOLVE RAPIDLY.

(*N.B. The Party above, with the Moustaches, thinks that in the pursuit of Science he could perform the Experiment over and over again.*)

THE LIVING—AND THE DEAD.

"CIVIS"—a Parishioner of St. Botolph Without, writing to the *Times*, informs us that

"The present very excellent incumbent has voluntarily closed the churchyard, and his income from surplice-fees is consequently reduced to £90 per annum, making in the whole £140 per annum, out of which he has to find himself lodgings."

It is to be hoped that this truly reverend gentleman will be reimbursed to the amount of the surplice-fees which he has resigned—with a trifle over, in consideration of the saving in human life and doctors' bills which he will have effected in his parish by closing an intramural burying ground. In the mean time, cannot the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the Bishops lay their heads together to make some arrangement, which may prevent necessitous parochial clergymen from being driven—like the Ghoules of Oriental story—to get their sustenance out of churchyards?

THE POET'S CORNER.—Any corner but the Cornucopœa!

LIBERTY FOR LADIES.

"MR. PUNCH,—They say something about there is to be a bill or a law, whatever you call it, for the recovery of personal liberty in certain cases, to protect *nuns*. I wish LORD WHATSHISNAME or MR. COBDEN, or whoever it is, would make it apply to *married* women; there are *some* I know, who would be sure to take the *benefit* of the *Act*.

"Yours ever, PATIENT GRIZZLE."

"P.S. My husband has been *cross* all the afternoon, because the *potatoes* were not done, and is now consoling himself with a *cigar* in the *dining-room*; besides which, I long *in vain* for a change of air, to go and stay a month at the sea-side."

An Injured Patriot.

A LIBERAL Member convicted of having bribed his constituents ought to have a statue instead of losing his seat; for is he not a true patriot, seeing that he has bled for his country?

PORTRAIT OF AN "ADMIRALTY *BOARD*."

(After a Design by the Duke of Northumberland.)

MAY 28 1853

THE BRIBERY RHYMER.

"EVERY man has his price," said WALPOLE, and, judging from the late exposures, we think the same may be as safely said of every borough. The "rotten" ones especially are now in such bad odour, that the fittest agent they could have, we think, would be a Disinfecting Agent: and we fear there are but few which, like the water of the Thames, are not chiefly noted for impure constituents. We may almost question the existence of a "free and independent," whose vote is never influenced by the way in which he 's treated: and we regard as a myth that highly moral Agent, whose "expenses" once were known to bear the test of a Committee-room. In short, we are convinced that our elective system, as at present exercised, would furnish us with quite as many cases of corruption as any of our naval *depôts* for "preserved" meats.

That the evil is extending there can be little doubt, and only a SIBTHORP would venture to defend it. Various antidotes have been prescribed both by Parliament and the Press, and as members of the latter body, we may fairly move for leave to bring in our amendment.

We consider then, that by an early course of treatment the cure for Bribery should be intimidation. Belonging, like a baby, to the class of crying nuisances, we think it may be fairly dealt with in the cradle: and we would, therefore, have our nurseries instil a wholesome horror of it. Its name henceforth should be the infantile "Old Bogy," and our nurses should parentally be aided in investing it with all the alarming attributes of that mythic personage. Fractious infants might be threatened with the "dark room" of the Carlton; while the "black man in the cellar" would have a fitting substitute in that terrible individual who is known as "W. B." Instead of introducing them to imaginary "Forty Thieves," we would have our children made acquainted with the rogues of an election. *Beware of Bribery* should be their second round-hand text, and the first thing in the spelling-book a spell against Corruption.

The same wholesome lesson might be taught through the medium of those senseless rhymes which are indigenous to the nursery, and which the present May of Intellect ought to put aside as obsolete. We have a national contempt for these unmeaning *Humpty-dumptys:* and we are resolved, that when our stereotyped "press of business" suffers, we will seriously incline ourselves to the task of their amendment. Meanwhile, upon a subject so suggestive as the present, it were easy to throw a little reason in the rhymes and so, calling on the Mothers of England to use their voices in the matter, to them we specially dedicate the first page of our intended *Bribery Rhymer*.

AIR—"*Hush-a-by Baby.*"

Bribe away, Agent, to the Poll-top,
Where the wind's raised the voters will flock:
When the House meets a Committee they 'll call,
Exposed will be Agent, voters, and all!

AIR—"*I Remember, I Remember.*"

I'm a Member! I 'm a Member!—
But my time will soon pass by:
They 'll unseat me in December
For my treating in July.
All my buying, all my buying
Has turned out a perfect sell:
And in wishing for admission
I have been let in as well.
I'm a Member, &c.

AIR—"*Humpty Dumpty.*"

DUMPY STUMPY sat for Blackwall,
Until a Committee they happened to call:
All his Club's money, and all his Club's men
Can't make poor STUMPY a Member again.

AIR—"*Sing a Song of Sixpence.*"

Sing a song of Bribery
Done upon the sly,
More than twenty Members
Eating humble pie:
When their case is opened
How very small they sing,
Protesting on their word they never
Sanctioned such a thing.

The canvassing was innocent,
The Agents pure as honey—
But somehow the elections cost
A pretty sum of money:
And cross-examined voters
Will probably disclose
That some of the "expenses"
Were contracted 'neath the rose!

THE PRINCE OF THE PENNY-A-LINERS.

DURING the Whitsuntide holidays, our contemporaries of the Newspaper Press were sadly at a loss to fill up the gap occasioned in their columns by the absence of what is called—by courtesy we suppose—Parliamentary Intelligence. It has been hitherto customary to look at an early gooseberry through the magnifying glasses of the imagination, and make the alleged enormity of the bulb the subject of a lengthy paragraph. The public, however, are not made gooseberry fools of quite so readily as they used to be, and even the monster cabbage has lost that hold upon the general sympathy which an abundance of greens among newspaper readers could once secure for it. Mountainous gooseberries, and forest-like cabbages having—as subjects for paragraphs—run thoroughly to seed, the penny-a-liners have fortunately caught hold of one SIDI, an African prince, who having luckily dropped in for a night at an hotel at Southampton, has furnished food to the paragraph fraternity.

We are told, in twenty-one pennyworth of very passable newspaper prose, how SIDI "sat in the hall of the Hotel smoking cigars;" how, "although highly intelligent, he did not betray any emotion in his countenance;" how "his diet consisted chiefly of mutton chops;" how "he slept in a bed;" and finally, how "he wore European trowsers, which were almost concealed by his robe"—a fact, therefore, that could only have been ascertained by the inquisitive penny-a-liner having rudely raised poor SIDI's petticoats. As the newspaper historian has carefully chronicled these facts, we must presume that he regards it as a marvel that SIDI went through the various processes described; and we must confess our own surprise at the absence of all emotions on the part of SIDI, whose conduct would have seemed perfectly natural to us had he betrayed a strong inclination to tomahawk the penny-a-liner for his impertinence. That SIDI's diet "consisted chiefly of chops" was, perhaps, fortunate for the Reporter, since, if SIDI had taken a fancy to calf's head, there is no knowing what might have happened to the "Own Correspondent" of a respectable newspaper. The African seems to have astonished the weak mind of our informant by sleeping in a bed, though we really cannot see where else SIDI was to have slept, unless he preferred the tap-room, whose sanded floor might have reminded him of the Desert.

How to improve your Style.

THERE is one great benefit to be gained by imitation, however annoying or disgusting it may be at the time. A man learns his errors, and improves his style by it; for, however blind a person may be to his own faults as long as they are kept to himself, he very soon detects them when he sees them in another; and as imitation loves to exaggerate everything it imitates, there is very little fear of his not seeing them. For this reason every popular author should encourage, or even keep an imitator; and the more imitators he has, the more he will improve his style.

SPADES CALLED SPADES.

FOREIGNERS do not well understand the constitution of our British Parliament. They would comprehend it better if one place were to be denominated the House of Inheritance, and the other the House of Corruption.

EPIGRAM ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE trustees of this place on such daubs spend their gold,
That the picture is bought whilst the buyers are sold.

A BELLYFUL FOR FRANCE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON proposes to restore the Political Chop. His friends, the Jesuits, will perhaps persuade him to revive also the Theological Stake.

POOR GROG.—The Rapping Spirits pay no duty; but then they don't rise to proof.

"Going to the Hortyculdral? Eh? Well, I shouldn't wonder if you got the Prize!"——"Noa! Do yer think so?"

CLERICAL CASUALTIES.

The writer of "*Notes and Sketches*," in the *Morning Post* remarks that

"The possession of affluence in certain cases is one of the accidents of the clerical profession."

Accidents will happen in the best regulated families. This is one that occurs rather frequently in the household of Mother Church. We daily hear of reverend gentlemen, who are already well provided for, tumbling into benefices and bishoprics: and public attention was called only the other day to the case of a prelate who has tumbled into some lucrative coal-pits.

Paterfamilias to the Priests.

Cease your nunning.
Force or cunning
Never shall my child trepan;
All the wires pull'd by friars
Shall not look my Mary Anne!

GREEK PIPE.

Messrs. Rivington have published the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, which may be recommended to undergraduates in preference to cigars.

Rules of the Election Market.

(*As laid down by the Free and Independent Candidates and Voters.*)

The Candidate's Rule.—To Buy in the Cheapest.
The Voter's Rule.—To Sell in the Dearest.

Since Lord Ward has become the purchaser of the properties and costumes of Her Majesty's Theatre, some wicked wag has conferred upon him the title of Lord Wardrobe.

The Fashionable Frenzy.—The poultry mania may be defined to be a morbid tendency to brood over chickens.

THE ROYAL ARMS IN DANGER.

It was with truly affectionate alarm that we witnessed the erection of a scaffold a little while ago in front of Buckingham Palace. We began to fear that it might be again necessary that the Royal residence should be permanently enlarged, to correspond with the recent permanent enlargement of that very popular periodical (every new number of which is greeted by the nation with all the affection due to number one)—the Royal Family. We should have been extremely sorry to find that the comfort or convenience of the inmates demanded a further outlay in bricks and mortar on Buckingham Palace, and we were, therefore, delighted to discover that the scaffold was only rendered necessary by some repairs that were needed to the arms of Royalty. It appears that the Unicorn had got something which turned out to be a sparrow's nest—some believed it to be a mare's nest—in his eye, while the Lion was suffering severely from the loss of the tip of his tail, which was frost-bitten, and had crumbled off during the continuous cold weather in April.

We are happy to say that everything which skill could devise has been done for the noble animals, and the application of Paris plaster to the Lion's tail has restored it to the proud position which it ought to occupy. The Unicorn's eye has been cleverly couched, and its cure is now a matter of ocular demonstration to everybody. The wounds of the animals having been dressed, the interesting creatures were supplied with an entirely new coat of whitewash, in time to correspond with the new uniforms that will be worn on the occasion of the birthday of Her Majesty.

THE SACK OF THE CARLTON.

There is division in the Tent,
Split is the Camp of Toryism;
The Carlton Club—the hope of Rent—
Is rent, itself, in twain with schism.

The Derbyites, that gallant band,
Against the valiant Peelite crew,
Stand foot to foot, and hand to hand,
As French and English used to do.

Arise! oh, Manchester! arise,
Now is the time your game to bag;
Go, take the Castle by surprise,
Plant on the walls your cotton flag.

Up with the drab: down with the blue,
Ye men of peace, ye sons of twist;
For you the fortress may subdue
Without the need to clench a fist.

By Gladstone's aid you're safe to win,
His friendship your success insures;
For when he let his party in,
Of course he made a breach for yours.

The Slave-Owner's Testament.

It would be a gainful speculation for an enterprising publisher to get up, for circulation among serious slave-owners, a Family New Testament with the objectionable passages expurgated; the passages to be expunged as objectionable being those whereby the practices of buying, selling, flogging, and otherwise treating black men and women like beasts, or worse than beasts, is forbidden in the injunction to act towards others as we would have them act towards ourselves.

A Growl over the Counter.

There is a law sadly wanted to enforce something like civility on the part of those who sell the postage-stamps at the different post-offices. Really, unless you purchase a quarter of a pound of tea, or a quire of paper, or a pot of pomatum, the discontented shopman begrudges his services, and fancies he is conferring a favour by letting you have a postage-stamp.

AN EMINENT ARTIST.

Why does the French Emperor's genius resemble that of a Dutch painter?—Because His Majesty evinces a turn for Execution.

Woman the Wooer.—An eminent legal functionary, in sittings after dinner, defined an action for breach of promise of marriage to be "*Nisi Prius* Courtship."

PRETTY STUFF!

Merchant of Vienna has succeeded in manufacturing spiders' threads into woven tissues. We cannot tell how our young ladies will like to wear dresses that are made out of spiders' threads. Even though the stuffs which are manufactured from them, are said to be "far superior to those of silk in beauty and delicacy of fabric," still we cannot for a moment believe that our elegant beauties will like to go to a ball in a *glacé de* Spiders, or will care about heightening their charms with a lovely *Tarlatane d'Araignées*. If the mere sight of a spider—if the mere knowledge of one being in the room—is more than sufficient to send any delicate-minded lady into hysterics, what, in wonder, we ask, will be the effect when she is asked to put on a dress that is confessedly made from the threads of those "nasty little creatures?" It is not a bit too much to say that it will fairly be the death of her.

We are sure this odious tyrannical fashion (and we ardently hope that all English housemaids will be more vigorous than ever in sweeping away cobwebs this year) has been invented by some iron-nerved *marchande de modes*, who wishes to encourage her trade by making up these dresses, and taking very good care not to inform her customers of what sickening material they are made, until they are completely finished and sent home. There is no doubt the fashion will be a great boon to ladies'-maids in general, as no lady will think of keeping by her such a dress, when once she has been made acquainted with the secret of its manufacture. There is nothing wanting to complete the *mauvais ton* of these spiders' dresses, than to have ladies' shoes made of rats'-skins, and their gloves manufactured from the cuticles of little mice. All the horrors—all the objects of woman's fear—should be concentrated together—but we have written so much upon this disagreeable subject that we feel positively unwell, and must leave off to ring the bell for some burnt feathers, or else we are sure we shall faint. We have only sufficient strength left to gasp out the hope that Jenkins, our dear Jenkins, will, as he values his reputation, write something upon this hysterical theme. All our hopes are in Jenkins!

Admiralty Proverb (*for the use of young Lords*).—"You may take a Ship to the water, but you cannot make it swim."

THE BREAK-DOWN OF THE DERBY LOT. BY W. B.

(*Late Whipper-in, and now ready for any job about the Carlton Stables*).

It was in the Carlton Stables
As I was bred and trained;
At fust I served my time as vip,
And at nuffin never craned,
And ven the 'untin season
Was over for the year,
I took my turn at Jockeyin',
To sarve my Guv'nor dear.

Me and my mates we made our books,
At any hodds we got on;
On our own lot for the Derby
Didn't we just put the pot on!
For we 'd 'ands as 'ad no ekal
At patchin' hup a screw;
And for turnin' coats of man or 'oss
We knowed a dodge or two.

The fust 'oss in our stables—
Young Ben, it wos 'is name,
His blood it was Arabian,
Or hall as is the same;—
An uncommon lively goer,
Though his mouth was rayther 'ard;
And Young 'Arry Lennox rode him best
Of all boys in the yard.

Then we 'd a nag called Walpole,
A pleasant thing to ride;
But for Derby work, Lor' bless you,
He 'adn't it in 'is 'ide:
I always told the Guv'nor
He warn't an 'oss to trust—
And he warn't; for he showed nowheres
'Arter his starting bust.

Colonial wos a clumsy 'oss,
And 'evy in the 'and;
For performances prowincial
'E werry 'igh did stand:
They thought he 'd make good runnin',
Though they howned he wanted show;
But I always told our Guv'nor
The pace he couldn't go.

Then we 'd a black colt, Johnny,
From the well-known Belvoir Stud;
Some was uncommon sweet on 'im,
'Acos they knowed the blood;
But 'is legs they wasn't well set on,
And he warn't strong in the back—
Just the thing, though, for a lady,
Or a hout-an-hout Park 'ack.

And some upon the Stafford colt
The hodds did freely take,
A heasy-going nag he was,
Springy and no mistake.
As lively as a kitten,
In his gallops makin' play,
But when it comed to doin' vork,
I knowed he couldn't stay.

The hugliest 'oss of all the lot
Was Malmesbury by chalks,
He was lazy in his gallops,
And sulky in his walks;
An 'oss as on the British turf
Could never 'ave a chance;
I did 'ear talk as 'ow they said
He 'd been shipped hoff for France.

Well, our Derby lot was hentered,
And we laid our money free:
There was Brown and 'Arry Lennox,
And cute Old Mack, and me.
To make the other stables safe,
In course, it was our haim;
Blest if we stuck at trifles,
Bein' hup to hany game.

Both at the Corner and the Ring
We freely laid our blunt;
The race came hoff, the Derby lot
Got well away in front.
Young Ben made all the runnin',
(I always knowed he would,)
Waited on by Johnny Russell,
And artful Charley Wood.

Our other 'osses was dead beat
Before they reached the turn;
There was Walpole reg'larly pumped out,
Colonial far astern:
The Rutland colt and Malmesbury
Was both at their last kick;
Stafford tried every dodge he knew,
But could'nt do the trick.

I soon saw it was H-U-P,
Unless Young Ben could stand;
He still made gallant runnin',
Though not well 'eld in 'and,
Till they come to Budget-Corner,
Where the ground was soft and loose;
He went at it with uncommon pluck,
But it warn't no sort o' use.

Russell challeng'd him o' one side,
And Wood upon the other,
Neck and neck then for a minute
They were all in dust and smother:
Ben's jock tried whip and iron,
But it wasn't to be done;
And they passed the post afore him,
Nigher three lengths than one!

Well—I never did see nuffin
(I 've seen most things I may say)
Like the folks about our stables,
When it come to settlin' day:
We 'd took the 'hodds like Britons,
'Cos, in course, we rode to win;
Not thinkin', if so be we lost,
Where we wos to find the tin.

Well: in course, we did the best we could,
But we all was werry sad;
And some on us lewanted,
And some went to the bad:
And the nastiest thing about it
Was a parcel of new snobs,
As went blowin' of our dodges,
And little stable jobs.

And when they peached about us,
The Guv'nor, I must say,
He didn't stand by the stables
In a hupright, downright way.
Wouldn't give us no characters,
Nor swear through thick and thin;
We 'd tried to pull him out o' the 'ole,
And he let 'em put hus in.

So I lost my sitivation,
And my parkisites and all,
And to look out for another
It ain't no use at all.
If it wern't that as a vip I gets
A hodd job now and then,
I might starve about the yard, I might,
Like hother "good, safe" men.

So if you 'll stand a pot, master,
It 's thankful I should be;
I little thought 'twould ever come
To this, with W. B.
I've seed the day I 'd turn my nose
Hup at less than 'arf-a-crown,
But that was in old times, afore
Our Derby lot broke down.

THE MORNING AFTER THE DERBY.

First Gent. "WELL, NED, HOW DID WE GET HOME LAST NIGHT?"
Second Gent. "OH, I DON'T KNOW! DIDN'T I GO HOME WITH YOU?"

LIVE LEGGED TABLES.

HEY! The world goes on improving,
Really, at an awful rate;
Now we've got to Table moving:
Quite absurd it seems to state.

People sitting round a table,
Hands conjoined upon it lay,
Presently, unless they fable,
It begins to spin away.

If mesmeric power is in you,
And sufficient force of will,
You can cause it to continue,
Disconnected, spinning still.

Am I sleeping, am I waking?
In my boots or in my bed?
Walking on my heels, or making
Progress with inverted head?

All discoveries this surpasses,
Which of marvel are a theme,
None will now remark, but asses,
"Wonderful invention, Steam!"

What will't lead to that's a question
To be ponder'd on—because
It concerneth our digestion,
Which must rather give us pause.

At our dinner whilst we're sitting,
With vitality imbued,
Suddenly the board may, flitting,
Walk away with all our food.

Heedless of our prayer to tarry,
It may start, defying chase,
Out of window fly, and carry
Our provisions into space!

THE GROCERY GRIEVANCE AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE grocers have been meeting in great force on the subject of their alleged wrongs, and are so indignant about what the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER intends to do with tea, that they threaten to make "tea and turn out" their watchword against the Government. Somebody having spoken of "raisins," there was a general recommendation that they should deal with nothing but tea, and keep tea separate from everything else: a resolution which we hope may be carried into effect, for "tea, separate from everything else," is a luxury we have never been accustomed to. We cannot believe that any body of grocers can keep tea distinct from all the various articles that go to turn eight ounces of sloe leaves, two of birch broom, and about six of half dirt, half Congou, into a pound of Twankay. When the tea trade moves against the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER he must be prepared to meet the rod, for a body of tea-dealers, holding so much birch in their hands, must always be formidable to a Government.

One of those present at the meeting objected to the payment of duty on the lead and wood in which tea is packed, and he asked indignantly what on earth could have put it—meaning the lead or the wood, or both—into the head of MR. GLADSTONE? It is rather too much of a good thing to find such a love of justice and fair dealing arising in a class who have, hitherto, written honesty in sand—and such sand as they have charged at the rate of fivepence a pound under the saccharine *soubriquet* of sugar. It is somewhat too late for them to talk of keeping tea separate when, for years, they have been in the habit of mingling the small genuine leaf of China with the foliage of our native hedges, and our British cabbage grounds.

Imperial Wonder.

STRANGE! I must govern with an iron rod,
Elected notwithstanding I have been
By Universal Suffrage. Very odd!
I can't get on without the Guillotine!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE EDITOR OF PUNCH *presents his compliments to* LADY ELIZABETH BOUNCE, *and is extremely sorry he cannot possibly oblige her Ladyship with the "Orders for ten," which she has been kind enough to write for "any day next week" for the Royal Academy, as it has never been the custom of the Press* (MR. P. *regrets to state*) *to write Orders for that "most amusing Exhibition."*

ADMIRALTY PITCH AND TAR.

THERE is a particular quality about Admiralty Pitch and Tar that does not defile. Touch most Pitch—dabble in most Tar, and you cannot help coming out a little dirtier from the process. But Admiralty Lords have something so pure about their persons that no dirt, no stain, nothing defiling, will cling to them. Somehow, the more they are smeared over, the cleaner they look afterwards. It is like cleaning spoons; it only dirties them for the moment. Give them a good rubbing—and they have had rubbing enough lately—and you will see they will shine with a higher aristocratic polish than ever. Look at the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND. His stars, and garters, and coronet, were all over pitch and tar. He was up to his neck in it; and yet is he any the less clean, the less bright for it, now? Does he shine with less ducal radiance than before? Has not the Admiralty Pitch and Tar only been so much rose-water (it wouldn't be a bad name, by the bye, for the Lords of the Admiralty to call them ROSE-WATER TARS!) sprinkled over him? What would have defiled any one else, has been a bower of fragrance, a fountain of perfume to him! In fact could not MR. DELCROIX, or BREIDENBACH start a new perfume? He might call it "*Le Bouquet de Tar*," or *l'Extrait de Mille Fleurs de Pitch*." No Government officer's handkerchief, no First, Second, or Third Lord's dressing-case would, we are confident, be without it.

Untaxed Successions.

WHILE the Government was about imposing a new tax on Successions, it might have recollected that there will be a Succession to the Registrarship of the Canterbury Prerogative Court, and have taxed that abominable sinecure. It might also have taken a pretty per centage out of the succession to monstrous episcopal incomes, super-opulent stalls and rectories, and all other lumps of ecclesiastical fat, which are at present bolted entire by gaping pluralists.

THE BRIGADE'S BLUNDERBUSS.

SOME of our own regiments are armed with the new Minié rifle; in others old Brown Bess still reigns as the queen of weapons; whilst the arm on which the Irish Brigade relies may be said to be the Pope-gun.

TOAST FOR REFORM BILL ANNIVERSARY.—Every Borough its own Monger.

... both in the Country of Middlesex, Printers, at their ...

First Swell. "WHAT AN ASTONISHING COAT, GUS!"

Second Do. "YA-AS! YOU SEE ALL THE SNOBS DWESS SO INFERN'LY LOUD—THAT FWED AND I THOUGHT WE WOULD COME DOWN VEWY QUIET!"

FLOWERS OF PROMISE.

AN orchard in bloom in the sunny spring
To me is a wondrous lovely thing;
The silver cherry, and creamy pear,
And the pure white plum look passing fair;
But fairest of all is the apple, o'erspread
With its ladylike blossoms of white and red.
With strange delight on the scene I dwell,
It breathes a soft and dreamy spell;
Such magic as the Past can raise;
It conjures up my early days,
When I learned to read in Nature's book;
And oft was wont, with earnest look,
On the flowery trees to stand and muse,
Whilst rapture would my eyes suffuse,
And I cried as the bright thought flashed on me,
"What a jolly lot of fruit there 'll be!"

Campaigning at Chobham.

SOLDIERING, as about to be practised in the "Camp at Chobham," appears likely to be not at all dry work. The journals have announced that

"Indeed, the locality is altogether damp, so much so, that an order has been issued by the Commander-in-Chief, granting permission for the troops to sleep on palliasses instead of upon the ground as usual."

The military experience of the Chobham Camp will, at this rate, probably include actual service in the face of the enemy; as the forces will doubtless be attacked by Rheumatism.

French Literature.

LAMARTINE has already written one "Restoration"—the Restoration of the Bourbons. Let him now employ his pen (that pen which, remembering the noble things it has written, must have been made out of a quill dropt from one of the wings of Liberty) in writing another Restoration, that of the BONAPARTES—THE RESTORATION OF THE GUILLOTINE!

OUR HONEYMOON.

MONDAY, MAY 20, 18—.

ELEVEN days longer, and then—home!

I never thought to count them, but a letter from the Cottage—after all, I can't abide to call it the *Flitch*, and so I told FRED at breakfast, when in his *own odd way*, he advised me to change it for *Beans-and-Bacon Lodge*, which I certainly shall *not* do—a letter *does* make me anxious. SUSANNAH's gone—married herself off at a day's notice—and dear Mamma advises me, if possible, to bring up a nice, innocent, country servant with us.

"A delightful idea," said FRED, when I'd foolishly read as much to him. "Blushing, budding innocence; fresh as a Covent Garden bough-pot. If you like, my love,"—he said, with all the ease imaginable, "I'll beat up the farm-houses."

"You 're very good, FRED"—said I, a little nettled. "Very good. Perhaps, MISS BLISS might be able to"—

"How lucky! How *very* lucky," and he clapped his hands so delighted, that it actually brought the blood into my face. "If you hadn't named her, I should have quite forgotten"—

"Forgotten what?"

"Why, the lines. Can't get any lines here. So I've sent to London, and if they've not come down, why—the fact is, as you will allow, my dear LOTTY, we can't quit our quarters to-day."

"And why not?" I asked with my best astonishment. "And what, I should like to know, have fishing-lines to do with the matter?"

"Everything, my darling. You remember that you cut MISS BLISS's line?"

"It mayn't be very much to speak of,"—said I, getting a little warm—"but I should think I did;" and I felt as if I could have cut it twenty times over.

"Very well. Having destroyed the young lady's property, it is nothing more than merest honesty to make it good again. I have written to town, and if it 's sent, we 'll step over to Beanblossoms, and you—my love—as the offender"—

"What do you mean by offender, SIR?"

"My dear!" cried FREDERICK, jumping from his chair and seizing hold of my hand. His looks quite alarmed me.

"What 's the matter, FREDERICK?"

He never answered; but with a serious, sad eye looked closely in my face—then drew his head a little back, taking another long look. Then he put his fingers on my pulse, and taking out his watch, shook his head, and sighed. I felt quite terrified.

"Dearest FRED—I do feel ill—but no—it can't be—it isn't—you know what I mean—it isn't the gypsies?" (I couldn't say small-pox; it would have choked me.)

"CHARLOTTE, my own wedded CHARLOTTE," said FREDERICK, and so solemnly that the words froze me—"CHARLOTTE, my beloved, show me your tongue."

"FREDERICK!"

"The crisis may be very serious"—he said, with the same dark face—"very serious. Still, nerve yourself for the occasion, and—show me your tongue."

I knew he always knew something of medicine—indeed, what is there that he doesn't know something of?—and so, with an odd feeling of unwillingness and I—I don't know what—I *did* show him my tongue.

"Well, I'm very much relieved," said he. "I thought, from the fatal symptoms that your tongue—and it looks in perfect health, my dear"—what a load flew from my heart!—"that your tongue had suddenly become as black as a parrot's."

"Black!" said I.

"Black," said FRED. "The symptoms, my dear; the symptoms," and he shook his head.

"What symptoms, FRED? *Do* tell me, there's a love; what were they?"

"Symptoms of ague. Didn't you shiver—from your heart up to your mouth?"—

"When?" I cried.

"Just now; a minute since. The heart-ague? And the very first symptom, the cold shiver that from your heart to your lips, and so out, shivered icily upon the husband of your bosom the cold, cold word, *Sir!*"

I did feel ashamed; and just to hide my confusion I threw my arms about his neck and hid my face. And then—and then—he declared that, although the symptoms had seemed suspicious, I had no ague at all: *not a bit.*

At this minute—and that girl is always running to and fro when she's not wanted—JOSEPHINE brings in a little parcel. It *is* the fishing-lines. Finding this, I send her away directly.

"Well, then," said I, managing to get the words out, "I'll stay and pack two or three matters, while you ride over to MISS BLISS with the—the lines."

"There's a good girl!" said FRED; and I felt quite faint with his praise. "But on second thoughts, I'll send them. And I tell you what—I shall be busy for a few minutes, and 'twill come better from you—write a little note to MISS BLISS, to accompany the present."

"With pleasure, FRED!" said I; and in a minute I was seated alone at my task. After biting and biting my pen, and spoiling two or three sheets of paper, I wrote this letter:—"MRS. —— *presents her very best compliments to* MISS BLISS, *and entreats to be allowed to beg her acceptance of the accompanying lines as some small, though ineffectual, reparation for the damage unwittingly committed by* MRS. —— *on the line of* MISS BLISS. MRS. —— *further entreats to be allowed to hope that the future destiny of* MISS BLISS *may be intertwined where neither she, nor any* OTHER *may wish to sever it.*"

I was looking at it, considering if I could at all improve it, when FRED came back. Twitching the note from me, he ran his eye over it.

"Yes; that will do—very good. Quite a bee of a billet, honey and sting." The packet was made up, given into the charge of the landlady to be despatched, our luggage was all prepared, and at last we were to go.

At this moment comes in one of the men with a long face. The axle-tree of the phaeton had been found broken, and we could not leave until it was repaired.

"My dear"—said I in a whisper to FRED—"depend upon it this is all a scheme to make us stop and spend our money here."

"How about the gig?" said FRED with a determined look.

"Gig all right, Sir," said the man, as I believe taken by surprise.

"Put to the gig, then," said FRED. "JOSEPHINE and the luggage must go on by the coach. They'll be at Brighton before us, then:" and then in a low voice to me, "We shall be all the cosier, LOTTY, in the gig by ourselves. Shan't we?" And I pinched the nicest little *yes* in his arm in answer.

JOSEPHINE seemed rather to enjoy the arrangement; and I felt so happy that we were about to move at last. All that was wanted was the bill. The bill was brought, and FRED, taking the money from that big leather foreign looking pouch that he *would* bring—as if he were going to spend the Bank of England as poor dear Mamma said—settled the account.

"And now, FRED"—said I, "for the rest of the trip, I insist upon being treasurer. Why, what a lot of money you've squandered; and when so many things are still wanted at home. Now, my dear FREDERICK, you must not refuse me. I say, I must be money-keeper till we get safe home again."

"As you like, love," said FRED, in his dear good-natured way: "but 'twill only trouble you. The cares of housekeeping," and he was going to preach, but I put my hand to his mouth; and in another minute, up comes the waiter, and the gig is ready.

JOSEPHINE has her directions, and snug in the gig—with that spirit of a poney that ran away before, not that I was a bit afraid with FRED with me—we *do* at last drive off, and looking back I see through the dust the landlady still curtseying, and now we turn the corner, and I feel *so* happy.

"We've stayed a long while at that White Hart, FRED!" said I.

"How long? Six weeks?"—

"Now, FRED! I mean we might have seen more variety, not but what I've been as happy as"—

"As the gnats would let you. And after all, LOTTY, I've discovered that we fell among the wrong gypsies. Altogether made a mistake."—

"A mistake!"—

"Yes, they'd never got beyond measles; now the other tribe"—

"Don't be foolish, FRED," and although he declared I should throw him and myself out of the gig, I wouldn't let him speak—at least, not about the gypsies. Still I did thank goodness for our escape! What a calamity to have gone home with!

Well, we enjoyed the weather and the ride; and the time flew, and the evening approached, and we drew near to our destination. It was a day all to ourselves, without a single circumstance to cloud it. We arrived at our journey's end as the dusk was setting in. And I felt it had been the most economic day we had yet passed, for FREDERICK is extravagant—in fact, I'm afraid it's true what I've often heard dear Mamma say, that *all* men are extravagant—the most economic day; we had only stopped twice, dining upon next to nothing, and promising ourselves—that is, I promised for both—to make it up at supper.

We were shown to our apartments at the inn. "All the luggage, Sir," said the man bringing the things from the gig.

"FREDERICK," said I, "the pouch—the"—

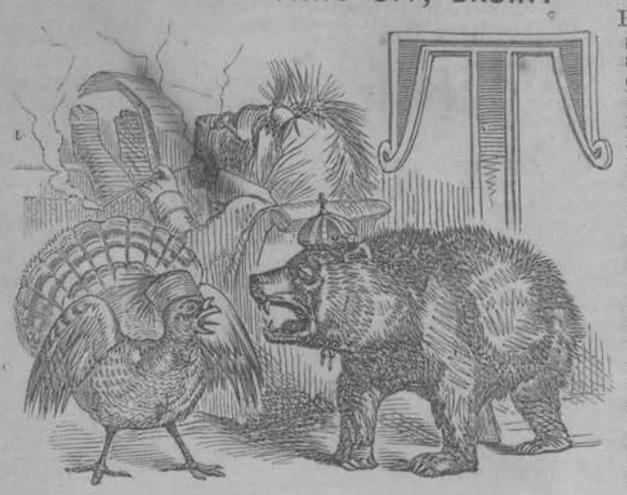
"A leather bag, Ma'am," said another servant, bringing it at the same moment into the room. I took the bag, and—I could have fainted. There was not a farthing in it. I felt myself turn very pale, and couldn't speak. FREDERICK took the bag from my hand; and at the bottom was worn a large ragged hole.

"Why, LOTTY, where did you stow this in the gig?" and he almost laughed.

"Why—I—I hung it as I thought at the side of the gig, and—and"—

"Yes, I see; just where the wheel has caught it, and going round and round has worked a hole clean through and—to conclude, we've marked our way with guineas!"

PAWS OFF, BRUIN!



THE British Lion has good cause to protest against the threatened disturbance of his peace by the absurd bickerings among some of the inferior animals. No sooner had the Gallic Cock ceased its discordant crow, than our friend, the Lion, is aroused from his dignified repose by the growl of the Great Russian Bear, which is responded to with considerable pluck by the irritated Turkey-cock. This spirited, but rather imbecile bird is threatened with that hug of protection from the Bear, which is always fatal to any *protégé* of the latter very awkward animal. The menaced bird has all the sympathies of the British Lion; but it would be lamentable that the noble animal in question should be roused into a warlike demonstration at the sound of poor dismembered Turkey's drumsticks.

We recommend the Bear to hug himself as comfortably as he likes, in his own security, but we would advise him to keep his paws off from Turkey, who, though incapable of the noble art of Self-defence, may find "troops of friends" when occasion requires. Should Turkey call upon this country, how are we to refuse the aid of our vast establishments, when there are so many establishments in London where a fine Bear is slaughtered every week with fearful facility? We have taught the Russian Bear to shed his dearest grease for our advantage; and though he may vaunt his triumph over the Pole, we would have him remember, that he occupies but a very ordinary position among the heads of our countrymen.

HOMŒOPATHIC SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE *Morning Post* gave, the other day, an account of a homœopathic *conversazione*, whereat, together with musical and other entertainments, amusement was provided to the visitors by means of a microscope. Our contemporary omits to add that the company were gratified by an opportunity of inspecting, through this instrument, an infinitesimal dose of medicine, which was thus rendered as palpable to sight as it can be to any other sense or perception. The *Post* also neglects to state that the active powers of infinitesimal doses were similarly demonstrated in exhibiting the destruction, by the billionth part of a grain of arsenic, of the parasite of a parasite of a lap-dog's flea; to the great diversion of the male spectators: though the death-struggles of the suffering animalcule were a rather painful exhibition to the ladies.

Spirit Mediums.

THE great medium of Spirits, in *Macbeth*, is a piece of gauze, behind which the witches and spirits rise; and in the *Corsican Brothers*, the great spirit medium is MR. CHARLES KEAN, before whom his brother's spirit, or his own spirit, or somebody else's spirit, is continually rising. In other Spirits, we do not know of any particular Medium, for they are generally either very good or very bad—better illustrations of which we cannot instance than real Eau-de-Vie and British Brandy.

PROPOSED MAGNETIC EXPEDITION TO THE NORTH POLE.

Under the Patronage of the Mesmeric Exclusive Circles.

SOMNAMBULISTS are very bold. They do things in their sleep which they would never have dreamt of doing in their waking moments. Since last we saw *Amina* walk the plank in the Opera, however, we have not known an instance of greater daring exhibited by a Somnambulist, than the following, addressed lately to the *Morning Post:* whether when the writer was asleep or awake, he does not say. The *Post* heads it "*Mesmeric Divination:*"—

"Sir,—Fully aware of the impartiality of your Journal, and of the encouragement which you extend to all who desire to avail themselves of the means your widely-circulated paper affords for the promulgation of useful ideas, I feel confident that you will accord to this letter a place in your columns.

"Up to the present moment, all the attempts made to find the whereabouts of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN have been fruitless, and his family and all interested in the fortune of himself and companions in danger are still left in painful doubt respecting their fate. Every possible means have been adopted—the experienced have been by times consulted. Everything has been tried, with the exception of a Clairvoyant possessing in a high degree magnetic lucidity.

"Thirteen years of my life have been devoted to Mesmerism, and my proofs of the fact of lucidity at a distance have been constant, having myself been the subject of experiments always successful. I am convinced that, by being identified with SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, I shall be enabled to afford valuable information to those who are now anxiously searching for him. In the prosecution of this object, I shall neither regard trouble nor fatigue. Actuated by disinterested motives alone, I am above criticism, and beyond the influence of prejudice. To arrive at the result so much desired would afford me the highest satisfaction, as I shall advance by another step the progress of science.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"16, *Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.* "ADOLPHE DIDIER."

Now this is indeed a most courageous offer. It beats any instance of bravery recorded of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. It beats, indeed, any conceivable act of heroism except one: that of fearlessly declaring to the British public, outright, at once, without preamble or equivocation, where SIR JOHN FRANKLIN is.

The reward of the valour exerted in a declaration so venturesome would be very great. Could a generous nation be too grateful to the seer who had proved the means of rescuing and liberating our brave navigator and his companions from the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice?"

All that MR. DIDIER would have to do—according to mesmeric authorities—would be to procure a specimen of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN'S handwriting, or a lock of his hair, or some other personal chattel or appurtenance of his, and thereby, having had himself mesmerised into the lucid state, communicate with the missing officer, and ascertain his whereabout. To take such little trouble for so great an object would be worth his while; if only for the sake of the pleasure which attends a benevolent act.

Perhaps MR. DIDIER'S letter in the *Post* was an intimation to the friends of SIR JOHN FRANKLIN that he wished to be furnished with the wherewithal to be placed in "rapport" with him. He means, may be, to say that on receipt of the requisite lock of hair, letter, or pocket-handkerchief, he will set out at once on his mesmerical Arctic voyage of discovery; and publish the results of his expedition as soon as he returns.

But MR. DIDIER is mistaken, in spite of his clairvoyance, in supposing that for the exploration which he proposes to undertake, no trial has been made "of a clairvoyant possessing in a high degree magnetic lucidity." DR. HADDOCK'S celebrated clairvoyante, "E.," went after SIR JOHN FRANKLIN several times, and found him; though she has not enabled anybody else to find him. MR. DIDIER may convince himself of this fact by shutting his eyes, and applying DR. GREGORY'S book upon animal magnetism, at page 410 and the following pages, to the nape of his neck, or whatever other part of his person than the regular organs of sight, he is in the habit of reading with.

If any expense is involved in fitting out the mesmeric expedition into which MR. DIDIER offers to resolve himself, and some difficulty should be occasioned by that circumstance, we are quite sure that, provided MR. DIDIER will, in the presence of competent witnesses, accurately describe what LORD BROUGHAM is about and where he is, at any particular time, in his Lordship's absence, the noble Lord will readily, in his zeal for science, verify the statement: on the strength whereof, the successful somnambulist may confidently appeal to public liberality.

MR. DIDIER is convinced that by being *identified* with SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, he will be enabled to afford valuable information to those who are looking for him. We should rather think so. But his conviction is too modest, it has reason to extend very considerably beyond that. If MR. DIDIER can be identified with SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, then SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, *alias* MR. ADOLPHE DIDIER, will be found at 16, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

THE PARLIAMENTARY BUSINESS PAPER.

(AS ENGLISH AND SCOTCH MEMBERS APPREHEND IT WILL BE IF SOMETHING IS NOT DONE WITH THESE IRISHMEN.)

No. 98. *Jovis 2° die Junii*, 1853.

ORDERS OF THE DAY for *Thursday, 2nd June*, 1853.

1. Irish Fisheries Bill.
2. Encumbered Estates (Ireland) Bill.
3. Fights and Ructions (Ireland) Bill.
4. Irish Bogs and Shillalaghs Bill.
5. Workhouses (Ireland) Bill. Committee.
6. Hibernian Harbours Bill. Committee.
7. Ireland's Eye and Hill of Howth Junction Bill.
8. Perjured Witnesses (Ireland) Bill.
9. Irish Elections and Riots Bill.
10. Exemption from Taxation (Ireland) Bill.
11. Orange and Ribbon Lodges (Ireland) Bill. Second Reading.
12. Irish Priests' Protection Bill. Committee.
13. Faction Fight Licences (Ireland) Bill.

NOTICES OF MOTIONS

At the Time of Private Business.

1. MR. LUCAS.—That all English and Scotch Bills be postponed until the Irish ones have been attended to.
2. MR. SCULLY.—That it be a standing order to the Speaker not to see any English or Scotch Member when an Irish one wants to speak.
3. MR. CONELLY.—That the reporters of the London papers be reprimanded at the bar, for not taking the Irish speeches *verbatim*.

Leave of Absence at Half-past Four.

All the Members, except those from Ireland, for the rest of the Session.

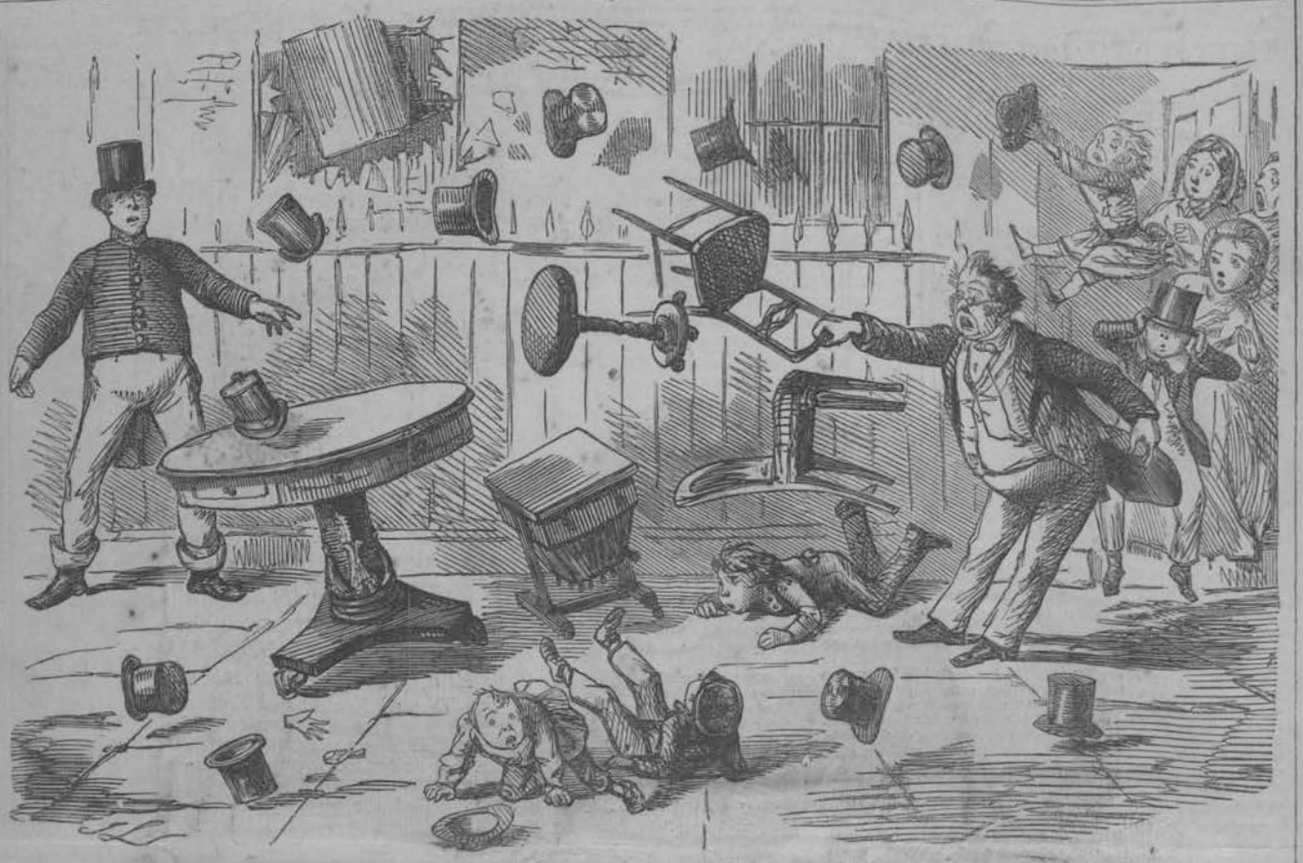
1. LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON.—Daguerreotype portraits of all the young ladies confined in Irish Nunneries.
2. COLONEL DUNNE.—Address for a Commission to inquire whether the Crystal Palace at Sydenham should not be moved to Killarney.
3. MR. FITZGERALD.—Select Committee to ascertain how many of the statues in the New Houses of Parliament may be advantageously removed, with a view to the substitution of effigies of BRIAN BORUME, ST. PATRICK, the IRISH GIANT, DARBY KELLY, TIM MOORE, BIDDY the Basket-woman, and other Irish celebrities.
4. SIR DENHAM NORREYS.—Address to HER MAJESTY, the Queen of Ireland, England, &c., that she will be graciously pleased to order, that at public ceremonials, theatrical entertainments, and other festivities, "*St. Patrick's Day in the Morning*" may be performed in lieu of the National Anthem.
5. MR. G. H. MOORE.—Bill to provide that the Crown Jewels shall be sold, and the proceeds applied to the enlargement of Maynooth College, and that Irish diamonds shall be substituted.
6. MR. ROCHE.—Bill to provide that the laws of the United Kingdom shall henceforth be printed in the Irish language only.
7. MR. FAGAN.—To move that in future the Irish Members shall sit upon the front rows of the Ministerial and Opposition benches; and that places in the Strangers' and Speakers' galleries shall by preference be given to any one applying with a brogue.

In Committee on the Income Tax.

8. MR. M'MAHON.—To move as an amendment, that whatever may be supposed due from Ireland shall be paid by her in the following manner:—viz., two-thirds by England; one-sixth by Scotland, and one-sixth by Wales, as heretofore.

[*And so on throughout the Session.*]

ONE (PERHAPS) IN TEN MILLION.—It is a strong matter of doubt where there can be found a man in the world who doesn't owe something to his Tailor.



SINGULAR BUT RATHER ALARMING EFFECT PRODUCED BY IMPRUDENTLY TRYING THE HAT AND TABLE-MOVING EXPERIMENT.

SIR JOHN KEY FOR STUMP-ORATOR!

THE sublime, which generally borders on the ridiculous, has hitherto been considered to be remote from it in the City of London; where the ridiculous was understood to reign alone, or to hold an empire divided only with the LORD MAYOR for the time being, GOG and MAGOG. But a flash of genius has illumined, as with a dying glory, the Corporation whose departure is at hand. Here is a blaze of civic eloquence!—At the late election for Chamberlain—as the papers report,

"Sir JOHN KEY, upon being called upon, came forward and said, that often as he had met the Livery within the walls of that hall, he had never done so with so much difficulty and pain as he did upon that occasion—with pain, because, in the spirit of the warrior who wept upon looking on his army that in a few short years such a number of noble men would be in the silent grave, so he felt pain on looking back and finding that so many coadjutors of early days had passed from the scenes of this world into another state of being."

Up goes SIR JOHN KEY like an eagle—but he immediately comes down again like another bird, which is in season at Michaelmas:—

"He regretted that statements should have appeared in the public papers, from the other side, very devoid of truth. MR. SCOTT had said, in one of his advertisements, that he was 'placed in a very painful position' [A voice—'Why does he not retire?']; that he 'comes forward as the champion of the City of London' (*laughter*), and that he would not have come forward if a stranger had not done so. The fact was, that MR. SCOTT was the tool of another person ('*Hear*' *and confusion*). SIR PETER LAURIE was that person (*Uproar and cries of* '*Shame!*')"

This is indeed a transition from Major Key to Minor Key; this drop from the contemplation of hereafter to SIR PETER LAURIE. It is as bold a plunge into the gulf of bathos as ever we had to notice; and it shows that, however distant the civic ridiculous may be from the sublime, the civic sublime is very close to the ridiculous. But why all this squabbling about a Chamberlainship which will probably soon be numbered with the dodo? The City of London, with the Commission impending over it, is falling out like the city of Jerusalem, with TITUS and his army before the walls; or rather, like a rookery whose greedy denizens are screaming at one another, whilst the timber merchant is marking the trees.

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS—AND TRUMPETS.

"DUMBARTON'S Drums" is denounced by a rather fanatical gentleman in "Waverley," as "a profane and persecuting tune," but what shall be said of Dumbarton's trumpets, after the following choice *morceau* from the *Dumbarton Herald*. Recording the ceremonies attending the arrival of the Judges at Inveray, the northern MRS. HARRIS remarks:—

"There were two trumpeters whose thrilling notes, in the stillness of this peaceful retreat, must have struck such terror into the hearts of the guilty prisoners, *if heard by them*, as must vividly recall to them the days of their former innocence, if any ray of the light of conscience were yet flickering within them."

Very fine, as becomes a virtuous writer; very cannie and cautious, as becomes a Scotchman. The splendid moral lesson read by the too-ter-rooey-tooey is duly noted, but there are three "ifs" between that reformatory flourish and its application. "If" the prisoners were guilty, "if" they heard the sound (rather important this), and "if" any ray of conscience, and so forth, the blast did its salutary work. If not, we suppose the trumpets were only as sillily blatant as the scribe of the *Dumbarton Herald*. Well, we knew that the Scotch used "three blasts of a horn in the market-place" for the discomfiture of civil debtors, but we never before heard of the trumpet being used by them for the reformation of criminal offenders. It must be a great blow at vice.

Well off for Soap.

THE late Ministers ought to thank the present Government for the repeal of the Soap Duty, since the dockyard disclosures show their hands to be in a state which ought to make them appreciate the benefit of that remission.

TRUTH AT THE TUILERIES.

My yoke on France does not quite easy sit;
The knife's required her neck to make it fit.

THE SEWERS' RATE.—A continual drain on the purse.

PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS; OR, THE OLD FRENCH GAME OF THE GUILLOTINE.

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

JUST now, when China seems about to be cracked in hot water, and the Russian bear seems to be disporting himself on the Turkey carpet to its serious detriment, we are glad that something very much out of the common is about to take place on the common at Chobham. Those myths of our boyhood, the Surrey Hills, are about to assume, at last, high ground in contemporary history. Chobham is to be converted into a vast camp, and all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," will be made the subjects of contract with EDGINGTON, the representative of a long line of marquees, BAKER AND SON, of Newgate Market, who could bring into the field innumerable barons—of beef—and GUNTER, the very genius of pastry-cooks. Everything is being done to enable the military to realise the idea of a regular campaign, and the undulation of the ground is loudly proclaimed as a proof that the soldiers are to be exposed to the ups and downs of actual service.

It is intended that the gallant fellows shall be exposed as far as possible to all the horrors of war, and there are to be occasional "night surprises," or hoaxes, by which "the camp" will be pulled out of bed at all sorts of unseasonable hours. Whether a system of false alarms is likely to make the soldiers ready at the time of actual danger is best known, perhaps, to wiser heads than ours; but we have heard of the cry of "Wolf" being raised so frequently "in fun," that when it came in earnest, those who had been repeatedly taken in by it were not forthcoming when their help was really required.

We shall watch the ensuing campaign at Chobham with intense interest; and we shall avail ourselves of the access promised by the omnibus proprietors, by taking the box seat at the seat of war, when the military commence their operations. We understand that some engineers will be engaged in destroying fortifications—after having first built them up—and that the process of raising up and knocking down again, will be carried on with all the vigour of a besieging army before an enemy. Unless it is actually intended that the combatants shall kill each other, we presume the weapons used will be of a harmless character; and we should recommend garden engines to the engineers, who by constantly playing upon an opposing force, would harass it rather effectually. If the soldiers are not to be made to stand fire, their courage may be tested by seeing how they can stand water; and in the absence of swan shot, a good ducking would be found an excellent substitute.

AN M.P. IN THE WITNESS BOX.

IN a cause which was tried yesterday before MR. JUSTICE PUNCH, a witness was called, who said his name was JOHN TOMPKINS, and that he was a Member of Parliament.

MR. JUSTICE PUNCH said that, considering the peculiar circumstances of this person's calling, and of the society in which he was accustomed to mix, he felt that he could not permit his evidence to be received, without ascertaining what his ideas were with respect to the obligation of veracity. He therefore inquired whether the witness recognised the duty, under all circumstances, of speaking the truth.

The Honourable Gentleman said he would not say that he did not consider that he was bound to be invariably exact in all his statements.

MR. JUSTICE PUNCH desired to know whether the witness was ever in the habit of making assertions in a Parliamentary sense, that is to say, at variance with fact?

The M.P. replied that they were true in the sense alluded to, namely, in a Parliamentary sense.

The learned Judge asked if the Honourable Gentleman would venture to make a statement, in the sense which he termed Parliamentary, on his oath?

MR. TOMPKINS was free to confess that he should not make a statement on oath in that sense, without some degree of hesitation.

MR. JUSTICE PUNCH inquired whether witness was aware of the consequences of swearing in a Parliamentary sense?

The witness gave an indistinct reply to the effect that he had some apprehension of going to another place.

His LORDSHIP said he was aware it was customary not to mention the House of Lords to ears polite in the House of Commons. He was not satisfied, therefore, with the witness's answer. The distinction between Parliamentary truth, and common veracity, was a most immoral, and improper one. The sense called Parliamentary by Hon. Gentlemen was the same thing as the sense called non-natural by the Puseyites; it was simply synonymous with falsehood. A man who would not speak the truth on so serious and solemn an occasion as that of transacting the business of his Sovereign and his country, was not to be expected to do so on any other. He must decline to hear the Hon. Gentleman's evidence; for, by his own admission, he was not to be believed on his oath.

THE END OF BRIBERY.

TUNE—"*Portugal.*"

My friends, with sorrow and with shame,
The circumstances I'll relate,
Before you, why, relief to claim,
I come in this degraded state.

With affluence I once was blest;
But wealth could not my pride content:
Ambition reigning in my breast,
I wished a seat in Parliament.

I therefore for a borough stood,
Which nearly all my substance cost;
And, notwithstanding, 't was no good,
For, after all, my seat was lost.

Upon my agents I relied;
And they in bribery did throw
My cash away on every side,
As husbandmen their seed do sow.

Their secret acts I will disclose,
Which they performed unknown to me;
And you, good people, I suppose,
Have never heard such roguery.

They hired a band of drunken knaves,
With banners to parade the town,
And armed with bludgeons, sticks, and staves,
To knock the other party down.

They paid them at a monstrous rate,
Besides their victuals and their beer;
And what they drank and what they ate,
You never would believe, I fear.

They charged I don't know what for flies,
To bring the voters to the poll,
Who scarce could see out of their eyes,
And could not walk, but only roll.

My money, too, they gave away,
In holes and corners close and sly,
Where, hidden from the light of day,
The voters base they lurked to buy.

And men with faces to the wall
Were bid to hold their hands behind,
And, how they did not know at all,
Gold in their palms did straightway find.

From windows and from curtains thrust
Were arms which sovereigns did bestow,
For which the rogues betray'd the trust
That voters to their country owe.

And now behold my fortune's spent,
And I have been unseated too,
Condemned unto that punishment
For bribery my agents through.

Take warning by this shocking sight,
Your charity the whilst you show,
Since now you see the shameful plight
That Bribery brings a Member to.

Two Things Looming in the Future.

THE Repeal of the Income Tax in seven years.

The gradual decrease of the Tea Duty until it becomes a shilling per pound.

These things, far distant though they be, are infinitely better, however, than the things hinted at by MR. DISRAELI as "looming in the future," who never would fix any date, or tell us when we might reasonably expect them.

DIPLOMACY.—The art of saying something when you have got nothing to say—as much as it is the art of saying nothing when you have really got something to say.

GREAT CITY RACE.—THE CHAMBERLAIN STAKES.

THIS interesting event has excited a remarkable sensation in civic circles, and betting has been going on during the week to an extent of which the timid West Enders can form no idea. On the Stock Exchange two hats to one were freely offered on SCOTT'S lot (both in beaver and gibus), and a Leviathan book-maker is said to have no fewer than eleven cod's-heads and oysters to match on KEY. Of course this is an exceptional state of things, and we should be sorry to think that it was likely to continue, for the betting mania has, we are informed, penetrated the counting-houses and warehouses of the City in the most distressing manner, and even stockbrokers' little boys are wagering half-sausages and penny Pickwicks on the great event. A trial over the course has taken place, and our artist, as will be seen above, has sketched the scene with a fidelity honourable alike to his powers as a painter, and his feelings as a sportsman; and, indeed, so vivid is the way in which he has depicted the affair, that we should not be surprised to learn that he had been as near the spot as most other sporting artists ever go to the races they delineate with annual accuracy. In the above the favourites, *Reputation* (KEY), and *Pluck* (SCOTT'S lot), are not shown, but the artist has seized the moment when GILLS, on *Cocklobster*, was thrown, but alighting on the softest part of his person (need we mention his head?), escaped unhurt. *Wheezy* is seen checking the ardour of *Turkeycock*, while *Turtle*, *Cochin China*, and *Cod's-head* are making play, the latter looking a little fishy. *Solan Goose*, ridden by TARTAN, is also shown, with *Michaelmas Goose* by DUSTMAN, and altogether we have great pleasure in presenting our subscribers with

SOMETHING LIKE A SPORTING PICTURE.

LANGUAGE THAT REALLY SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"THE *Times* says, and I'm ready to swear as I copy out the abominable words—

"'Was, or was not the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND the most inefficient of dignified nonentities, knowing nothing, learning nothing, and inquiring into nothing?'

"Now, by Jove, that is too bad! Mind you, *Punch*, I do not care whether the Duke is efficient, or not a deuced bit of it! It is a matter of the sublimest indifference to me whether he is really guilty, or not, of all the stupid things that are brought against him; but I do mean to say that language like the above should not, and must not be tolerated in gentlemanly society. All our mess has condemned it. It is uncommonly low, isn't it? Now, supposing the Duke was as black as the pitch he had the privilege of soiling his fingers with at the Admiralty; or even admitting that his conduct was fifty times more corrupt than a jar even of GOLDNER'S filthy preserves, still I maintain that the above is not the style of language that ought to be addressed to a British nobleman! I wish to know whether it is the proper sort of thing to say of a Duke—a Duke too who is alive, a Duke who has a ribbon, and a star and a garter, besides a magnificent house with a big lion on the top of it; and who, into the bargain, had a seat only in HER MAJESTY'S late Government?

"I wish to know whether it is the proper sort of thing to say of a Duke like that that he knows nothing, and has learned nothing, and won't trouble himself to inquire into nothing? I tell you what, I should like to come across that editor of the *Times;* I would very soon let him know something. The idea of his calling a Duke a dignified nonentity! I wouldn't associate with a man who held such vulgar language; I wouldn't belong to the same club with him; I'd have him expelled—and, I tell you what, if ever he asked me to give him a light from my cigar, I would blow the smoke in his face, on my honour I would. If a Duke is a dignified nonentity—and it's too bad to be called so without the slightest apology—I should like to know what we're coming to, and where we're going to? I hope there's no fear of a filthy revolution, for I have just given 200 guineas for a new horse.

"Just give the chap a rap or two, my dear *Punch*, and teach him to be more civil. I wouldn't give a fig for a man who didn't respect our aristocracy, that I wouldn't. It shows a want of good breeding. I call it deuced low. Isn't it, now, eh?

"Yours, my dear Fellow, preciously put out,

"ONE OF THE GUARDS.

"I say, this camp business promises to be a pretty bore, and in the Opera season, too! Egad! I think I shall sell out."

Safe on Both Sides.

OF all Government appointments, SIBTHORPE says he should like being Warden of the Cinque Ports best, as he should then have the option either to "Cinque, or Swim."

ELECTORAL VICE.

THE *Times* in reviewing DOD'S Electoral Facts says, "There is great virtue in a fact." That may be, generally speaking, but in reference to Electoral Facts, as recently disclosed, we should say, quite the reverse.

Extraordinary Delusion in a Clergyman.

WANTED by a Rector, who is a disciple of HAHNEMANN, a Curate, who will undertake the cure of souls by homœopathy—on a corresponding salary.

THE SPIRITS OF THE DEEP.—A Teetotaller taking gin-and-water as medicine.

THE BARREL ORGAN.—The vested interests of the Big Brewers appear to be defended by very WIRE-drawn arguments.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—A fast undergraduate does not deserve much credit—but he gets it.

BIG WIGS AND LITTLE WIGS.

It has been long ago "settled," as the lawyers say, that the wisdom is in the Wig; but it now "*semble*," as the lawyers also say, that the loyalty is likewise in the wig, as well as, perhaps, a number of other grand qualities we had no conception of. The following scene occurred the other day in the Court of Common Pleas, and we transfer it to our own columns with the remark, that it seems to have been expressly got up with a view to our own periodical. We know that there is not much doing in a professional point of view in Westminster Hall, and if some of the Courts amuse themselves now and then by turning themselves into voluntary contributors to the pages of *Punch*, we ought, perhaps, to thank our distinguished *collaborateurs* for their gratuitous—very gratuitous—services:—

"COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, WESTMINSTER, MAY 24.

"(*Sittings in Banco, Easter Term.*)

"THE BAR COSTUME.

"This being the QUEEN'S birthday, their Lordships entered the court in their scarlet robes and full-bottomed wigs. At the bar there were present in the front row SERJEANTS CHANNELL, MILLER, and THOMAS, in their ordinary bar dress. The two former gentlemen, on seeing their Lordships, immediately left the court to change their robes, MR. SERJEANT THOMAS remaining

"The CHIEF JUSTICE.—I am sorry I cannot call upon you, brother THOMAS, as you are not in proper costume.

"MR. SERJEANT THOMAS apologized to their Lordships, and said he had put on his full-bottomed wig, but hearing that the Judges in the Queen's Bench had on their bar wigs, and that the Queen's Counsel in the other courts appeared only in their bar wigs, he had taken his full-dress wig off again.

"The CHIEF JUSTICE was sorry that his brother THOMAS had not paid due respect to HER MAJESTY. His Lordship then called on the outer bar to move.

"SERJEANTS CHANNELL and MILLER, having returned in their full-dress robes, were then called upon to move. The bar having been gone through, the first cause in order for argument was called on, and MR. EDWIN JAMES, Q. C., was sent for, and appeared in a bar wig. On hearing from the bar what had occurred he immediately left the court, and the next case was called on. He shortly returned in his full-dress wig; but not attired in a court dress.

"The CHIEF JUSTICE.—I am sorry, MR. JAMES, you should not have had time to attire yourself properly.

"MR. JAMES begged to apologize to their Lordships. He meant no disrespect to the occasion, but he had found the leaders of the bar in the other courts not in full dress, and their Lordships in the Queen's Bench not in their full dress, and had been thus led into an unintentional breach of etiquette.

"The CHIEF JUSTICE was very sorry to hear that the leaders of the bar did not pay proper respect to HER MAJESTY'S birthday. It was the first time that such an omission had occurred in his experience. On the occasion when the LORD MAYOR visited Westminster Hall the Judges were in the habit of receiving them in full costume, and he did not see why any more respect should be shown to the LORD MAYOR than to HER MAJESTY.

"MR. JUSTICE MAULE said the observation of LORD KENYON on a similar occasion to a learned Serjeant who did not appear in proper costume might, perhaps, apply to the learned counsel—'His brother might be excused, for when he came to show cause he would be well dressed.'"

The reader cannot fail to remark the admirable sense of dignity with which SERJEANTS CHANNELL and MILLER scampered out of Court on catching a glimpse of the scarlet and full-bottomed glories of the Judges. "Brother THOMAS," however, persisting in his most indecent undress, was sorrowfully cut according to his cloth by the Chief Justice, who, rather mournfully than angrily, rebuked him for his improper costume. FRA TOMASO was not, however, wholly to blame, for he had, in the first instance, loyally enveloped his head in that ample mountain of horse-hair which, though in form resembling a hay-rick, is in spirit the forensic emblem of loyalty. When, however, the big-wigged brother discovered that the Judges of the Queen's Bench wore only their customary caxons, the FRA hurried back to the robing room and divested himself of that hoary pile of equestrian fibre, which, in the first burst of enthusiasm for the QUEEN, he had run his head into. Nevertheless, the unfortunate "Brother THOMAS" was doomed to a further "wigging" from the Chief Justice, who was "still sorry that Brother THOMAS"—alas! poor TOM!—"had not paid due respect to HER MAJESTY."

By this time SERJEANTS CHANNELL and MILLER had got themselves into a sufficiently loyal state by burying their brows in crinoline, and having taken their seats like a couple of miniature Mont Blancs, they were "called upon to move," and moved accordingly. This "moving" scene was scarcely over, when MR. EDWIN JAMES, Q. C. popped in in a bar wig; but, hearing what had occurred, popped out again. He, however, shortly returned with a head labouring under the several additional pounds of horse-hair required for the occasion; but the Chief Justice, having taken a survey of the learned leader's legs, missed that display of calf which was looked for as a proof of loyalty. The long and the short of it was that MR. JAMES wore long trousers instead of shorts on this imposing occasion, and the Chief Justice glanced at the disrespectful pantaloons with a grief quite inexpressible. MR. JAMES, however, had been quite alive to the intense significance of wigs and breeches; but, having looked to the Judges of the Queen's Bench to set the fashions, he had found those dignitaries "not in their full dress," and had thus, from following the judicial example, been "led into an unintentional breach of etiquette."

After the high authority we have for looking at the full bottom of the wig as the seat of loyalty, we ought, we suppose, to pay more than ordinary respect to that forensic horse-hair which commands so much attention in Westminster Hall, though it commands so much a pound—and nothing more—in the market.

A PLEASANT SMELL OF POWDER.

In connexion with the subject of national defences, it may be mentioned that some young gentlemen belonging to a "crack" regiment have raised a subscription in order to constitute a prize, to be offered for the invention of a Perfumed Gunpowder. The realisation of this desideratum will, it is considered, remove the principal objection to cartridges. Gun-cotton, impregnated with musk, is the nearest approach to the odoriferous explosive substance required that has been proposed as yet; but would, it is feared, prove overpowering to friend as well as to foe. A great boon, certainly, would be conferred on delicately organized officers by the discovery of a gunpowder, which, in exploding, would, at the same time, diffuse fragrance around, and scatter destruction afar; delighting those who fire it, and being offensive to none but the enemy.

THE NECESSITY OF MEDICINE.

One of the cheapest commodities in these times of cheapness is medical science. A great reduction has occurred in surgical ability; there has been a tremendous fall in pharmaceutical and obstetric skill. Witness the rate whereat those articles are appraised in the subjoined advertisement, which lately appeared in the *Lancet*:—

A SURGEON IN PRACTICE IN the Country is in want of a Gentleman to dispense, occasionally visit, and attend Midwifery. A comfortable home, with board, lodging, and washing, with the opportunity of seeing private and union practice will be considered equivalent to salary.

If the "Surgeon in Practice" had wanted a Gentleman's Gentleman, he would at least have tendered him some amount of wages, besides the victuals which, with lodging and washing, constitute all the remuneration which he offers to the Gentleman whom he desiderates. He could not have his boots cleaned on the terms on which he expects to get his prescriptions compounded: he would be unable to have his horse groomed for the consideration that he proposes to have his patients attended to.

It may be questioned whether this individual, in want of a gentleman, has any notion of that which he wants; but we can easily enough conceive that he has. We have little hesitation in expressing our belief that, appearances notwithstanding, he is quite a gentleman himself—a medical gentleman: that is, a poor one. His advertisement looks shabby, but so, probably, does his coat. He cannot afford to pay his assistant a stipend: neither, most likely, can he afford himself table-beer: and is, perhaps, obliged to live principally upon bacon. His ideas in regard to an assistant's salary may be beggarly enough: but the scale whereon his own services are remunerated may be equally miserable. For, observe, he is a Union Surgeon: and knowing how mean and wretched are the pittances allotted to the most part of Poor Law Medical Officers, we cannot wonder at one of that unfortunate body, worse paid, probably, than a footman himself, desiring to obtain an assistant for the hire of a knife-boy.

The Convenience of being Short-sighted.

There is a great convenience sometimes in being short-sighted. If you should happen to meet a creditor, or a friend who is rather "seedy," or a bore who is an untiring button-holder, you quietly pass on; and, when challenged with it afterwards, all you have to say is:—"My dear fellow, I'm extremely sorry; the fact is I did not see you, I'm so excessively short-sighted." We know a large man in the City who is always short-sighted directly he spies out a poor relation, and yet drop a bank-note at his feet, and you will see how very quickly he will pick it up.

DERIVATION OF THE CLASSICAL WORD "BOSH."

It is derived, evidently, from "Rubbish"—as thus: Rubbish—R'bbish—'bbish—'bush—(and so, gradually and imperceptibly,—BOSH!

Patriotic Disinterestedness.—The Irish members opposing the extension of the Income-Tax to Ireland.

NOTHING LIKE FORETHOUGHT.

Captain (to Brother Officer). "WHAT AM I ABOUT? I'LL TELL YOU, OLD BOY. THERE'S NO KNOWING WHAT MAY HAPPEN WHEN WE ARE ENCAMPED ON CHOBHAM COMMON, SO I AM LEARNING THE NOBLE ART OF MAKING OMELETTES, IN CASE ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO OUR CHEF!"

"BLESS US, AND (*IF YOU CAN*) SAVE US!"

THE French priests love to bless everything. No *fête*, or rejoicing, or grand ceremony, is complete unless a priest is brought in to bless something or other. One day it is a flag with *fleurs de lis*—the next it is a red—the day after a white one, and so on through all the colours of the political rainbow. One year blessings are poured, like wine, upon trees of liberty; the next the same fertilising shower descends upon the head of the Emperor. When they have nothing better to bless, they lay their hands upon steam-engines, or heads of cattle. Lately, however, there has not been much in the blessing line; and we were afraid the POPE, on his approaching visit, would have to quit Paris without leaving a single blessing behind him, excepting LOUIS NAPOLEON, and no true Frenchman would look upon him in the light of one. However, a grand institution has recently sprung up, and the POPE, of course, will be called upon to bless it. It is extremely lucky that PIUS will be just in time to bless the Guillotine! It might be made the pretext for the grandest *fêtes* the Emperor has yet given, and we have not the slightest doubt that it will. LOUIS NAPOLEON knows exactly how to take off the French people.

Prince Menschikoff's Ultimatum.

THE ultimatum of PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF has been boring every newspaper reader for the last fortnight. We only wish we could see it—so as to see the last of PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.—Being tossed for several days off the Cape.

THE SOLDIER SIBTHORPE.

THE gallant COLONEL SIBTHORPE has been recently in his element at the head of his army—the Militia of South Lincolnshire. The military chieftain who has no confidence in anything or anybody in the House of Commons, who hates the humbug of Opposition as heartily as he despises the "gammon" of Government, has at last found in the Lincolnshire Militia a "something" to rely upon. There has lately been a grand review of the regiment at Grantham, and SIBTHORPE has been playing the part of a Lincolnshire NAPOLEON with all the gusto of a GOMERSAL. In his address to the army, he may be said to have beaten BRUCE "all to fits," and put upon HENRY THE FIFTH'S spirited appeal a permanent extinguisher. Even SHAKSPERE becomes weak by the side of SIBTHORPE, as the following specimen—which we have wedded to immortal verse, and we care not who forbids the banns—will powerfully testify.

SIBTHORPE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

My gallant soldiers! brave Militia men!
Heroes of iron hearts and iron heels;
Where'er you set your heavy-highlowed feet
You stamp the print of freedom on the soil.
Now, by my troth, my spirits rise as high
As the fierce fountain in Trafalgar Square,
When the mad turncock, in eccentric mood,
Turns on, with superhuman might, the main.
My feather'd hat sits lightly on my brow;
My eager sword—like soda-water cork
Leaps forth—all too impatient to be drawn.
Now, all the youth of Lincoln are on fire;
The honest ploughman leaves his frock of smock,
And dons the flaming coat of scarlet hue.
His leather gaiters sternly he discards—
A rustic clown in martial pantaloons;
The pitchfork now he pitches far away,
And grasps the sword: the mild artificer,
Or dealer in tobacco, coffee, tea,
Now cries for canister, or talks of grape,
And the sloe poison he has sold for tea
Is now for deadlier gunpowder exchanged.'
My brave companions, soldiers, brothers, friends,
Who will refuse to march where SIBTHORPE leads?
What, though I traverse all our native fens
Up to our knees in marsh—our way a swamp:
Ourselves a sop, our stockings all in soak,
Our military costume sorely splashed—
What matters, so our honour be not stained?
The milk-sop is the only sop we scorn.
My gallant fellows! You shall have a band
Complete with squeaky fife and hollow drum,
Gaunt ophicleide, and horn with *extra* keys,
To blow and kindle up the martial flame,
Which, like a spark in tinder, smoulders deep
Beneath your coats, your waistcoats, and your shirts.
Ha! ha! I thank you for those grateful cheers—
They tell me that you all will do your duty,
That JONES will emulate the zeal of BROWN,
And JOHNSON catch a spark from the bright flame
That bursts from THOMSON'S honour-heated breast;
I know that SIMMONDS cannot coldly stand
While DIXON rushes on to glory's goal:
Your valour, like your dress, is uniform.
Hurrah for England and for England's QUEEN!
Hurrah for SIBTHORPE, Lincolnshire and Co.!
Hurrah for everything, and everybody!

[*Exit on a cock-horse, followed by the whole of the army.*

A New Letter-Box.

WE are glad that the authorities at St. Martin's-le-Grand have been giving the Provincial Letter-Carriers the privilege of carrying a new Box, (which, considering the hard work they have to do, and the little they receive for it, ought never to have been taken away from them) in the shape of a Christmas-Box. We only hope, for the sake of these poor, hard-worked, underpaid servants of the public, that this Box may always be as full as it can hold.

PEACEMAKERS IN SCARLET.—Of the two rival Peace Societies, that one which will endeavour to insure peace by providing for war will meet this year at Chobham.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF THE UNIVERSAL "FAVOURITE."

OUR HONEYMOON.

TUESDAY, MAY 21, 18—

I NEVER closed my eyes all night; or if I did—as I afterwards told FRED—I had better been awake, for I didn't feel refreshed but stunned. And to think that I should be so unfortunate; that I should have placed that odious bag—but I had a feeling that some evil would come of it—placed it where the wheel should wear a hole in it, and I don't know how many guineas—for I can't get the number out of FRED—lost in the highway! I couldn't get my thoughts off those guineas all night—the very night-light seemed to burn round like a guinea, as I lay awake, and almost in a fever, thinking what I should do, and watching it.

Well, men are the strangest creatures! There *is* no knowing 'em! There was I, ready to tear myself to bits with anxiety, quite, I may say, in a fever, and FRED asleep all the night as sound as any new-born baby! The truth never struck me so strongly, so forcibly, I may say, before; but—men *are* strange creatures. So much money out of pocket, and to go fast asleep!

And then, I thought—for I liked to consider the brightest side of things—I thought, perhaps, FRED went to sleep out of compliment to me; purely to spare my feelings. Yes—dear fellow! He wanted to convince me that he thought nothing of my carelessness—I mean of my misfortune—and so slept out of the purest kindness. I wished to think so; but then I know he is constitutionally careless, as Mamma says—thinking of money only as dirt, when, as Mamma also says, it's what people—that is, people who are anything at all—are made of!

I lay and saw the first bit of day-light—heard the first bird's chirrup; and then the thought flashed like an inspiration upon me. Yes—I would immediately get up. FRED would make no stir about the matter so late last night—was so determined upon that, that I could say nothing—but now, thought I, I'll be my own mistress.

Whereupon, I withdrew myself in the gentlest way from bed,—not, indeed,—and I *did* feel a pang at the thought—not that I need have taken so much trouble, FRED seeming almost perversely to sleep the sounder for my rising—still I *did* get up, and, walking on tip-toes, went into JOSEPHINE's room.

How *she* could sleep I couldn't understand; but there she was, I may say dead and buried in sleep, with no more thought of the lost money than of the last month's moon. But *that* is so like servants. I thought I should never wake her; and when I did, she jumped up, and opening her eyes and mouth was going to scream—as she afterwards told me—to scream "thieves and murder," as she was at that very minute, as in duty bound, dreaming of the lost property.

"If I didn't think, ma'am," said the girl, rubbing her eyes, "that you and I was in a field together, and guineas were growing for all the world like buttercups, and we was picking 'em by lapsfulls,"—and then she bustled out of bed.

In three words I told her what it was my intention to do; to go back some of the way at least—and search for the dropt money. Coming in so late and going out so early, there might be a chance; and I felt—though I said nothing—that the girl's dream of the growing guineas—(not that I'm superstitious, certainly *not*)—was very promising.

"But where's Master, Ma'am?" asked JOSEPHINE, in a solemn whisper.

"He's asleep," said I, with my finger at my lips.

"La!" said JOSEPHINE, "but you'll never go out without him?" I nodded yes. "Well, why not?" said the teasing creature—"why not? Ten to one, Ma'am, that he never wakes, and you may find the money and come back and slip into bed again, and him never the wiser."

It was not a time to rebuke her—so I let her talk, the more so, as the more she talked the more she hurried to dress herself. So I slipped back into my room and I listened—I crept back again to the bed-side—I looked between the bed-curtains—and positively, there was FREDERICK just as I left him—*fast asleep*. I really do think I never dressed myself so fast in all my days. It was not the work of five minutes and—*still* he *slept*. I wrapped myself well up, and I was stealing out of the room when I heard him wake. I paused—I crept back again to the bed and—no, he had never moved; he was still fast asleep. Suddenly wrapping my shawl tight about me—not that I felt hurt *much*,—though I couldn't help thinking that *I* shouldn't have slept so under the circumstances. Nevertheless, men—but, I thought, it's no matter.

I met JOSEPHINE in the passage. "La, Ma'am," said she, "if nobody should be up! And upon my word, I do think, they keep a big dog in the passage. If he should bite us—that is, if he should bark and wake master!"

"Silly creature! *I* saw no dog," said I; though I wasn't quite sure, and quite easy on the matter.

Fortunately, the cook or housemaid, or somebody of the sort, met us in the passage. "We're No. 10"—said JOSEPHINE with more presence of mind than I thought in her—"going to take an early walk." The woman stared at us as if we were ghosts, and without saying a word opened the door.

There was not a soul stirring. "You turned this way, Ma'am, I think?" said JOSEPHINE leading on, and I following rather wishing myself in bed again—for it blew chilly.

"You don't think it will rain, JOSEPHINE?" and I paused.

"Quite the contrary," said she, bustling on. "But if you please, Ma'am, we'd better make the best of our time and begin to look directly, for fear anybody should be afore us."

Although I knew it was absurd to expect to find anything so near the inn, still we went on, with our eyes searching every piece of ground, and so we went for more than half-an-hour, or an hour quite.

"When do you think the hole in the bag was worked by the wheel, Ma'am?" asked the stupid girl.

"How can I tell?" I cried almost out of patience.

"Because you know, Ma'am, if the hole was soon made—and the way the wheel turned round and round, rubbing the bag, the hole *must* have soon come—why, we ought to be at the other end of the journey for any luck, because the money must have been lost close to the White Hart. As you come along, Ma'am, you didn't hear anything drop?"

"You stupid creature"—for I began to be very vexed; began to think it a little silly leaving my warm bed.

"Very well, Ma'am; any way this is the road back, and now we're quite in the open country; and here, to be sure, in the fields are the buttercups; but I'm blessed if I see ever a guinea. The hole must have been made very early, Ma'am."

"I'm afraid so," I answered; for—it *was* chilly, and I thought of my warm bed.

"How many guineas did you lose, Ma'am?" asked JOSEPHINE.

"What's that to you?" for I was quite in a passion. "When you've picked up all that's lost I'll tell you, and then you can go back again to bed."

"Yes, Ma'am. Talking of bed, Ma'am, how would you have liked to have been born a skylark: up and out, and in the clouds there, singing away, with hardly a soul to listen to you. Here's a guinea, Ma'am!" she cried with a scream, and I ran forward. "No, it isn't, Ma'am, only a bit of yellow chaney."

And so we went on and on, and with every step I felt the folly of going further. At last I sat down on a felled tree by the road-side. "JOSEPHINE, I'm tired and a little hungry."

"That's just like me, Ma'am"—said JOSEPHINE. "I tell you what, Ma'am—should you—there's the smoke of a farm-house—should you like some rum-and-milk?"

"I'll return immediately," I cried and with determination; and a little ashamed of my goose-cap adventure, I turned back again. JOSEPHINE kept her path, running as hard as she could. After a little time, she came back, overtaking me.

"There's no rum-and-milk, Ma'am"—said the girl—"but I've picked such sweet water-cresses, and I'd brought some biscuits!"

I declare, I sat down and *did* enjoy those water-cresses and biscuits.

We got back to our inn about seven. If, now, I thought—if I can only get back, and FRED know nothing about it, what a tale to have against him!

Well, we went up stairs—I stole into my room, and—would anybody believe it?—*there*, just as I left him, was FRED *fast asleep*. It was plain enough anybody might have run away with me for what he'd have cared. Fast asleep. I looked at him for a minute, and really thought I should have cried. I *didn't*.

"There"—thought I to myself—"there, and *you* to know nothing about it."

"LOTTY, my love"—said FRED—"where, in the name of the holy state—where have you been?"

Well, I did feel glad he'd missed me. "Been!" cried I.

"Been"—said he—"why I've been a widower these four hours."

"Well, then, I've been—like a good wife, I hope, anxious for her husband's property—I've been to try to pick up some of those guineas?"

"What!" cried FRED.

"Some of those guineas we last night lost"—

"Guineas!" and FRED shouted so with laughter that the bed shook again—"Guineas, my darling! Halfpence! halfpence!"

THE POPE'S PRISONERS.

AMONG the Notices of Motion, the other day, we were astonished by the following:—

"MR. LUCAS.—In Committee of Supply on the Miscellaneous Estimates, No. 3, and in reference to vote 9, to call the attention of the House to the unequal and inadequate provision made for Catholic prisoners, both in the Government convict establishments, and in local prisons."

Really, our old friend—if he will allow us to call him such—improves. MR. LUCAS is becoming quite liberal. Here we find him actually recognising the existence of Catholic prisoners, imprisoned for something else than conscience sake; felony and larceny to wit. He does not even insinuate the supposition that these Catholic convicts are persecuted confessors; or, indeed, anything better than common rogues: if a Catholic rogue can be a common rogue as well as a Protestant one can: as is probable: for there is no reason to imagine that every rogue of the Catholic persuasion is an uncommon rogue. We rejoice that MR. LUCAS is aware that Catholic prisoners are to be found in such places as Government convict establishments, and in local prisons. Perhaps he may make sufficient progress in enlightenment to discover that there are also Catholic prisoners in prisons which neither belong to the Government nor to any municipality, but are institutions of a foreign power—namely, convents and monasteries.

The Art of Conversation.

FRENCHMEN are good talkers; Englishmen good listeners. It is rarely you meet with a Frenchman who can listen as well—or even, half as well—as he can talk. The two gifts may be combined in an Englishman, but in a Frenchman never. Your Frenchman may cease talking, he may allow you five minutes to have your say; but then do not flatter yourself he is listening to you, he is only thinking of what he shall say when you have finished.

BETWEEN THE ROPE AND THE KNIFE.

A POOR Italian, whose business condemns him to live at Rome, says they have not only the Austrian Rope, but also the French Guillotine. He declares "the former is a worthy *pendant* of the latter."

AN ANOMALY.—Sending a man back to his constituents for bribery and saying he was not returned.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.—To call a drunken groom a stable man.

THE MELBOURNE MAIL BAGS.

BY way of preserving the correspondence between this country and Australia it seems to be the practice of the Steam Packet Companies by whom the service (?) is performed, to keep the letters saturated in sea water—like so much beef in brine—during the voyage: the bags that arrived by the *Melbourne* were found on being opened to contain a quantity of soft pulpy matter, which was alleged to be the letters forwarded from England. This pulpy matter was of course quite incapable of being portioned out to any one to whom it might be supposed to have been addressed, and it therefore became the subject of a sort of scramble at the Melbourne post-office. Here and there a kind of attempt was made to trace a dim vision of legibility on something that was once an envelope; but by the time the supposed letter, after having been hung up to dry, had been folded and made ready for delivery, the slight traces of ink had vanished, and nobody could guess whom the missive could have been intended for. As it appears to be utterly hopeless to carry letters to Australia by steam, with the smallest prospect of their being readable on their arrival, we can only suggest the expediency of adopting some course to render written communication superfluous. Perhaps some individual could be found with powers of memory like those of the individual who could learn to repeat *verbatim* the contents of the *Times* newspaper with a double supplement, after two or three perusals, and if such a mnemonic agent could be met with, he might be employed to read all correspondence intended for the Melbourne mail bags, and to deliver the contents *vivâ voce* to the parties concerned on his arrival in the colony.

CÆREMONIUM IN ENCÆNIIS OXONIENSIBUS HABITUM.

The CHANCELLOR, VICE-CHANCELLOR, *Heads of Houses, Proctors, and other Dignitaries being in their places, the* REGIUS PROFESSOR OF CIVIL LAW *advances to the Members of Convocation, and, first having bowed, readeth the list of those that are to be called to the degree of Doctor of the Civil Law, in the best Latin that he can compass, as followeth, or to the like effect.* (*For those who understand no Latin, here followeth the English.*)

INCLYTISSIME Cancellarie!
Cancellarii tu Vicarie!
Vos facundi Professores!
Et Doctissimi Doctores!
Vos et Artium Magistri,
Tam dextri quam sinistri!
Placetne vobis, Domini,
Doctoris Legum nomini
Hujus nostræ Academiæ
Intromitti ritè et pie,
Hos quorum recito listum
Miro quodam modo mistum—
Nempe nobiles, ignobiles,
A Paribus usque ad snobiles;
Ex-Cabinettum totum;
Medicum quendam bene notum
Sollertiâ in insanos;
Essayistas Derbeianos;
Cultores, Admirales,
Causidicos, Generales,
Geologum, ex-Secretarios
(Excluso W. B.) varios;
BULWERUM novelistam
Sero (eheu!) Protectionistam,
Episcopum Ohionensem;
Et qui de mense in mensem
Nigro-silvæ urget pressum,
ALISONEM indefessum;
Necnon et per varias artes
Qui Protei tenet partes,
AYTONEM, seu poeta
Vult alloqui, sive rhetor,
Seu bellarum literarum
Professor harum-scarum;
Et (quod ultimus sit veniam
Peto) SAMUEL WARRENIUM—
Placetne vobis Domini,
Cuique "Doctor" addi nomini?

MY LORD CHANCELLOR, high and mighty,
And Mr. Vice and Doctors,
Grave Professors, I invite ye,
And venerable Proctors,—
And you, Masters of Arts,
On both sides of the Hall,
To pronounce, for your parts,
If all names, great and small,
Jumbled up on my scroll,
In your books you enroll,
With leave, shirts and socks on,
To write L.L.D., Oxon?—
The Ex-Cabinet in toto; [to,
FORBES WINSLOW, whom folks go
When their friends cut crazy capers;
Hacks of Derbyite newspapers;
Corn growers and stock-feeders;
Generals, Admirals, and Pleaders;
One Ex-Sec. (two of the three
Being A. S. and W. B.);
SIR E. B. L. B. LYTTON,
Too-late Protection-bitten;
The BISHOP OF OHIO;
And then a BLACKWOOD trio—
ALISON, whose monthly firing
Is untired as it is tiring;
AYTOUN, man of many parts,
That PROTEUS of the Arts,
Who knows all, or seems to know it,
Critic, advocate and poet,
Of established fames upsetter,
And Professor of *belle-lettres*;
And though last not least, we cram you will
With WARREN, surnamed SAMUEL.
Say, Lords, Heads, Masters, Proctors,
Will you have all these for Doctors?

The Convocation replieth—

Placet, placet, mirè placet,
Aut, si cuiquam minus, tacet.

"Yea," with one accord we call,
Both big-wigs and eke small,
For those who won't say "yea,"
say nothing at all.

The REGIUS PROFESSOR *then presenteth to the* CHANCELLOR *the Doctors, clad in their robes, one by one, describing the merits of each in a brief oration. As he leadeth forth the* EARL OF HARDWICKE *he saith—*

En adefero HARDWICKUM, olim Dominum a latere
Navarchum igni-voracem, promptum ad assault-et-battery:
Est Comes Cantabrigiæ; est Custos Rotularum;
Post-Magister erat olim, ita est homo litterarum.

Here, my masters, you 've LORD HARDWICK, Lord-in-waiting once they swore him,
He 's a captain in the Navy, a fire-eater on the sea;
Lord Lieutenant too of Cambridge, and a Justice of the Quorum,
And as Ex-Post-Master General, man of letters sure must be.

The EARL OF HARDWICKE *boweth and taketh his place among the Doctors. As he leadeth forth the* EARL OF EGLINTON, *he saith—*

En EGLINTONUM nuper Hiberniæ Vice Regem,
Riband æque ac Orange super manutenebat legem;
Tournamentum—ludi genus est obscurorum sæculorum—
Instauravit, et in omni fautor est præteritorum;
Quâ re dignus est ut inter nos Doctoris induat vestem,
Vetusta qui sectamur, nova exosi tanquam pestem.

Here is EGLINTON, the knightly, who so proudly and politely,
As Viceroy, late of Ireland, held drawing-room and levee;
A Tournament he once got up, which did not turn out so sprightly
As it might have done, because the rain came down extremely heavy.
Well he loves old ways, dark ages, and, in general, things gone down,
Wherefore Oxford hastes to greet him with an Oxford Doctor's gown.

The EARL OF EGLINTON *boweth and taketh his place among the Doctors. As he leadeth forth* LORD MALMESBURY, *he saith—*

En vobis adest, Dominus Ex-Minister MALMSBURIENSIS,
Minister causâ nominis, non linguæ, pennæ, ensis!
HARRIS est, erat HARRIS avus; hic similis est avo,
Quantum inscius sollerti esse potest, tardus gnavo.
Sæpe PRISCIANI caput, scribendo, conterebat;
Ad genua tyrannorum nos, agendo, provolvebat.
Se jactat, "Thesaurarium sedile quot incessimus
DERBEIANI, eminebam inter malos *ego* pessimus;"
"Docendo" quum "discendum sit,"—quod ait notus auctor—
Hic qui legum nihil didicit fiet optimus Legum Doctor.

Here 's MALMESBURY with lady and leanings fresh from Paris,
Who of the Foreign Office, under DERBY, held the reins,
Not put there for wit or works, but because the name of HARRIS
Once belonged to a diplomatist of more than average brains.
The name is still the same, but the brains they fled afar be:
Alike in law, and grammar, and policy unversed,
He may boast that of the right bad lot who sat with my LORD DERBY
On the Treasury Bench last year, he was certainly the worst.
'Tis said Doctors by their teaching oft their business puzzle out;
If this be so, a Doctor he should be, beyond a doubt.

The LORD MALMESBURY *taketh his seat cheerfully. As he leadeth forth* SIR JOHN PAKINGTON *and* MR. WALPOLE, *he saith—*

En nobile par fratrum! Hicce domi, iste foras
Rem agebat; id est, minas iste agebat, hicce moras.
Tu, Cancellarie, meditans e fumo dare lucem:
Hos milites elegisti, hi milites te ducem,
Quam fortiter ultra crepidam ivit uterque, gnarum:
Sit experientia doctus, Doctor Legum—vitandarum.

Lo! a precious brace of brothers! a Home-Sec. and Colonial;
One, with the style of head called "pig;" one, with no head at all;
When DERBY thought of getting light from smoke, the ceremonial
Was ill suited for such wits, if "wits" no wits 'tis fair to call.
Sure never were two cobblers went beyond their lasts more cheerfully;
Doctors of Laws they ought to be, for their own lacked mending fearfully.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON *and* MR. WALPOLE *take their seats. As he leadeth forth* MR. HENLEY *and* LORD STANLEY, *he saith—*

En HENLEIUM! En STANLEIUM! Hic eminens prosator;
Ille, filius pulchro patre, hercle, pulchrior orator;
DEMOSTHENES in herbâ, sed in ore retinens illos
Quos, antequam peroravit, Græcus respuit, lapillos.
Hunc quem tu, Genitor, talem instruxisti oratorem,
Habebis posthac Legum, tibi maxime, Doctorem.

HENLEY and STANLEY! one who never gets his prosing fit out,
The other his own father's son, born armed at point to speak;
A DEMOSTHENES that will be, though the Greek his pebbles spit out,
Whereas the heir of Knowsley keeps them rumbling in his cheek;
You made him, my LORD DERBY, an orator to be,
And the laws he 'll teach you in return, when he is LL.D.

As he leadeth forth MR. HAMILTON, *he saith—*

En adest Ex-Secretarius, eheu! unus—quum tres numero
Secretarii esse debent; quas partes dehinc sumero?
De his non verba facio—immo nihil nisi verba—
Lateant sub initialibus; sicut violæ sub herbâ.
W. B. non est inventus, purâ manu, corde puro—
Abest A. S. in presenti, erit Doct(i)or in futuro.

One Ex-Sec., and only one! Ah! where is each brave brother?
For A. S. and for W. B. its longing Oxford grieves.
But it may not be; I leave them, my feelings while I smother,
'Neath the veil of their initials, like violets 'neath the leaves.
'Tis not what you did grieves me, but found out like that to be!
A. S., deserves to be writ down A. S. S., not LL.D.

MR. HAMILTON *taketh his place, with a vacancy on either side of him. Here a flourish of shawms, sackbuts, psalteries, and other instruments of Jewish minstrelsy. He leadeth forth* MR. DISRAELI, *and saith in a confused manner, as if overcome by the splendour and the music that ushereth him in—*

Verum enimvero—nempe—quando quidem—Di boni!
Constringit oculos splendor, obtundunt aures soni—
En advenit DISRAELI, sophistarum archi-sophista!
Andabata, Acrobata, monopolylogista!
En Arabico-Caucasium mysterium mysteriorum!
En fictor, pictor, scriptor, actor, cultor linguæ florum!
Fabularum historiographus—historiæ fabulator!
Sui apud senatum salis et veneni venditator!
Qui juvenis adhuc omnes sibi prætulit colores,
Jam Tory inter Whiggos, jam Whiggus inter Tories;
Qui orsus HUMO præstitit se plus quam Radicalem;
Tunc PEELI adfectans partes, conservator-liberalem;
Post, ejusdem inimicus, obliquum meditans ictum;
Dehinc ad BENTINCKII signa se contulit invictum—
Quid mirum Doctor Legum si nominari cupit,
Qui leges novit omnes, omnes invicem perrupit?

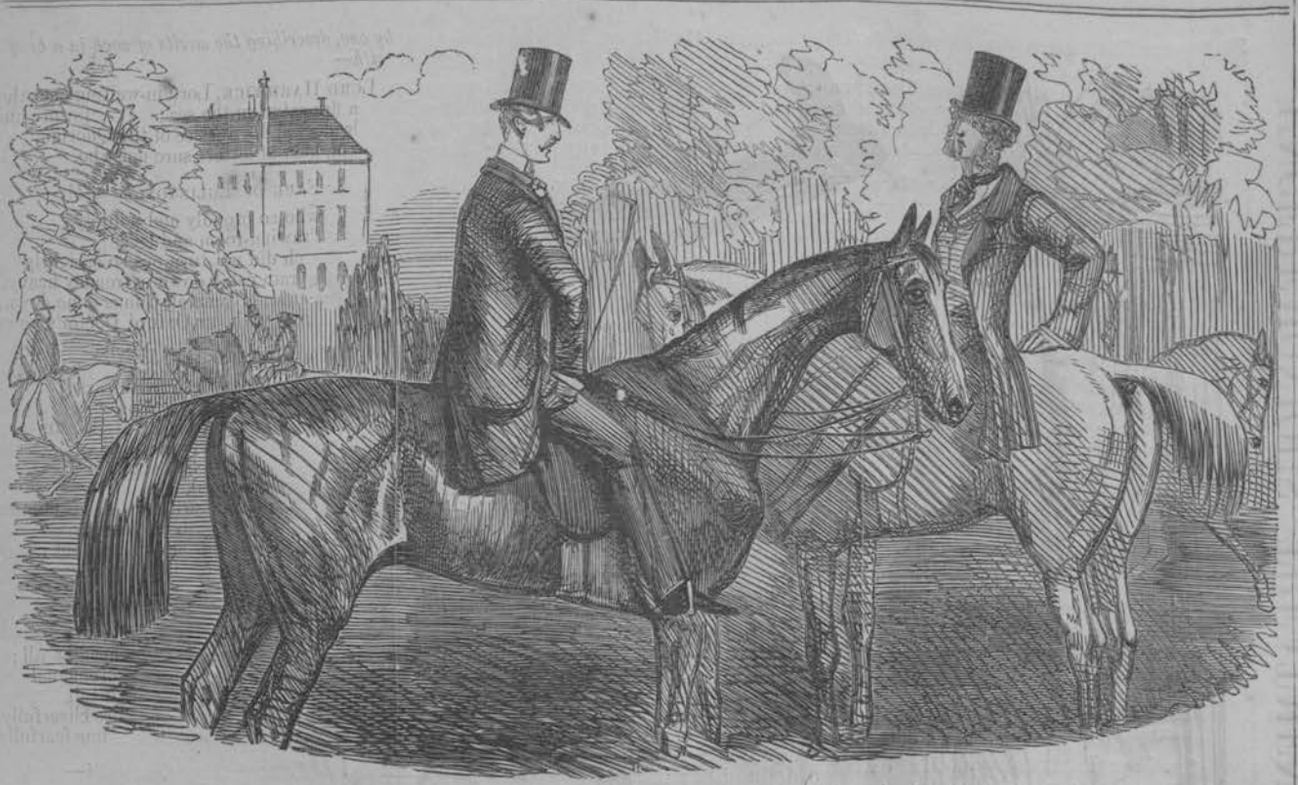
But—holloa! hoy! what!—I say! Oh, my! Oh, goodness gracious!
In my eyes there is a flashing, in my ears there is a rumbling:
'Tis DIZZY, the arch-sophist, the splendidly audacious
At ground and lofty vaulting, monopolylogue, or tumbling!—
The Arabico-Caucasian great mystery of mysteries;
The historian in romances, the romancer in his histories;
Daring cribber, desperate fibber, with hard names unsparing dubber, or
With praise just as unscrupulous a brazen-browed beslubberer;
Grower of flowers of speech, good for pleasure or for poison,
For a customer all markets through hawking the precious foison.
So fond of shifting colours that, from a boy, he wore his
Tory coat among the Whigs, and his Whig coat 'mong the Tories.
O'CONNELL was his godfather and HUME, when they baptised him
As something more than Radical; then PEEL recatechised him;
Till he turned again and tearing him, for Protection since hath spoken,
Doctor of Laws he well may be if he knows all he has broken.

MR. DISRAELI *takes his seat with an air of cold humility. He leadeth forth the writers* BULWER, ALISON, WARREN, AYTOUN AND COMPANY, *and saith—*

Quid post talem virum demoror? En scribblatorum agmen,
Qui pennas cauponantur, sicut tot Mancuniæ bagmen!
En BULWERUS! sicariorum, grassatorum celebrator;
ALISONUS! Nigro-silvæ mirificus calculator!
En AYTONUS!—balladorum scriptor idem et laudator;
En SAM-WARREN! "Decem Millium in Annum" sane amator—
Sed quorum decem millia non valent unum "*Tater*"—
Hos inclusimus cum balænis pisces parvulos in rete;
Doctores sint: probatum est! Vos plaudite et valete!

After this let me be brief. Of poor scribblers here a drove is,
Who win their hard subsistence at the bare point of the pen;
Such as BULWER, the laureate of highwaymen and swell covies,
And ALISON, who monthly proves that two and two make ten;
AYTOUN, sworn the ballad-singer's old gaberdine to put on all;
SAM WARREN, who "Ten Thousand a Year" will ne'er make more,
With a Bee in his bonnet and a Lily in his button-hole,—
We LL.D. such fellows, as they mark sheep, by the score;
There—they 're Doctored. Now be off, and sit down there, by the door!

He kicketh the scribblers into the lowest places, as beseemeth such folk. They sit proudly. SOLVUNTUR ENCÆNIA.



First Dandy, M.P. "PWOWOGATION TO BE LATE THIS YEAR ON ACCOUNT OF SOME COLONIAL BILLS, I HEAR."

Second Ditto. "BOTHER THE COLONIES! HAVEN'T WE DONE ENOUGH FOR 'EM THIS YEAR?—DIDN'T WEST AUSTRALIAN WIN THE DARBY?"

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH, with a brilliant staff of contributors who have distinguished themselves in the field of literature, will, from time to time, inspect the camp at Chobham.

The ordinary military authorities will give the more common-place directions that may be required for the guidance of the men constituting the camp: but, for the instruction of the numerous train of camp followers, &c., &c., FIELD-MARSHAL PUNCH places the annexed suggestions at the discretion of the community:

1. There will be a general Commissariat Department for the supply of the necessary provisions of those who follow the camp, and a detachment of the Shoe-black Brigade will be stationed at regular intervals.

2. The Baked Potatoe Company will be called out, and will be expected to pitch their cans according to the method laid down in the Regulations for Encampments, taking care that the steam pipe is perpendicularly placed, and that the hot potatoes are correctly covered.

3. Every can will be attended by three men, who will be told off for their several functions, as "salt men," "butter men," and "peelers of potatoes." More than this number will be prohibited, as only impeding each other.

4. For cooking provisions coals will be required; and the necessary coals will be ordered to be shot at a convenient distance from the encampment. On the signal being given, the coals will be raised and emptied over the heads of the persons employed in the service.

5. The number of sacks will be regulated by the number of those requiring cooked provisions, and the shooters of the coals will in their shooting aim at punctuality.

6. Shell practice will not be introduced till after the commencement of the oyster season.

7. Ball practice will be permitted at any of the adjacent skittle-grounds.

Further directions will be issued as occasion requires.

The Last Look.

WE do not know anything so painful, so full of sorrow and regret, so overflowing with unfathomable love, as the last look which an Alderman gives a haunch of venison, just before it is being carried away.

THE HAMPSTEAD HEATH MONOPOLIST.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH composed some verses upon the death of JAMES HOGG; amongst which are these lines:—

> "Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,
> Like London with its own black wreath,
> On which with thee, O CRABBE! forth looking,
> I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath."

Now, the transition from the "black wreath" of London to the "breezy heath" of Hampstead is salubrious. It is also at present easy; but it may very soon be impossible.

Hampstead Heath is in danger of being enclosed, and, instead of serving as a park for the London Public, of becoming a common for the private and particular grazing of SIR THOMAS WILSON.

This SIR THOMAS WILSON, who wants all the fodder on Hampstead Heath to himself, is, we understand, trying, for the fifth time, to get a Bill through the House of Lords, to enable him to enclose and build upon said Heath, reserved by his father's will as open country. For the fifth time! Perseverance worthy of a better cause. Stubborn persistency well becoming a creature that wants all the fodder of Hampstead Heath to its own jaw-bone.

What a singular instance of degeneracy is presented by this offspring of a public-spirited parent! It is quite interesting in a physiological point of view. It proves the converse of the "Theory of Development" as propounded in the "*Vestiges of Creation*." SIR THOMAS WILSON affords living evidence, that the progeny of a gentleman may have descended in the scale of being so low as to want to monopolize an entire pasture.

Ought not SIR THOMAS WILSON to be enclosed himself? Does he not deserve—having strayed from the paternal path—to be shut up in a pound, on a small allowance of hay, and no thistles?

The New Motive Power.

DIFFERENT opinions are entertained with regard to the nature of the force which operates in producing the phenomena of Table-Moving; and it may, perhaps, be said that the tables are turned by a power of attorney.

THE COURSE OF "EVENTS."—The Race Course.

UNCEREMONIOUS TREATMENT OF THE RUSSIAN ULTIMATUM.

June 11, 1853

A CHILD'S SUMMARY OF A LORD'S DEBATE.

MY LOVE,—A FEW nights since, the House of Lords did meet, and some of the Lords talked wise and kind things as to the poor slaves of Spain, in the Isles of the West. LORD CAR-LISLE told a brave thing done by a brave man from England, who did chase a ship in which a bad man from Spain bore off some poor slaves he had sto-len; and we were glad and proud to hear that the Eng-lish-man did seize the vile ship, and did make her chase two of her base com-pan-ions; and thus all three were caught. That Lord's kind sis-ter was there to hear him, and a good and fa-mous la-dy from A-me-ri-ca, who wrote a no-ble book to help the poor black slaves, and to shame those who wrong them. All this was right; and we were glad that the good la-dy from A-me-ri-ca saw that the Lords of Eng-land had pi-ty for the poor slaves. But next, to make her laugh, some more Lords did speak; and one of them, a sharp lit-tle Lord, called SUG-GY (is not that a fun-ny name?) flew in-to a great rage, when a friend told him to read a book, and some more Lords did laugh; so he ran out of the place in a fu-ry, like a bad lit-tle boy. Then his friend, one LORD DER-BY, did pre-tend to be an-gry, and did scold a qui-et Scotch Lord, whose name is A-BER-DEEN, and tell him he ought not to let his friends laugh, and make lit-tle SUG-GY so fu-ri-ous. The Scotch Lord said, that in that place all per-sons might laugh or cry just as they chose; and it was clear that he thought lit-tle SUG-GY a very sil-ly little fel-low to lose his temper so. Was not this fun, my love, to make the good la-dy from A-me-ri-ca laugh, for fear she should be too much de-light-ed with the wise and kind things she first heard; and will she not have a good tale to tell her friends in the New World, as to that sil-ly lit-tle SUG-GY? You are lit-tle, too, but you know bet-ter than to be so ri-di-cu-lous."

THE CABMEN'S FRIEND.

OH! tell me, INGLIS, tell me why
Thou didst, with such a constant will,
To burke that useful measure try—
Staunch FITZROY'S Hackney Carriage Bill?

In vain with wondering thought I search
How 'twas that Act incurred thy hate;
It had no lurking aim the Church
To sever, surely, from the State.

It mowed not, with reforming scythe,
At benefices over fat;
It did not cut at glebe or tythe,
Nor went to shave the shovel-hat.

A cab is not a bishop's coach,
That Cab Reform should fear inspire;
On prelates' fares 'twould ne'er encroach,
Not even on a DURHAM'S hire.

Oh no! so incorrect a view
Could never have possessed thy mind;
A cab no coachman drives in blue;
Blue footmen stand not cabs behind.

There is one circumstance alone
Which can explain thy course, I trow,
It is, that thou hast ever shown
A liking for the coach that 's slow.

Rogues' Exclusion.

IT is not much to be regretted that the Judges' Exclusion Bill has been lost. The object of any thinking legislator would be not so much to exclude Judges from the House of Commons, as persons on whose account Judges exist.

NATIVE TALENT.—Eating five dozen oysters.

THE NEW PHILHARMONIC PEOPLE.

THE extraordinary love of music that now actuates the British public must be peculiarly gratifying to the British Sovereign: because if, as SHAKSPEARE asserts, a deficiency of music in the soul implies an aptitude for treason, an excess of it, of course, argues an exuberance of loyalty. A liking for the Italian Opera, therefore, is by no means to be regarded as a symptom of perversion towards a foreign power: but, on the contrary, as an evidence of attachment to those principles which placed the House of Brunswick on the throne. We are now the most musical people in Europe, because—truism as it may be to say so—we are the most harmonious: and, this being the land of peace and order, it naturally attracts all the concord of the Continent. We make these remarks in consequence of something that we heard the other evening at the New Philharmonic Society. That is to say, they are suggested by the Fourth Concert of that truly constitutional Association: which we honoured with our presence. Of LINDPAINTNER'S *Widow of Nain*, which was produced on that occasion, we will only make an observation respecting one of its movements. It was performed on the same evening with MENDELSSOHN'S *First Walpurgis Night*, the *Jupiter Symphony* of MOZART, and the late MR. WEBER'S overture to *Der Freischütz*; and the movement we allude to consisted in its moving very worthily in such high society.

We owe it to a countryman, also, to commend MACFARREN'S overture to *Don Carlos*, as a piece of music, not incomparable, indeed, only because comparable to extremely good and sound beef, and forming a rich treat to those whose philharmonic appetite rejoices in a good cut, so to speak, off the British sirloin. We cannot indulge in the A B C of criticism, still less revel in its D E F G, in reference to those compositions; seeing that we should thereby introduce a passage which would constitute rather a species of *andante tedioso* than what you call an *allegro vivace*, and look for here. A word should be said respecting M. PRUDENT'S Fantasia, *La Chasse*, namely, that those who do such things must expect to incur, as he did, the trouble of having to do them over again; and we may add, that his fantasia was calculated to produce the impression that, notwithstanding his name and nation, he has really been out hunting. As to the singers, MISS BIRCH, MISS DOLBY, MR. REICHART, and MR. PISCHEK, we have to record that they gave themselves no airs, and us some that afforded us great satisfaction.

As this was LINDPAINTNER'S last appearance at these concerts for the present season, the assembly, after having lent him their ears during the greater part of the evening, gave him their hands at the end of it with equal liberality. He had evidently impressed them with an idea that he is a composer of genius, notwithstanding that he looks like a respectable somewhat elderly man; shaves: and is more remarkable for seeming to be upon good terms with those around him than with himself.

To the credit of the people forming the audience, be it mentioned, that, although the overture to *Der Freischütz* terminated the programme, the majority of them stayed to listen to it quietly, instead of rushing out, with noise and confusion, in an over anxiety to get away, and an ungovernable impatience for bottled stout and lobster.

Table-Moving at Epsom.

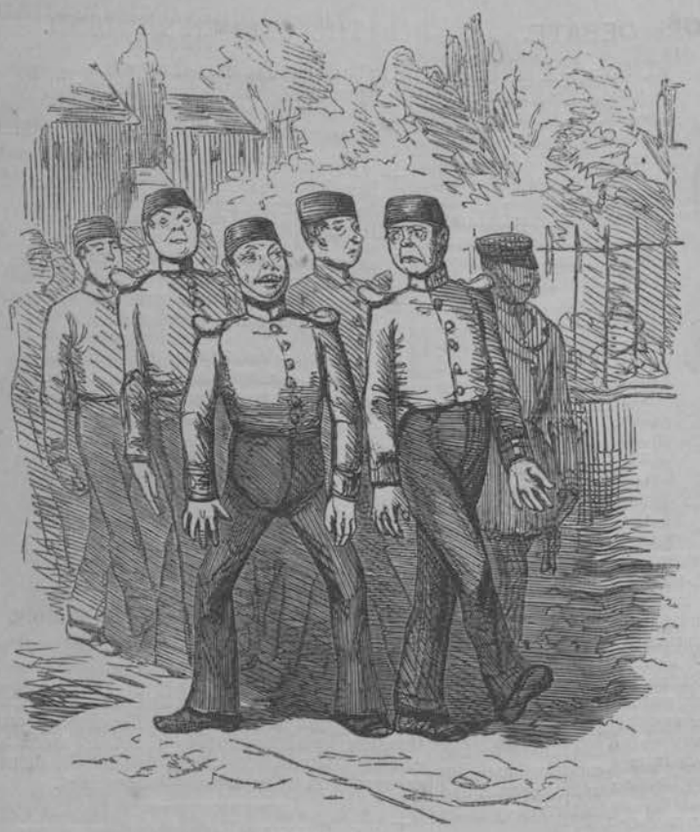
WE are enabled, on the best authority (our own) to state that several instances of Table-Moving occurred at Epsom on the Derby Day, which, from personal observation, we know to be authentic. A considerable number of tables were operated upon in our presence; and but a very few minutes sufficed in general to put them in motion. The tables in question were mostly those which were in use for thimble-rigging purposes: and speaking generally, we may say that they were kept upon the move continually, throughout the afternoon, the motive agent being in each case—a policeman.

Progress of Conversion.

THE gardener's hope bad weather often mocks,
GLADSTONE has been unlucky with his stocks.
The Three Pounds Ten Per Cents scarce grow at all,
The Two Pounds Ten come up extremely small;
But, as a reverend Doctor truly saith,
There's no Conversion where there isn't Faith.

THE REAL HEAVEN-BORN STATESMEN.

A REGULAR thick-and-thin supporter of LORD JOHN'S says it is downright folly to suppose that the Tories can be as clever as their natural opponents, for, if proof was wanting, there is the authority of the proverb alone which assures us that "the wisdom is in the Whig."



First Militia-man. "JIM, YOU BAIN'T IN STEP."
Second ditto. "BAIN'T I. WELL, CHANGE YOUR'N."

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED SPORTSMAN.

I'M tired of scarlet gown and hood,
Of audit ale and festal food,
I slumber in my Christ Church stall,
And I am sick of college thrall.
I wish I were, as I have been,
In the Stewards' Stand at Ascot green,
Levelling my glass down the T Y C,
For that is the life that is meet for me.

I hate to learn the ebb of time
From Christ Church steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark those reverend toadies crawl,
Whose victor thrust me to the wall.
The saddling-bell at Ascot rings,
In MANNING'S scales FRANK BUTLER swings;
These towers, although a king's they be,
Are not half so dear as that Stand to me.

Were I at home I at dawn would rise,
To view "the lots" gallop with eager eyes;
Startle the deer Windsor Forest through,
As I rode back to breakfast 'mid early dew.
Here I think how I "coached" them in Hustings deceit,
As my Tory Ex-Cabinet kneel at my feet,
Now they're all D. C. L.'s except "W. B."
But Ascot is lost for this year to me!

The Election Market.

WHEN MR. GEORGE SMYTHE was told that the little "Earthmen" (now exhibiting in Regent Street) lived, like rabbits, in burrows in their own native country, he exclaimed most piteously, "Well, I only wish England was like Africa—you'd be able to buy up a borough cheap then!"

THE TENTED FIELD.—The Camp at Chobham, with the tents pitched all over the plain, will be quite a Boothia Felix.

THE GREAT INDIAN DEBATE.

THE SPEAKER was about to take the chair, as usual, at four o'clock, when

AN IRISH MEMBER, objecting, complained that Irishmen should be compelled to submit to the tyranny of Saxon dials. He moved that Dublin time should be kept in the House, namely, about half-an-hour's difference from London time.

Another IRISH MEMBER moved, as amendment, that Cork time should be kept.

A third IRISH MEMBER was indignant, and demanded Tyrone time. This discussion, enlivened by a good deal of abuse disposed of the half-hour in question, and the Chair was taken.

SIR CHARLES WOOD rose to announce the Government intentions on the subject of Indian Government. India was, he said, the most interesting problem of the day. (*Hear, Hear.*)

AN IRISH MEMBER rose to order. No man should say that, while Ireland lay like a jewel on the bosom of the Atlantic. (*Hear, hear.*)

SIR C. WOOD proceeded to sketch the history of our conquest of India, the gradual extension of our empire, the character of the various races we had to govern, the present form of administration, and the plans proposed for its alteration. He was listened to in tolerable silence, except that whenever the word "superstition" was used, MR. LUCAS looked up savagely, as ready in case the speaker should be going to apply it otherwise than to India; and that at every repetition of the term "tyranny," MR. MOORE groaned deeply and significantly. SIR CHARLES having concluded, and the question being put,

MR. DUFFY said that they had heard a good deal about Juggernaut, but the state carriage of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND was the Irish Juggernaut Car, and his blood boiled to hear so much about a disquiet surf at Madras, when there were a million of disquiet serfs in Munster.

MR. CONELLY said that Irish bulls were much finer animals than Brahmin bulls, but he should not oppose the motion on that account.

MR. LUCAS said that Protestantism was the same in its persecuting nature, whether India or Ireland were its sphere of action. On SIR C. WOOD'S own showing, England had, with a strong hand, put down infanticide and the burning of widows. What right had the Protestant to refuse to the church of Brama its spiritual development? No more than it had to say that an Irish priest should not flog voters and instigate what were termed riots, but which were only Catholic developments. (*Cheers.*)

SIR DENHAM NORREYS said that there was another affinity between India and Ireland. India produced spring Rice, and Ireland produced LORD MONTEAGLE. (*Loud cheers.*)

LORD JOHN RUSSELL suggested that as Ireland had precedence on the paper for every other day in the month, they should now confine themselves to India, if only for a few hours.

COLONEL DUNNE complained that that was the way Irishmen were treated, if they ventured to point out the wrongs of their country. He himself had been rebuked by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for accidentally bursting into a loud laugh in the middle of one of the latter's speeches on Ireland. But that was another proof of the levity with which the English discussed Irish subjects.

MR. FITZGERALD had detected, beneath SIR C. WOOD'S assumed *bonhommie*, a series of studied insults to the venerable prelates of his, MR. FITZGERALD'S, church. When SIR CHARLES spoke of "abject slaves to domineering priests," the scene was in India, but the sneer was for Ireland.

Another IRISH MEMBER complained that Sir C. WOOD had said that the quantity of land irrigated in India was larger than the quantity cultivated in Ireland. This was a gratuitous insult, and if the fact were so, it was caused by the crime of the oppressors of Ireland.

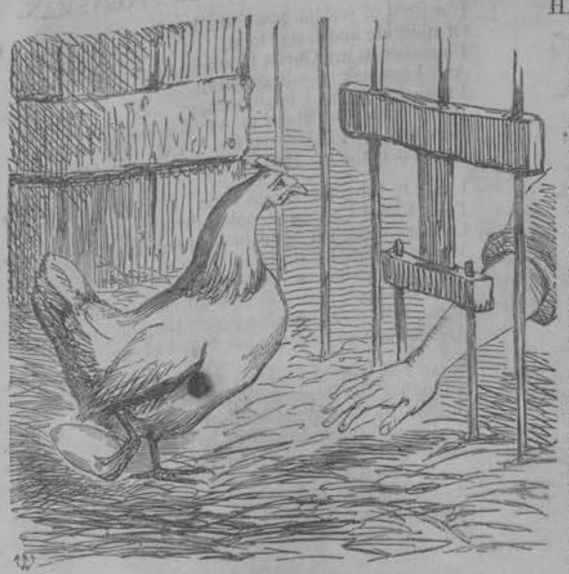
After considerable discussion, it was agreed that the bill should be postponed, in order that the House should proceed to inquire into the case of an Irish priest, at Ballymahowl, county Kilkenny, at whom it was alleged that a Protestant magistrate had made a face as he passed the reverend gentleman in the street; and this occupied the House until half-past three in the morning, the discussion being then adjourned, on Lord J. RUSSELL giving it precedence for the next day.

A Simple Question,

Addressed to the Table Movement Party.

SUPPOSING you have been operating on a stupid, refractory table for a couple of hours, and find that nothing will induce it to put one leg before another, do you think that the fact of a policeman being sent for, and requested to exercise his authority, would be sufficient to make the table "move on?"

CURIOUS STATISTICS.



HERE is the mistress of a Ladies' Boarding School, at Blackheath, who has 127 silver spoons and forks in her possession, and yet not two of them are alike, or have the same initials, or name, or crest upon them!

It has been calculated that there were 2582 head-aches, 556 sore throats, 1895 "rich aunts who were taken suddenly ill," and 177 "wives who were in a dangerous state in the country," on the morning after the last Derby.

There is, residing at Clerkenwell, a gentleman who is slightly freckled, and has got red hair, who has never been able to dance the polka yet. Every time he has asked a lady "if he might have the honour?" she has always been "very sorry, she was engaged!"

A medical student in a lodging house in Stamford Street rang the bell nineteen times, last Friday, before he could get the mustard.

It is stated, on confident authority, that an Irish M.P. will, as soon as the new law comes into operation, have to pay as much as three halfpence, at least, for Income-tax every quarter!

The sum of not less than £2,587 was given for a Cochin-China fowl last week. This is the largest sum given yet.

MR. JONES told his wife the other evening, after the company had left, that "he wouldn't be contradicted," and he said this no less than nineteen times consecutively; and MRS. JONES said each time "she didn't care *that* (the *that* being expressed by a snap of the fingers) for what he said—she should say exactly what she pleased."

THE WITCHES ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Solo. SIR TH—M—S W—L—S—N.

Chorus. HIS LEGAL ADVISERS.

AIR—"*Let's Have a Dance.*" *Music in* MACBETH.

I'LL build and plant on Hampstead Heath,
To gain more land by Daddy's death;
Four times I've tried this trick to do,
Having his wishes not in view;
And so I'll break my Father's Will,
By smuggling through the Lords a Bill,
While some new law 'bout trade or crime
Absorbs the Woolsack's thought and time—
Four times I hoped each pond and tree
Enclosed, enclosed, enclosed to see—
Yet thither the British Public comes,
And townsfolk, 'scaped from smoky slums.
Four times I sought, from fern and furze,
To bar the children, maids, and curs,
But now success I hope to meet,
And dance to the hisses at my feat:
At an indignant people's voice,
Whilst you may grumble, we'll rejoice,
And nimbly, nimbly dance with *nil*
To check us in my Father's Will.

The Beginning and the Ending.

A YOUNG man may be a very great swell when he enters the Guards, but, considering the very great expenses he is put to whilst belonging to that elegant drawing-room regiment, we can only say, that it is not always (as in the words of SHAKSPEARE) "ALL SWELL THAT ENDS SWELL."

A REWARD OF MERIT FOR DIZZY.—A Column in the *Morning Herald*.

A NUT FOR NABOBS.

To the Proprietors of East India Stock.

"THE retirement of MAJOR MULLIGATAWNY from the Canvass having enabled me to entertain the most sanguine expectations of success in the endeavour to obtain the honour of a Seat in your Directory, it is with great confidence that I redeem my pledge of proceeding to the Poll and entreating the Favour of your Suffrages for that important Office, which I most earnestly implore you to grant me. I can solemnly promise you that in the Discharge of my responsible duties, I shall, entirely disregarding all foreign considerations, devote my whole energies and attention to the promotion of your Domestic Interests, to the entire exclusion of any concern whatever for the separate welfare of native India. I shall at all times be ready to forward, to the extent of my ability, the views of any of your body who have relatives for whom they may wish to provide by appointments in our Indian Empire; and I promise you that no amount of incapacity on the part of the individual for whom the application may be made, will deter me from availing myself of an opportunity of exercising my patronage in his favour. It will be of course my endeavour, when no higher post is at my disposal, to obtain for the candidate the place of a Collector of Revenue, and if the duties of that situation shall prove too arduous for the amount of intellect with which he may be endowed, no effort on my part shall be wanting to procure him to be made a judge; so that, having to perform the comparatively easy task of administering the Laws, he may alike do justice to the public suitor, and to the private recommendation which has placed him on the Bench: as also to the discretion which, I trust, will accord to me a voice in the Direction of your Affairs.

"I have the honour to be, Ladies and Gentlemen,
"With sentiments of the most profound Veneration,
"Your most devoted, obedient, humble servant,
"TODDIE MC. CURRIE.

"*Oriental Club, June*, 1853. "*Lieut.-Col., &c., &c., &c.*"

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF NATURE.—Jumping from Winter to Summer without a *Spring*.

BLUNDER TO THE LAST.

MESSRS. MONSELL, KEOGH, and SADLEIR have resigned their places in the Government, on account of LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S speech on Irish Church affairs. That is,

LORD JOHN RUSSELL complained that the Catholic clergy claim a despotic power of influencing the actions of Catholic laymen;

So, in order to disprove this assertion,

The three ablest Catholic laymen suddenly render themselves useless to their country, because they are afraid of the wrath of their clergy being directed against friends of LORD JOHN RUSSELL. They lose place to prove his case.

Well, one cannot quarrel with an Irish martyr who dies with a bull in his mouth.

The Life of an Illustrated Paper.

AN American Illustrated Paper returns thanks to the different Railway Companies, saying, in its great candour, "We really don't know what we should do for illustrations, if it wasn't for the Railway Accidents."

PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF'S MESS.

THE state of affairs at Constantinople has been described as a pretty kettle of fish; but may be more correctly denominated a pretty dish of kiebobs: which is a Turkish broil.

CUTTING THE KNOT.

How to deal with bribery at elections seems to puzzle Legislators. Why not legalise it at once under the name of a Poll Tax?

MODEL SONS OF MARS.—If you want to officer your army with picked men, you might select swells from the Universities, that have been plucked.

AN UNFAILING OMNIBUS CHARACTERISTIC.—We never were in an omnibus yet, but some lady was sure to drop her money.

ON THE ROAD TO ASCOT.

FIRST COSTERMONGER. *"I SAY, BILL, RAYTHER NOBBY, AIN'T IT?"*
SECOND DITTO. *"H—M! GENT A-BLOWIN' OF HIS BACCA SPILES THE LOT."*

WE SWEAR! WE SWEAR!

THE Bill for the Alteration of Oaths has been thrown out by the Lords, and this great country must therefore continue its habit of swearing in the usual manner. Should any legislative enactment be attempted at any future time for the alteration of oaths, we hope that there will be some clause to effect an alteration in the dreadful oaths of cab-drivers, costermongers, cads, and other irregular affidavit-making members of the community. The practice of swearing-in is common with regard to persons appointed to offices, but the custom of cab-drivers in parting with a passenger who pays only the legal fare is to swear him out.

MAKING THE MOST OF AN OPPORTUNITY.

GIVE a Cabman the opportunity of calculating his fare, and you're pretty sure to find that he will make the most of it.

THE SPY SYSTEM.—Letting opera glasses out at the theatre.

THE EXPERIENCE OF A "CONSTANT READER."

THE following judgment upon the morning papers has been sent to us as the experience of a "Constant Reader," who assures us he has been in the habit of reading them now for he is afraid to mention how many years:—

The style of the *Post* and *Herald* (in politics) is generally *Laud-a-Tory*.

The style of the *Times*, *Chronicle*, and *Advertiser* is (with the same reservation) mostly *Condemn-a-Tory*.

HIGH ENTERTAINMENT.

THE most expensive theatre in London is that of St. Stephen's; for you pay more for a seat in that House than in any other, and stand a great chance of losing your place after all.

HOW TO RISE EARLY.—Live next door to a house where Cochin-China fowls are kept.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, in the Parish of St. Pancras, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 7, Church Row, Stoke Newington, both in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. [illegible]

"There, Sir—Master calls that old Cock, PERFECTION."
"Well, TUMMUS, *I don't Wonder at it."*

OUR HONEYMOON.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 18—.

IT was mountains' weight off my mind, that there were no guineas lost after all! I felt, I can't say, *how* I felt comforted! And then the thought *would* rise—though I tried with a *strong hand* to put it down—would rise of FRED's cruelty in keeping me all night in suspense! Of course, *he* could go to sleep; and could leave me to wear myself to death with anxiety. I'm sure if the bed had been turned to a bed of stinging-nettles, I couldn't have been more restless; and there was FRED at my elbow, for all the world as fast and as calm as the Monument. I thought it all his strength of mind; and two or three times shut my eyes tight, determined to have a strong mind, and go to sleep too; and then the guineas *would* come, like any flame, under my eyelids; and I'd wake with such a start that—and still lay FRED like any church. I could have cried.

And to think how I wore myself! How I tried to make out how much money was lost; and then how many things we might have bought with it! Bits of plate, and a hundred matters that we *must* have to be decent with. For I find it's wonderful, after a house is furnished, what a house *wants!* And worried to death with the loss of the guineas—as I thought—how those bits of plate did seem to dance about me; and once, when I just dozed to sleep, if I didn't for five minutes suffer such a night-mare in the shape of a silver warming-pan—*such* a mountain! I thought more red-hot coals were being put into it, when I waked with a shriek—but there lay FRED. I might have been burned to death, and he'd never have stirred a finger.

Well, I said nothing all yesterday—nothing; but I couldn't help my eyesight. I couldn't help seeing my face; and if it didn't seem marked as if with the very edges of those guineas; and almost as yellow. Whilst for FRED—he looked as brown and as red as any apple. Mamma was right. *All* men are extravagant—not that I ever saw it in FRED before I was married—and want common sense with property. It's my belief, if the money had been really gone, FRED would have slept like a dormouse. I might have kept awake for both of us, and what would *he* have cared! Well, it's enough for *one* to be wasteful in a family, and as I've said—nobody knows the *many calls* we *may* have for money—*nobody*.

"Why, LOTTY, my love, when are you going to eat like yourself again?" said FRED at breakfast, and to see how *he* eats! "What is it, love—cares of property?"

"I think somebody should care, FRED. I'm sure the thought of those guineas"—

"Hang the guineas!" cried he, swallowing his coffee. "They're all safe; I took care of that. Bless you, my love; you don't know my thrift—can't tell how I'm changed. Since I put a ring about your finger, I seem to have worn one about my own heart. It's hooped with the very thoughts of gold—'tis indeed."

I said nothing; but I *did* shake my head.

"LOTTY, my treasure," said FRED, looking as beautiful as ever, "do you know what the great LORD BACON says of the sudden anxieties of a husband?"

"Something absurd, I've no doubt," said I.

"Quite the reverse, my dear, as you wisely remark. LORD BACON says, 'A married man is seven years older in his thoughts the first day.' A great truth; a solemn fact. I felt myself exactly seven years older the happy and momentous hour of that day when, plucking you from the household rose-bush, I carried you off, a bud in my button-hole."

"Now, don't be silly!" not but that *sometimes*, when he's foolish, he's delightful.

"But with the bud, I had plucked an additional seven years. I felt it in the sudden sobriety of my brain, and the pleasurable anxiety of my heart. Well, that money-bag—'twas TOM TILER's present to me; he'd taken it all over Europe. And he's steady enough and"—

"He ought to be," said I, "he's grey and old enough."

"By no means so old as he seems. As for his greyness, he caught it of his wife."—

"Caught it of his wife!" I cried. "Why how?"

"Sudden fright, my love;" said FRED, as grave as a judge—"sudden fright. His wife would wear such ugly night-caps."

I was going to speak, when FRED caught me by the arm, and said very impressively, after his way—"Be warned." Then he went on. "To return to the money-bag."

"I wish it had been in the sea," said I. "The anxiety, the trouble it's cost me, with that hole in it."

"The hole in the money-bag! There's a great moral in it—beautiful teaching," said FRED.

"A lucky thing," said I, "that there was nothing but halfpence. But why"—and I then again felt that I *ought* to have known it—"why didn't I know as much?"

"Why, LOTTY, love, you seemed so suddenly inspired with a genius for property, that I didn't know you wouldn't achieve the greatest possible triumph of a wife."

"And what's that?"—

"Why, my darling, make your husband's coppers go quite as far as gold. That's what I call cupboard alchemy, my dear."—

"I dare say it's to be done," said I.

"You've done it," said FRED. "For with that hole in the bag, scattering the halfpence on the highway, you've made 'em go much further."

"But what had I to do with the hole?" I asked.

"Nothing," said FRED; "nothing whatever. It was to be—the finger of fate was in it. But what an eloquent mouth is that hole, and what a story it tells us!"

"I suppose it does," said I; and I thought and thought, but couldn't find it out.

"The Hole in the Money-Bag," repeated FRED. "Why, it's the tremendous, comprehensive title for half the world's history."

"Of course it is, dear," said I. "And so, how was it that it held nothing but halfpence; and what did you do with the gold?"

"As for the gold, my dear"—said FRED—"that has gradually become so modest in its pretensions that my purse is quite sufficient for its accommodation. But as we had the bag, and as habit's everything, and the cares of property grew upon me, I used the bag to save the halfpence. Time was, when I was above the thoughts of copper; but as LORD BACON has said"—

"Now I don't want to hear any more of LORD BACON, or anybody of the sort. Anyway, I'm glad the gold is spent at least—that's some comfort."

"A fig for the gold—the lesson's in the copper that's lost."

"I'm sure if there's anything to be had for it, I should like to know what it is."

"You took that bag of money; and in the very idleness of our hearts, in the very carelessness of our delights, the money was lost."

"I don't see that at all," said I. "As for carelessness, I hung it where I thought it was safe; and where I continually had my hand upon it."

"Nevertheless, a deep homily is preached by the adventure. I will venture, my darling, to call it The Sermon of the Hole in the Money-Bag. And thus it is. Dearly beloved LOTTY, lay this to your heart,"—and then he kissed me.

"How foolish you are, FRED," said I; "but go on."—

"Lay this to your heart and be instructed. Fair is the morn: happy the bride and groom. They depart rejoicingly upon their pilgrimage, one money-bag between them. How the sun laughs; and how the very hedge-flowers smile and twinkle, as the pilgrims go onward, onward. The money-bag hangs over the wheel. Lovely and lovelier shines the day, and bride and bridegroom lapped in contentedness of heart, see and think of nothing but themselves. (Still turns the wheel!) They are all alone, alone with their happiness. (Still turns the wheel!) The flowers beneath them send an incense-offering to their blissful hearts. (Still turns the wheel!) The glorious skylark, ever above their heads, scatters music down upon them. (Still

turns the wheel!) The day wears; the sinking sun glows with a solemn good-night; and the hearts of the lovers are touched and softened, yea, glorified by the hour. (Still, still turns the wheel!) The pilgrims reach their destined place. They see the sign, and are buried with the thoughts of supper; and final, blissful rest. (How softly, musically turns the wheel!) The resting-place is reached. (Stops the wheel!) The money-bag is light; the money-bag has a hole in it; for still and still, turning and turning, the Hole in the Money-Bag has been ground by the wheel. And thus, my beloved"—and the preacher kissed me again—"thus, thoughtless, careless of the future; insolent in our wealth, we may travel onward, the hole in the money-bag—whilst we sport and jest, and play the wanton,—the Hole in the Money-Bag being worn by Fortune's wheel!"

"That 's very true," said I. "And what 's to be done then, FRED?"

"What! Why never look behind; never travel back, hoping to pick up the pieces that are inevitably gone;—but better taught, go on and on, resolving for the future that—however gay and happy the season—you 'll always keep your eye upon the wheel."

"And this is your sermon?" said I.

"And thus I kiss the book," said FRED; and so he *did*.

THE DILLY AND THE D'S." (AN APOLOGUE OF THE OXFORD INSTALLATION.)

BY S—L W—RR—N, Q.S., LL.D., F.R.S.

Part First.

OH, Spirit! Spirit of Literature,
Alien to Law!
Oh, Muse! ungracious to thy sterner sister, THEMIS,
Whither away?—Away!
Far from my brief—
Brief with a fee upon it,
Tremendous!
And probably—before the business is concluded—
A REFRESHER—nay, several!!
Whither whirlest thou thy thrall?—
Thy willing thrall?
"*Now and Then*;"
But not just at this moment,
If you please, Spirit!
No, let me read and ponder on
THE PLEADINGS.
Declaration!
Plea!!
Replication!!!
Rejoinder!!!!
Surrejoinder!!!!!
Rebutter!!!!!!
Surrebutter!!!!!!!
ETC! ETC!! ETC!!!
It may not be. The Muse—
As ladies often are—
Though lovely, is obstinate,
And will have her own way!
* * * *
And am I not
As well as a Q.S.,
An F.R.S.,
And LL.D.?
Ask BLACKWOOD
The reason why, and he will tell you;
So will the Mayor—
The MAYOR OF HULL!
I obey, Spirit.
Hang my brief—'tis gone!—
To-morrow let my junior cram me in Court.
Whither away? Where am I?
What is it I behold?
In space, or out of space? I know not.
In fact,
I've not the least idea, if I 'm crazy,
Or sprung—sprung?
I've only had a pint of Port at dinner,
And can't be sprung—
Oh, no!—Shame on the thought!
I see a coach!—
Is it a coach?
Not exactly.
Yet it has wheels—
Wheels within wheels—and on the box
A driver, and a cad behind,
And Horses—Horses?—
Bethink thee—Worm!—
Are they Horses? or that race
Lower than Horses, but with longer ears
And less intelligence—
In fact—"*equi asini*,"
Or in vernacular,
JACKASSES?
'Tis not a coach—exactly—
Now I see on the panels—
Pricked out, and flourished—
A word! A magic word—
"THE DILLY!"—"THE DERBY DILLY!"
Oh Dilly! Dilly!—all thy passengers
Are outsiders—
The road is rough and rutty—
And thy driver, like NIMSHI's son—
Driveth
Furiously!
And the cad upon the monkey-board,
The monkey-board behind,
Scorneth the drag—but goes
Downhill like mad.
He hath a Caucasian brow!
A son of SHEM is he,
Not of HAM—
Nor JAPHETH—
In fact a Jew—
But see, the pace
Grows faster—and more fast—in fact—
I may say
A case of Furious driving!
Take care, you 'll be upset—
Look out!
Holloa!
* * * *
Horrible! Horrible!! Horrible!!!
The Dilly—
With all its precious freight
Of men and Manners—
Is gone!—
Gone to immortal
SMASH!
Pick up the pieces! Let me wipe my eyes!
Oh Muse—lend me thy scroll
To do it with, for I have lost
My wipe!

Part Second.

* * * Again upon the road—
The road to where?
To nowhere in particular!
Ah, no—I thank thee, Muse—
That hint—'tis a finger-post,
And "he that runs may read"—
He that runs?
But I am not running—
I am riding—
How came I here?—what am I riding on?
Who are my fellow passengers?
Ah, ha!
I recognise them now!
The Coach—
The Box—
The Driver—
And the Cad—
I 'm on the Dilly, and the Dilly
Is on the road again!
And now I see
That finger-post!
It saith
"To Oxford
Fifty-two miles;"
And, Hark, a chorus!
From all the joyous load,
Driver and Cad, and all!
"We go," they sing—
"To Oxford TO BE DOCTORED."
To be Doctored?
Then, wherefore
Are ye so cheerful?
I was not cheerful in my early days—
Days of my buoyant boyhood—
When, after ingluttition
Of too much
Christmas pudding,
Or Twelfth cake saccharine,
I went, as we go now,
To be Doctored!
Salts!
Senna and Rhubarb!!
Jalap and Ipecacuanha!!!
And Antimonial Wine!!!!
"*Worm!*
IDIOT!!
DONKEY!!!"
Said the free-spoken Muse.
"With them thou goest to be doctored, too,
Not in medicine—but in Law—
All these—and thou—
Are going to be made
HONORARY
LL. D.'s!
Behold!
And know thy company—
Be thou familiar with them,
But by no means vulgar—
For familiarity breeds contempt;
And no man is a hero
To his *valet-de-chambre!*
So ponder and perpend."
DERBY!
The wise, the meek, the chivalrous—
Mirror of knightly graces
And daily dodges;
Who always says the right thing
At the right time,
And never
Forgets himself as others—
Nor changes his side,
Nor his opinion—
A STANLEY to the core, as ready
To fight,
As erst on FLODDEN FIELD
His mail-clad ancestor.—
See the poem
Of *Marmion*,
By SIR WALTER SCOTT!
DIZZY!
Dark—supple—subtle—
With mind lithe as the limbs
Of ISHMAEL's sons, his swart progenitors—
With tongue sharp as the spear
That o'er Sahara
Flings the blue shadow
Of the crown of ostrich feathers—
As described so graphically
By LAYARD, in his recent book
On Nineveh!
With tongue as sharp
As aspic's tooth of NILUS,
Or sugary
Upon occasion
As is the date
Of TAFILAT.
DIZZY, the bounding Arab
Of the political arena—

As swift to whirl—
Right about face—
As strong to leap
From premise to conclusion—
As great in balancing
A budget—
Or flinging headlong
His somersets
Over sharp swords of adverse facts,
As were his brethren of *El-Arish*,
Who
Some years ago exhibited—
With rapturous applause—
At Astley's Amphitheatre—
And subsequently
At Vauxhall Gardens!

* * * * *

Clustering, front and back,
On box and knife-board,
See, petty man;
Behold! and thank thy stars
That led thee—Worm—
Thee, that art merely a writer
And a barrister,
Although a man of elegant acquirements,
A gentleman and a scholar—
Nay, F.R.S. to boot—
Into such high society,
Among such SWELLS,
And REAL NOBS!
Behold! ten live LORDS! and lo! no end
Of Ex-Cabinet Ministers!
Oh! happy, happy, happy,
Oh, happy SAM!
Say, isn't this worth, at the least
"*Ten Thousand a Year!*"

* * * * *

And these are all, to-day at least—
Thy fellows!
Going to be made
LL.D.'s, even as thyself—
And thou shalt walk in silk attire,
And hob and nob with all the mighty of the Earth;
And Lunch in Hall—
In Hall!—
Where Lunched before thee,
But on inferior grub,
That first great SAM—
SAM JOHNSON!
And LAUD, and ROGER BACON,
And CRANMER, LATIMER,
And RIDLEY,
And CYRIL JACKSON—and a host besides,
Whom at my leisure
I will look up
In WOOD'S
"*Athenæ Oxonienses!*"
Only to think!
How BLACKWOOD
Is honoured!
ALISON! AYTOUN!!
BULWER!!!
And last, not least,
The great SAM GANDERAM!!!!
Oh EBONY!
Oh MAGA!
And oh
Our noble selves!

* * * * *

DISCOVERY OF A DRAGON!

THE Geologists are aware that in Dorsetshire, from time to time, there have been discovered the fossil remains of saurians hitherto supposed extinct. They will perhaps be not a little astonished to learn that a variety of these reptiles has continued in existence from an early period to the present time, in the neighbouring county of Hants. It may be described as a species of *pterodactyle* or flying lizard, of so monstrous a character, as fully to correspond to the common notion of the Dragon; and it has been accordingly denominated *Draco Eleemosynarius*, or the Charity Dragon. This Dragon has for ages subsisted on the property of the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, devouring an enormous quantity thereof. Within the present half century it is said to have consumed more than £46,046 of the revenues of that Institution. It has entirely bolted and swallowed up a whole establishment therewith connected, called the House of Noble Poverty, thereby evincing a power of deglutition, which tends to authenticate the feats of that sort, ascribed in the ballad to the Dragon of Wantley

To form some idea of this Dragon's voracity, it is requisite to know that the Hospital of St. Cross was founded in 1157, by HENRY DE BLOIS, Bishop of Winchester, for the lodging, clothing, and maintenance of 13 poor men, and to the daily feeding of 100 other poor men; whereas the greater part of the maintenance of the 13 poor men, and the whole of the provision for the 100 other poor men, have been devoured by the Dragon.

At what precise epoch the *Draco Eleemosynarius* of St. Cross made its appearance, is not quite certain; but its production is a curious example of retrospective development. It was originally an individual of the human race, appointed under the title of Master of St. Cross, to administer the charity which it now eats: and thus owing its origin to DE BLOIS, has been traditionally said to have been created by the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER. Subsequently it has degenerated to that low point in the scale of organisation which it at present occupies, having descended from a warm-blooded and charitable, to a cold-blooded and rapacious animal.

The existence of this Dragon was long unknown, because its habits were extremely retired, and it was accustomed to prey quietly, and in the dark. It has at length, however, been detected and captured, and is now to be seen exhibited in the Rolls Court of Chancery; where an experiment is in course of being tried upon it, with a view to cause it to disgorge part of what it has gulped.

THE PRESENT POLITICAL TAPIS.—Turkey.

HOW TO MAKE A HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TUESDAY the 7th of June, 1853, was one of those few days in the course of a Parliamentary Session, when there is a true economy of the public time, for none of it can be said to have been wasted. The House of Commons in fact made "no House," and the evening in question will therefore be remarkable for having abridged the legislative labours of the present year, for if "the least said is the soonest mended," it must follow *a fortiori* that when nothing has been said there can be nothing to rectify.

It was no doubt very distressing for a party of gentlemen, who had come charged like great guns to their very muzzles with a debate on Pegu, to find that there was no opportunity of "firing away," for want of listeners. But we have known greater conjurors than Members of Parliament, and greater actors also, compelled to the humiliation of leaving their tricks unperformed, or their parts unacted for want of an audience. There are some entertainments, the very announcement of which in a play-bill would, technically speaking, "keep the people out," and we must candidly admit that a debate on Pegu is about as unattractive an affair as could have been "put up" for an evening's performance in the House of Commons. The principal performers who were to have figured in Pegu were, of course, irritated at having lost a chance of "coming out;" but we really do not see who is to be blamed if the promised appearance of a few political actors, in characters for which nobody cares, should have resulted in bringing nobody to the exhibition. The proposal that somebody should be responsible for "making a House," is absurd, for it would be ridiculous to assert the principle of freedom of debate, and deny to Members the freedom of refusing to listen to a debate devoid of all interest. The only practicable mode that occurs to us of "making a House," is to leave it in the hands of MADAME TUSSAUD, who would perhaps contract to furnish a sufficient number of what might be called Parliamentary Cock-o-waxes to constitute, numerically speaking, "a House" on all occasions.

As proxies are permitted in the House of Lords, and as "silent Members" are recognised components of the wisdom of the Lower House, we honestly believe that wax figures labelled with the words, "Aye," or "No," to show which way they are intended to vote, would answer a great many of the most important purposes which are filled by the real Members of Parliament. Considering the stuff that some of the Members are made of, considering how easily they are impressed, how rapidly they can be made to melt their money in the heat of an Election contest, and that their final destiny is, to be dissolved, we think we are justified in recommending a supply of wax-work figures to prevent the possibility of there being "no House" during the sitting of Parliament.

The Doctors and the Poet.

IT was observed, as a wise precaution, that when the distinguished poet of *The Daisy and the Flea* was called upon to receive his diploma at Oxford, he was closely attended by DOCTOR BRIGHT and DOCTOR FORBES WINSLOW.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN—A DEBA-TABLE POINT.

IT may be a matter for speculation whether the Multiplication Table is one of those tables adapted for turning, especially when round numbers are employed.

WHEN IT IS DELIGHTFUL TO LOSE A BET.

Grace. "*Teddington* First?—Then that will make four dozen and a half. Remember, Sixes! Two dozen White, and the rest Pale Drab and Lavender."

WHAT ARE OUR SOLDIERS MADE OF?

We feel ourselves called upon to protest, in the name of our gallant army, against the absurd application of the people of Chobham for a force of twenty policemen to keep in order a camp of nine thousand British soldiers. We do not for a moment doubt, that the good order and discipline of our troops will render any precaution quite unnecessary, but the idea of pitting twenty policemen against nine thousand armed men, is so preposterous that we cannot help disavowing, in the name of our country, the absurd hypothesis. What will foreigners say to the boasted prowess of the British army, and the vaunted terror inspired in the minds of the foe by the British soldiers, when twenty policemen are seriously applied for, as an antagonistic force to nine thousand of our best troops, should antagonism arise between the police and the soldiers? We are inclined to look upon the whole affair as a hoax; and as the facetious Drummond put the question in the House of Commons, we are justified in looking for a joke as the foundation of the business. We are quite ready to guarantee the good conduct of the nine thousand soldiers at Chobham, and to decline—on our own responsibility—the protection of twenty policemen for the trembling Chobhamites; but we cannot allow it to go forth to the "foreigner" that we attach so little weight to nine thousand soldiers that we look upon twenty policemen as a match for them in the event of a collision.

The Derby Scholarship.

Lord Derby, we are informed, made a fine Latin speech at Oxford, which we are agreeably surprised at; for we feared that the habit of quoting Protectionist figures would have occasioned the noble Earl to make false quantities.

In the Press.

THE HOUSEMAID'S GUIDE TO CHOBHAM CAMP; with What to Look at, What to Wink at, and What to Avoid. To be had at all Police Stations.

THE LOYAL IRISH.

If the Irish newspapers are really the organs of Irish opinion, we are rather puzzled to know the meaning of Irish loyalty. The *Kilkenny Journal*, which might more appropriately be designated the *Kilkenny Cat*, is pleasantly looking forward to the moment when "Louis Napoleon will wash out the stain of Waterloo;" and, on that tremendous washing-day, the *Kilkenny Cat* suggests that "the Irish people will know their duty." Another paper—the *Limerick Reporter*—whose reports, however loud, are mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing," intimates the pleasant probability that "a fire will be lighted in Ireland not soon to be extinguished" should the law pass for allowing respectable persons to visit the nunneries. Considering how often Ireland has been "in a blaze" during the last twenty or thirty years, we have begun to look at the country as a sort of harmless firework, which crackles and fizzes about, but has no more serious effect than to burn the fingers of those who handle it.

A SUBURBAN SHAME.

Great complaints have been made lately in the suburban districts respecting their postal arrangements; which are not perfect: seeing that it takes, perhaps, rather more time to send a letter from Hammersmith to London, than from London to Edinburgh. But the dissatisfied parties should consider that the Post-Office is regulated by a law somewhat similar to that whereon depends the action of the Electric Telegraph. If you want to send a message from Dover to Calais, in order that it may reach Calais, it must travel back to Dover. Suppose you want to dispatch a letter to Shepherd's Bush from Fulham, your letter must go up to London, that it may get down to Shepherd's Bush. There is, however, this difference between the two cases, that the law of the Electric Telegraph is a law of Nature which is unchangeable; whilst the law of the Post might be altered by the Post Office authorities.

THE CAMP AT CHOBHAM.

Soldier. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, IT'S FIVE O'CLOCK, AND I'VE BROUGHT YOUR SHAVING WATER."

ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 11.

I THINK, CHARLES, you spend too much money in dress. Surely you did not want three new waistcoats and three pairs of trousers just now. I suppose you owe BENSON a bill already, or want to keep on good terms with him. I observe there is a great deal of ridiculous extravagance here of this kind. Not that the men dress too well—far from it, but they throw away so much money from bad judgment and bad taste. I am not going to preach you a sermon, for one very good reason among others, that you wouldn't listen to it. There is a homily, I believe, on "Excess in Apparel," which is sure to be good if you have any fancy for that sort of literature—but I wish you to see what blunders you youngsters commit in your search after elegance and fashion.

Now look at PEACOCK of your college. He is the very type of a University dandy. He pays exclusive attention to the subject, and carries out his views "regardless of expense." Call on that young fellow at nine o'clock in the morning and you find him dressed to death. If he was going to be married he could not add a touch to his toilette. Everything he has on is bran new, from his cambric chessboard shirt, which will not last through half-a-dozen washings, to the delicate silk neckerchief that will be soiled and unwearable—in his eyes—before the end of the week. He sports jewelled waistcoat buttons *en suite* with his shirt studs, a glaring gold chain with a bunch of charms, and half a dozen rings of various designs. And it is in this gorgeous apparel that he goes to RICKARDS's *Euripides* lecture. MACHIAVELLI (I think it was) used to dress himself in his best before he read the classics, because, said he, "I am now going into good company." I don't know whether PEACOCK has an eye to the precedent, but the Florentine would have been delighted with his respect for the ancients, *until he heard him begin to construe*. At two o'clock our young friend appears in an entirely new toilette, equally gay, but more adapted for the promenade. His afternoon stroll up and down High Street with a friend or two of like tastes and appearance, is to him the event of the day. The insolent languor of the boys when thus employed, is one of the most delightful sights with which I am acquainted. The Emperor of China, or the Llama of Thibet might take a lesson of solemnity from them. As they walk three abreast, their chins in the air, their handkerchiefs streaming from their breast pockets, and their canes dangling in their hands, they forget that they are mortal, they forget everything—except the splendour of their exterior, or the tightness of their boots. It is ten to one that you shall see PEACOCK in the evening got up in black and white, his embroidered shirt and waistcoat blazing with turquoises, and a heavier chain than ever.

And all this foppery (which would be exaggerated anywhere) in a provincial town, where you never see a lady! Is it not grossly absurd? Doesn't every one know that the only excuse for a man's being a dandy (let the word pass) is to please women, who are supposed to like it? Would a man of the world, think you, dress in the same style here, that he does in London in the height of the season? There is something disgusting to my apprehension in a community of men decorating themselves one against the other.

PEACOCK is going into a cavalry regiment, they tell me, most likely a crack one, and I dare say looks forward to astonishing his brother officers with his magnificence. Do you know how they will serve him? Just as the 25th Hussars did young SPOONBILL—they chaffed him out of his life, and made a bonfire of his French cambric shirts, buff, lilac, violet, and blood-red, at one fell swoop. Soldiers are very good judges of style, I can tell you, and tolerate no humbug for a moment—but their own. They say a wonderful revolution has been effected in SPOONBILL, who with his tasteful friends TEDDY ANGLES and HARRY PETER used to be the plague of every place of amusement in London, and that he has been very nearly persecuted into the ordinary modesty and quietness of an English gentleman. Let PEACOCK take warning in time or his life in the army will be a burden to him.

Mind you, I don't want you to neglect your appearance here. Slovenliness is odious in any one, especially in a young man, and certainly the opposite extreme is the less objectionable of the two. What I find fault with is, the enormous quantity of clothes you buy, the bad taste of most of them, the staring colours, the varied patterns, and the inharmonious combinations, the eccentric cut, the profusion of jewellery. You seem never satisfied unless you are remarkable, the very thing a man of the world wishes to shun. You have the fancy of a Hebrew on a holiday. You always want people to say, What a stunning coat! What tremendous bags! instead of, What a gentlemanlike man! You degrade yourselves below the level of your wardrobes. For my part, I should be very sorry to think I was of less value than my trousers, however well they were made. And after all the money you spend, you fail. Take PEACOCK and his friends in their most gorgeous phase, plump them down in St. James's Street, and no one will regard them without a smile. Set them side by side with the men who are acknowledged to be the greatest "swells" in London, such as JACK MACINTOSH, little VIVIAN, or HORACE GRANVILLE, and see how tawdry and snobbish and overdressed they will appear. Don't be absurd and get out of temper, but ask yourself the reason of the success of the London men, and profit therefrom. You will observe that they are always in the fashion and never ahead of it as some wish to be; they are very sober in colour, and never eccentric in cut; their clothes are beautifully made, yet you don't know what they have on; and finally, they are fastidiously neat and clean. Having settled on what becomes them, they always retain the same style, and thus are not driven to accumulate apparel that they don't want, for the mere sake of variety. Moreover, they are very sparing of jewellery, which to my mind, might well be left altogether to women, whom it becomes, but at all events, is quite out of place in a very young man. Your good spirits and clear skins and smooth cheeks, are your jewels—they beat anything at HOWELL and JAMES's for good taste and attractiveness. Value them—you won't have them long, child; and a clean shirt is an ample setting to show them off.

I have been long desirous to ease my mind on this subject. No one can come to this place without observing the extravagant style of dress generally adopted; and they tell me that the other little establishment for young gentlemen is still worse. I hope no one will make such a mistake as to set me down for a cynic, growling at pleasures because I don't value 'em myself. Dress yourself, my dear CHARLEY, as carefully as you like; if you take my advice stick to the severely simple, but let it be like a man and not a monkey, or by Jove, Sir, I will write to *Punch* (where, as you know, my influence is unbounded) and get MR. LEECH to put you in the principal picture as large as life, and exactly like. It's a deuced unpleasant thing, I can tell you, to see your portrait come out on Wednesday afternoon in every shop-window, and stare you in the face till that day week.

A LITTLE POLITICAL GAME OF SPELLING.

England. I SAY, RUSSIA, I'll bet you anything you can't spell Constantinople?

Russia. Can't I, just? Why it's easy enough.

England. It 's not so easy to get through Constantinople, my boy, as you may imagine. Come, just you try.

Russia. Here goes at it then! C-o-n—Con; s-t-a-n—stan, Constan; t-i—ti, Constanti; n-o—no—

England (*stopping him*). No.

Russia (*extremely puzzled*). No?

England (*positively*). NO, NO.

France (*ditto*). NO, NO, NO.

Turkey (*in consequence of the firmness of the other two, plucks up courage, and also says positively*). NO, NO, NO, NO.

All together (*most positively*). NO! NO!! NO!!! NO!!!!

[RUSSIA *tries back, and tries very hard several times; but each time he tries it on, he is pulled up suddenly by the* NOES. *He gets very angry; and at last, not seeing his way at all clearly through Constantinople, he retires in the greatest rage and disgust,* ENGLAND, FRANCE, *and* TURKEY *still calling out after him,* "*No! No! No!* NO!"

The Fruit of Picture-Cleaning.

WE got into an argument, the other day, with a commercial politician, who asked us where we were to go for our raw material? Our reply was, that we should go to the National Gallery; where we should find plenty of it in the canvass of the old Masters.

A FACT THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

THE greatest orator among animals (says SIBTHORPE) is undoubtedly the Harangue-Outang.

GENTEEL INTELLIGENCE.—The *Standard* is universally spoken of in the servants' halls, as the evening organ of the Harris—tocracy.

MR. VERDANT'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT BOOK-MAKING.

Verdant's Friend. "WELL—AS NEAR AS I CAN MAKE IT OUT—YOU *MUST* LOSE £150, AND *MAY* LOSE £300." [VERDANT *subsides into his Boots.*

MANUFACTURE OF OLD MASTERS.

PROFESSOR OWEN is an expert philosopher. With him it is something more than *ex pede Herculen;* he goes the entire animal—determines the whole *deinotherium*—from the extreme *phalanx* of the toe. MR. OWEN, however, must be content to share his celebrity for reconstructive genius with a gentleman whose evidence, given before the National Gallery Committee, has been published in the papers; whence we learn that

"On Monday MR. LANCE was examined. He said he was at present a painter of flowers and fruits, but had formerly been employed as an historical painter. He was instructed by the keeper to restore the 'Boar Hunt,' by VELASQUEZ. Several portions of the picture were entirely destroyed when it was placed in his hands. One portion on the right hand—as large as a sheet of foolscap—of the picture was entirely bare. In fact more than one half of the picture had to be restored by witness. He was sorry to say that the cleaning which it had lately undergone had almost entirely destroyed his reputation, and partially revived VELASQUEZ. (*Laughter*).

"MR. B. WALL. Had you any plate of the 'Boar Hunt' to aid you in your restoration?

"MR. LANCE. No.

"MR. B. WALL. Are you aware whether there is any plate of it in existence?

"MR. LANCE. No; I hope there is not. (*Laughter*). I had not seen the picture before it was damaged."

Out of less than half a picture, MR. LANCE makes a whole one, and give him a square inch of an old master, he will, doubtless, return you a square ell. There is no limiting the possibilities of such a pencil. If no portion of VELASQUEZ's "Boar Hunt" had been remaining but a simple javelin, all that was wanting to the javelin might have been supplied by the LANCE. Had RAPHAEL'S *St. Catherine* been partially obliterated, that is, the whole of the painting effaced except the wheel, MR. LANCE could have been depended on to restore the remainder; and if any other saint, by any artist, had faded from the canvass, his *nimbus* only left, we are confident that MR. LANCE would have been able to put in the saint. Great injustice is done to such gentlemen as MR. LANCE, by affixing to pictures, more than half of which those gentlemen have painted, the names of old Masters who have only done the lesser part of them: and thus giving the ancient and foreign painter the whole of that credit, the major amount of which is due to the British and contemporary artist.

A Case of Russian Leather.

WE trust there will be no war between England and Russia, because it would involve an interruption of our commerce with that empire: whilst, nevertheless, we should be compelled to send out tanners to the Russians to tan their hides for them.

ABERDEEN'S CLIENTS.

"*Ce cher* ABERDEEN." LOUIS PHILIPPE.—*Foreign Power.*

"THIS dear ABERDEEN" must be now well aware
Of the recent report of Cork, Sligo, and Clare
Election Committees; which if he has seen,
It perhaps has enlightened "this dear ABERDEEN."

"This dear ABERDEEN" may have learned that his pets,
Rome's parsons, use intimidation and threats,
The votes of their flocks to control; which, I ween,
Was a fact quite unknown to "this dear ABERDEEN."

"This dear ABERDEEN" else would never have bowed
To the POPE's brazen band, and LORD JOHN disavowed
In a manner which would have been sneaking and mean,
Had that fact been but known to "this dear ABERDEEN."

"This dear ABERDEEN" may thence, possibly, see
That the priesthood he cockers *is* hostile to free
Institutions; which, were he not wofully green,
Had been patent, before, to "this dear ABERDEEN."

"This dear ABERDEEN"—bear, however, in mind—
Is less soft than he seems, perhaps; none are so blind
As those who won't see, and some folks have a keen
Suspicion 'tis so with "this dear ABERDEEN."

"This dear ABERDEEN," now, albeit, should know
That Rome *is* Constitutional Government's foe,
Is disloyal to thrones like the throne of the QUEEN,
The Premier of whom is "this dear ABERDEEN."

"This dear ABERDEEN," let us hope, will, anon,
See the force of the reasons assigned by LORD JOHN;
For a vote which would else without reason have been,
Like some votes, we may say, of "this dear ABERDEEN."

THE FINE OLD PORTE.

SINCE the Russian Ultimatum, every one is looking with anxiety to see how the Porte will turn out, after the tap it has received at the hands of MENSCHIKOFF. The general opinion has been, that the Porte, though full of body and inclined to be crusting, will exhibit a thinness and an utter absence of spirit, which will impair strength and quality. We are not surprised that Porte should begin to ferment under the treatment of Russia, for Porte is utterly unaccustomed to imperial measures. We confess we hope that peace will not be disturbed, for we are desirous of taking it as easy as possible over our Porte; and we should be sorry to see ourselves embroiled in preventing the Russian Autocrat from throwing himself on the Ottoman.

Mulish Obstinacy in Dress.

OUR young men of the present day run about with black stripes down their legs—not unlike the legs of mules. Why not carry the likeness further, and allow the stripes, as in the case of mules, to run all over their coats? Surely he who dresses himself like a mule must be "next to a donkey," and, accordingly, cannot make himself too ridiculous. A sharp young friend of ours, who has studied heraldry, merely to joke upon it, calls these thick heavy stripes, "The bars-sinister of taste."

PARADISES IN PANDEMONIUM.

THE land we live in is a pretty place—according to the *Kilkenny Journal;* which, in reference to Old England, has uttered the following strong language:—

"This is the liberty of the freest country under the sun! A curse will attend such freedom. The infidelity, the crime, the vice, the unmentionable sins—all these are enough, and more than enough, to bring down the wrath of Heaven on England. Her large cities are Sodoms; her factories are hells . . . . In England there is no respect for religion or virtue, except among the Catholic population, and it is a consolation for us to know—if there can be any consolation in such a case—that it is the mad, ungoverned, hellish passion of infidelity, directed by a desperate Anti-Catholic feeling, that aims at the desecration of Catholic religious houses. Who expected anything better from England, whose people know no bounds to their savage, brutal lust—a people steeped in every kind of guilt it is possible for pen to describe or mind to conjecture—a people whose souls are black with crime that in its worst moments never contaminated Sodom or Gomorrah; and it is from such a people insults and taunts are to be hurled out against Catholicity. How can we think of this with patience? Demons conspiring against Heaven!"

Alas! it is to be feared that we are a very wicked people; addicted to every villany; but especially to shooting landlords from behind hedges. And when a dastardly Protestant English scoundrel thus commits murder, in open day, not one rascal of the Protestant by-standers will budge an inch to apprehend the assassin.

We are accustomed to knock each other down with large sticks, to beat and kick one another when down; ten of us, sometimes upon one, trampling him and stamping on his stomach.

Doubtless we owe our escape from the fate of the cities to which our Kilkenny contemporary alludes to the presence among us of a few good persons. There are little colonies of decent people to be found in London, and most of our other large towns, of which they inhabit the more respectable parts. They are remarkable for the cleanliness both of their persons and their dwellings; and the extreme neatness of their attire. Their settlements are models of social order and peaceful industry. Oaths and imprecations are unknown in their abodes; where meekness holds a divided sway with temperance. Their names are characterised by MAC and O; their manners by gentleness; their customs by refinement; their features by delicacy. Indeed if there is anything by which they are distinguished more than by moral beauty, it is their prepossessing appearance; except that perhaps, upon the whole, it may be considered that they are most chiefly to be admired for veracity.

In spite, however, of the existence of these angelic societies in our midst, we have "brought down upon us" the wrath of certain priests represented by the *Kilkenny Journal*, whose ire has been kindled by MR. CHAMBERS's proposed Act for the Recovery of Personal Liberty in Certain Cases. No wonder: for is it not an Act to prevent those parties—in possible cases of duresse and false imprisonment—from doing what they like with their own? Kindled, however, against us though their anger may be, it fortunately cannot—by reason of our intolerant restrictions—burn us.

THE POST OFFICE AND THE SUBURBS.

THE suburban population begin to complain bitterly of the unbusiness-like phenomenon, that the nearer they happen to be to the General Post Office in point of distance, the farther they are in point of time away from it. The word Post is, in its original sense, indicative of delay, and as far as the suburbs are concerned, we can have no hesitation in saying that the English verb post-pone, and the Latin *post pono*, to put—in the post—are synonymous. All the rules of arithmetic seem to be set at nought by the rules of the General Post Office, for if a letter requires four hours to travel from eighty to a hundred miles, it follows—according to Post Office practice—that the same letter would require twenty-four hours to travel one-thirtieth part of the distance.

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

IT is a curious and remarkable fact, that the "Rappers" have not succeeded in summoning from their private "vasty deep," any female spirit who confesses to having lived in the "Middle Ages."

HOW TO COIN A JOKE.

IT is singular that so much astonishment has been created by a man walking with his feet on the ceiling, when no less a person than HER MAJESTY may be daily seen with her head on the Florin'.

PROGRESS OF TABLE MOVING.—An Honourable Member has given notice of his intention to move the Table instead of the House.

NOTE FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—You should not clean paintings as you would clean plates.

A MAGNETIC MINISTRY.

AS the powers of animal magnetism are beginning to be very generally acknowledged, we do not see why they should not be allied with the powers that be, and applied to the purposes of Government. The process of Table Turning may be tried at the Council table with effect, for it is there that the union of will and motion would be of extreme value, since it is necessary that the Ministerial will should lead to some definite motion on the part of the Cabinet. There are several modes of trying the experiment of Turning the Tables, and the Coalition Ministers have so far turned the tables exceedingly well upon the Protectionists, who, after making a few feeble efforts to "send round the hat," have abandoned the hope of doing anything of a magnetic character.

The present Ministers, though comprising a somewhat incongruous party, may hope for a successful result from some of their efforts. The practice is to sit round a table—say the Council table—and without actually joining hands upon any one subject, they agree in a sort of volition, that any motion proceeding from the table should go one way, though it frequently happens that the influence is exercised by only two or three persons of the whole assembly. In these Ministerial experiments it is advisable that the places round the table should be retained by the whole group, but it is not necessary that they should all keep the same places, and, indeed, fresh force has often been gained by transferring one individual to the place of another.

Those who have full faith in the Turning of the Tables declare that a table may revolve while standing on only one leg; but the great art required by Ministers is to know how to bring matters round when there is not even a leg to stand upon.

The experiment of Turning the Tables was tried by the Protectionist Ministry a few months ago, but in spite of their having all the will to turn to the utmost extent, the hold they had upon what they had in hand was so slight that it slipped through their fingers.

A SENSIBLE CIVIC DINNER.

THE object of education is not accomplished by the mere cultivation of the intellect. To teach that which is simply true is insufficient: it is also necessary to inculcate the knowledge of what is good. We thus moralize in reference to a rich intellectual treat, thus described in the *Times*:—

"ENTERTAINMENT AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—The LORD MAYOR gave a dinner last evening to about 80 Mayors and Provosts of the principal cities and towns of Great Britain and Ireland. This, we understand, is the first of several entertainments, the special object of which is to aid the efforts of HER MAJESTY'S Government by promoting a uniform organization throughout the country for the Diffusion of a more General and Practical Knowledge of Science and Art among all Classes."

What could be a better beginning for such an end? In dining eighty Mayors for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the City contributes to promote public enlightenment by a proceeding no less judicious than appropriate. Teaching those eighty municipal magistrates how to live, it affords them a lesson which they will be not slow to communicate to their respective Corporations, whose members, in their turn, will impart to others the benefit of the instruction they have thus received. To commence with an entertainment at the Mansion House, is to lay a good solid foundation for subsequent acquirements. The digestive function, for example, so important in physiology, is studied on a sound basis of turtle in addition to capon and sirloin, besides a great many other of the choicest substances of the vegetable as well as of the animal kingdoms. To the information capable of being communicated by plates, that which may be derived from dishes is wisely adjoined; and it is obvious that a taste for Art may be expected to be developed through the gratification inspired by good cuts. We hope the eighty Mayors who were regaled the other day at the Mansion House, for the extension of learning, will earnestly endeavour to fill their minds as largely as they filled their stomachs on that occasion. The next Civic Educational Dinner, perhaps, will be given to eighty Masters in lieu of Mayors, in order to cram them for their respective tasks. In conclusion, we may observe, that if the LORD MAYOR'S banquets should make no bookworms, they will constitute very considerable grubs.

THE POPULAR MOVEMENT PARTY.—It strikes us forcibly that the popular "Movement Party," of which we are always hearing so much, must mean the members of the Police Force, for they are always ordering the people to "move on."

THE SERPENTINE.

(GENT THINKS HE IS ROWING TO THE ADMIRATION OF EVERYBODY.)

SMALL BOY. "*'Old 'ard, Guv'n'r! And take me and my Traps acrosst—will yer?*"

A WEEK OF IRISH WRONG.

(*From "The Tablet."*)

THIS week has been marked by an unusual series of wanton outrages inflicted on poor, helpless Ireland by the brutal Parliamentary Saxon. Unusual, did we write? The Saints forgive us the word—the record is but another leaf from the black catalogue of British crime. But let us be calm while we recount these new outrages, calm though the very ink boils in its bottle as we summon it to embalm the legend of shame. On Monday, the malignant scorner of our creed and of our priests—need we name the miscreant JOHN RUSSELL?—dared to answer the manly interpellations of the patriot GEORGE MOORE with a scornful and aristocratic contempt. He would explain nothing, he would retract nothing of what he had said against the Catholic Church, but he told the Irishmen a profligate anecdote. An Irishman is a buffoon—meet him with a jest—such is the creed of this English lordling. Ha! ha! We laugh, my LORD JOHN, but not at your wit. Let those laugh who win. On Tuesday the whole body of English and Scotch Members united to insult Ireland. They presumed to absent themselves from the House, though an Irish question stood upon the paper, a question involving the character of our devout, pious, meek, and idolised clergy, falsely and basely charged with exerting more than their just influence at an election. Yes, so ran the vile and blundering charge, as if there could, or ought to be any limit to the influence of those saintly men. But the Scotch and Saxons stood aloof, and trembled to hear the glorious vindication which eighteen Irish Members had resolved to deliver, in speeches of an hour each. There was "no House." But they gave us Wednesday—ha! Yes, Wednesday was ours, that is, a morning sitting, when the debauched Protestant, with his head full of the Opera song and the orgy of the preceding night, lounges on his bench, and lazily listens to Irish wrong, as he recruits himself for the coming revel. They gave us Wednesday, but, in bitter mockery, for a law bill. Of course, nothing but law is wanted for wicked Ireland! Grant us patience, gentle Saints! Thursday, we were deliberately and foully outraged. They trapped us. Their Indian Debate came on, and we poor Irish, not caring to hear the tale of their tyranny in the East, too like that which festers and rankles in our own land, went away to make a night of it. What is India to us? Mark! The fiends brought this discussion to a sudden end, and called on the hateful, oppressive, extortionate Irish Spirits Bill. But we resisted to the death: we stood up and declared that WE WERE NOT IN THE HOUSE, and that we would oppose any attempt to proceed in our absence. Even the deadly-smiling GLADSTONE gave way at our righteous protest. But on Friday the same treachery was renewed. We had fought the Spirit Bill, Ireland was again trampled, and eightpence in copper was added to the weight of her chains. The Saxons evaded a Legacy Duty discussion, and sought to bring on a bill affecting the wretched tenantry of Ireland. Then we rose in noble wrath, and told them we had thought their own debate would last the night, and that we were not ready. MOORE had not learned his impromptus, and the fiery and impulsive periods of FITZJURLD had not been rehearsed. Were we like the English churls, content to sit, to bide our time, to take business as it might come on? The bounding blood and panting pulse of Ireland were in a flame and a flutter at the thought, and again we told our oppressors that WE WERE NOT THERE, and would not talk. They yielded—of course they did—ha! ha! and over the waves of a week of wrongs, one sunbeam shed its lurid but triumphant ray upon the pale brow of ruined Erin.

Doctors' Commons.

WE don't know what these Commons may generally be, but we should imagine that, considering what an Union Doctor is paid, his Commons must be scarcely bread and cheese, and very little of that: and, worse still, that the Commons of a Homœopathic Doctor, if the fees he receives are anything in proportion to the doses he prescribes, must be at times exceedingly Short Commons.

THE SCOTCH BAYS.

PROFESSOR AYTOUN can see so little merit in any poetry other than Scotch, that—if he had not earned a true laurel wreath—we should be disposed to suggest for him a chaplet of thistles.

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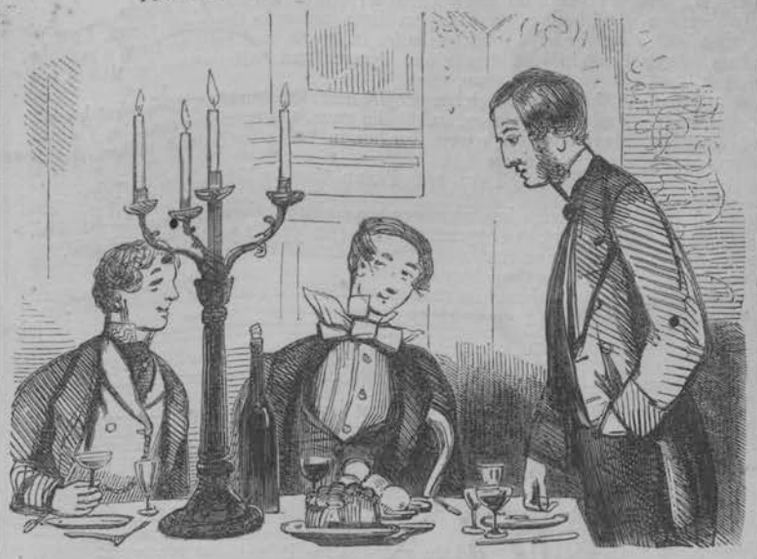
ACADEMICAL PORTRAITS. No. 12.



To my great regret Lent Term is over, and the time has at length arrived for quitting the venerable old city, with its diversities of population, musty, quaint, learned, pious, and jolly. I cannot but sigh as I bid adieu to the boats and the thoroughbred galloping hacks, the cricket, the great breakfasts, and the Common-room Port. Happy recollections! there is something about you which, after all, beats the Grecian Temple at the top of Gower Street (on the right hand side as you go towards the New Road, I forget the number), with all its science and German philology; and the honest, boyish, country sports make a fellow fresher and even manlier than the Haymarket does. But this is sentimental weakness, I know; I shall be back in town to-morrow, and have to sneer as usual to keep up a reputation for intellect.

We had a dinner at the Red Lion in honour of my departure. I know all the present generation of youngsters now, and they look upon me with the respect that an undergraduate always feels for a senior man who does not snub him. There were about a dozen of us, three of them in pink, having had, as PINCUSHION said, a "slapping wun with Dwake, old boy." They found, I heard certainly more than once during dinner, at Harleyford Beeches, and after a burst of twenty minutes across the ——but it is absurd for me to attempt to do what the graphic pen of little RASPER will triumphantly record in the next number of *The Field*. They were splashed up to the eyes, talked very loud, drank a good deal of Champagne, and went to sleep after dinner. Old RAILTON (who has got through) was there, and JOWLER, and most of the boating men, a swell or two from All Saints, with extensive jewellery, and, perhaps, a slight tendency to insipidity; BUSKIN, the son of the Judge, with his unrivalled collection of comic songs, and NOZZLE with his cornet; but the claret, after dinner, disagreed with him—I don't wonder at it, I'm sure—and he was unable to gratify us with the melodies which HERR KŒNIG has made so popular.

The dinner was served in JONES's well-known style, that is to say, everything was cold except the Sherry. But, bless you, we didn't care. Men in London who go early in the morning, and have a private interview with the cook at the club, and, perhaps, cry to him about his pastry, would have opened their eyes to see how we polished off the solid English fare before us. Cod-fish, beef, pigeon-pies, wild-duck, disappeared from the board: great silver tankards of strong ale and beer cup (a general characteristic of University dinners) were assiduously drained and replenished. The rage of hunger and of thirst at length appeased, came claret, complacency, and conversation. Then, amid jingling of glasses, arose young CODLINGS, and, in a speech full of compliments and hearty jovial bad grammar (there was one sentence for which I quite loved the boy, he varied the construction of it six times, and never ended it at all), proposed the health of the humble author of these lines. Horrible uproar succeeded; the three sleepers rose and jumped into their chairs. "Your good health, old fellow—sorry you are going to leave us!" sounded from all sides; and BUSKIN, with his manly voice, led off that simple, never-tiring canticle,

"Fo-or he's a jolly good fellow,"

I give the entire poem to obviate the irregular curiosity of the *Notes and Queries*.

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fe-ellow-w-w,"

BUSKIN's vocal training enabled him to hang the last note on to an aggravating pitch:—

"Which nobody can deny,
Which nobody can deny,
And so say all of us."

BUSKIN sings a melodious second here with great art:—

"It's a way we have in the army,
It's a way we have in the navy,
It's a way we have in the Varsity-y,"

BUSKIN is great here again:—

"And so say all of us.
Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah.
Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah.
HIP, HIP, HIP, HURRAH-H."

And the boys sit down, flushed and hoarse. I rise for my speech, and gracefully putting my hands into my trousers' pockets—an attitude which our gifted artist has caught with his usual skill—express my inability to return thanks properly for the honour that has been done me. (*No, no.*) "I wish I wasn't going away. (*Hear, hear.*) It 's much jollier here than in town. Riding with the drag is better fun than listening to BOWSER *v.* BOWSER in the Chancellor's Court. I like steering you down the river (*cheers from the boating men*) much more than I do the Statute of Uses. I could not eat such a dinner in London as I have eaten just now. I never have the appetite. They give us the same sort of food at the Temple—two year old beef, and premature mutton—and I am always confined to my bed the day after. (*Oh, and a laugh.*) 'Gad, FITZ MARTINGALE, you won't laugh when you first try it, I can tell you. They make you eat three dinners a term, to see whether your constitution is good enough for the Bar. As it is, many sink under it; but as, nevertheless, legal business has been so much diminished lately, they are going to increase the number of terminal trials to six, in order to make a still larger exclusion. (FITZ *silenced, but not convinced.*) I shall come up at Commemoration to see how you get on, and give a grateful University the opportunity of granting me an honorary degree. Whether I accept the distinction or not, will depend of course on the sort of company with whom I should have to appear in Convocation. I have no doubt our boat will bump the Christophers' to the eternal renown of CODLINGS' men, and the University will win the Cup again at Henley, though I am told they will have to work hard for it. (Offers to lay six to four 'on us'—no takers.) If some of you hereafter see your portraits in a popular periodical, don't call on the Editor with a horsewhip, or in any way think of violating the laws of your country. Rather rejoice to be selected as examples for the instruction of a new race of Under-graduates. (RAILTON turns very red indeed, and says, 'Hoo, hoo! doose take it, old fella, I say, hang it though!') I hope you will always be as honest and good fellows as you are now. The pluck and cheerfulness, the manly energy, which makes you popular here, will give you the best chance of making your way in the world, and wherever you may seek your fortunes, I trust you will never forget the old place and its associations." A trace of seriousness is seen, just for a moment, most strongly marked in the muscular oarsmen, and the flow of laughter and of talk is renewed with greater vigour than ever. *Felices sua si bona nŏrint.* I am sitting up writing, because I can't afford to do otherwise. All the boys have been in bed for an hour.

A Locomotive City.

IN these days of Table Moving, there is no sort of movement that can astonish us much; but we are surprised a little by the change of place asserted in the following item of American news:—

"The City of Manchester had arrived at Philadelphia."

We are conscious of some slight degree of that amazement which MACBETH experienced when he was informed that Birnam Wood *had* come to Dunsinane.

FACILITIES FOR FORAGE.

THAT the plain of Chobham presents a fine area for military manœuvres may be the opinion of the officers, but the men prefer the areas of the domiciles in the various towns they have been quartered in.

Ah! Come Rapida!

WE really cannot profess to understand the mystery of spirit-rapping; but we have seen several authenticated cases in which a devotion to spirits has caused many to be without a rap.

RUMOURS OF WAR AT WOKING.

YESTERDAY it was generally understood that the tremendous force assembled at Chobham is about to do "something." We are not surprised at a rumour having got afloat that the army intends to make itself an army of "occupation," and will shortly occupy itself by surprising and taking the little town or borough—or whatever else it happens to call itself—familiarly known as Woking. The people of Woking are, in fact, in a state of trepidation, from the headborough down to the beadle, in consequence of a rumour that Woking is to be "invested;" though, as an "investment," we can conceive nothing so absurdly unprofitable as the spot alluded to. The camp at Chobham will not, however, be idle; and, as military operations in earnest are understood to be the order of the day, it is perfectly well known that something in the way of a siege will be attempted.

Woking has been hinted at as a town that is destined to be "surprised," and preparations for "astonishing the natives" are supposed to be going on with the utmost activity. The publicans are making ready to meet the invasion with spirit, and the musketeers of the line will be received with the contents of the double barrels of BARCLAY AND PERKINS and others, who will place their "entire" strength before the army. We confess that we are not sufficiently up in military tactics to know how Woking is to be taken, or whom it will be taken from, or if, when taken, it will be well shaken, or whether it will be given back again after the feat of taking it has been accomplished. Perhaps Woking will save further trouble by giving itself up, and placing the keys of its pump or its fire-engine, or whatever its public institutions may chance to be, in the hands of the invaders. From what little we know of Woking we apprehend no serious resistance, for our recollection of the spot carries us back to nothing but a small ditch, which forms the only national defence of the place against a hostile army. We have not heard whether Woking is busily engaged in throwing up entrenchments, but the probability is that it will throw up the whole affair of defence as a hopeless business.

An Empty Khan!

WE perceive by our highly intellectual and amusing contemporary, the *Court Circular*, that SHAFI KHAN had an audience of the QUEEN, and delivered his credentials as Envoy Extraordinary from the SHAH OF PERSIA. We merely mention the fact for the purpose of asking, with a view to a correspondence that will no doubt be got up in *Notes and Queries* on the nice point, "whether SHAFI KHAN is any relation to Shaving Pot?" There is no doubt, from the splendid style of living adopted by the envoy, that the Khan is, to a certain extent, a tin Khan, for there is plenty of "tin" in his composition.

Financial Physic.

IT is proposed to establish an altogether new method of inquiry into the state of the Public Health. The following are some of the interrogatories recommended to be addressed to the patient. How are your Funds? Let me see your Consols. Put out your Stock. Are your Dividends all right? Have you any Pain about your Bonds? Any uneasiness referring to your Foreign Securities. What is the State of your Corn Market? Allow me to examine your Shares. Let me feel your Scrip. Have you any sinking in your Mines? Any tightness at the Bank? How is your Discount? Have you any appetite for Speculation?

THE CANTEEN AT CHOBHAM.

WHEN the Camp has been washed—just washed by a shower—then will be the time to brew the beverage which may be called Chobham negus: a potation composed of Tent and water.

A STRIKE WITHOUT A STICK.

IN considering the circumstance that the Policemen have struck at Manchester, it is important to remark that a Policeman, in striking, lays down his truncheon.

ITALIAN POETS AND AN AUSTRIAN MECÆNAS.

WHO does not know Perugia? (called anciently, Perusia,
And built in pre-Etruscan times, unless in these my views, I err.)
Her massive walls, six miles in length, and built to form a polygon,
Contain wide streets, and squares, and halls, whose wealth is not yet wholly gone,
Although to crush her people, now, the Austrian does what he can;
And Gothic spears, and Gallic guns, and crosiers from the Vatican,
Have done their worst for her in turn; for Might makes Right was not a law
Less liked by PAUL THE THIRD, than by NAPOLEON or TOTILA.

But, though her townsmen are enslaved, they still will be satirical,
And mock their tyrants bitterly; indeed, 't would be a miracle,
If, where an ANTINORI, CAPORALI, and COPPETTA, lived,
(And than these bards, in Italy, few cleverer or better lived),
The men should let such rulers live a day without abusing 'em,
Or fear to "speak sharp daggers," since they 're not afraid of using 'em.
And thus the Austrians daily dread dark plots and bright *concetti*, Sir,
And fear their subjects' pointed style, as much as their stiletti, Sir!

And thus it chanced, the other day, a poem by some anonymous
Peruginese (who felt the German yoke weigh heavy on him, as
It must on every noble soul, and didn't mean to spare, if he
Could get a chance to strike,) came forth, the Austrians to scarify.
So savage was the Commandant when first he read the verses, Sir,
That his grey moustache curled up in fright, at his quaint Teutonic curses, Sir.
Then said he, "Bid the guard at the Palazzo dei Priori, see
That there the five best poets in the town at half-past four I see."

Now as, whate'er his plan might be, he did not then declare it, he
In the city, by this order, caused much bustle and hilarity,
As they all opined:—"For him who writes the best extemporaneous
Effusion, some reward or decoration it is plain he has."
So that, when the guard by four o'clock had made his choice, as well as he
Knew how, a thousand poets' hearts were filled with horrid jealousy
Of the five, who now sat planning rhymes and metaphors, and phrases, Sir,
Lest they should have to improvise the stern RADETZKY's praises, Sir.

The Commandant appeared, and in a most malignant temper; he
Did *not* command the bards to speak a eulogy extempore:
"Strip, Sirs!" he said, and turning to a surgeon (who had handed him
A list of sick), to see what stripes each bard could bear commanded him.
"Strip! Stripes!" the poets muttered. "Why our strife will be no farce! He has
Determined that the vanquished bards shall share the fate of MARSYAS.
What poets with these Austrian clowns could ever fail to quarrel, Sirs?
They give stripes for decorations, and the birch instead of laurel, Sirs!"

"Well, General!" at length began the medical examiner,
"This sonnetteer for more than twenty stripes has not the stamina;
But *this*, whose strains are usually grave, stately, and heroical,
Might bear some twenty dozen with a calmness truly stoical;
With *these* three epigrammatists you can't be too particular;
Just give *their* muse a few sharp cuts to stimulate and tickle her."
"Now mark me!" said the Commandant. "You hear what he rehearses, Sirs,
"If any *other* poems appear, I 'll pay *you* for the verses, Sirs!"

Great Masters of Italian Song! Ah! could you but come down again
To view each well-remembered scene, each cherished native town again,
And find that on your sunny land had dawned so sad, so fell, a day;
How idle would you deem each soft, and sweet, and plaintive melody!
The pipe, the harp, the lyre, the lute, would quickly be forsaken all,
And old ORLANDO's warlike horn with one stern blast would waken all
The land to this firm purpose—not to hear those softer strains again;
Or, if her children still *must* sing, not to let them sing in chains again.

Improvement in Spectacles.

WHO can contemplate the Marine Vivarium at the Zoological Gardens, without congratulating himself on living in an age when the public derives that amusement from zoophytes, which, at a former period, it would have sought in bear fights?

IRISH CHARACTERISTICS.—The two articles of native industry in which the Dublin Exhibition excels, are Wedding Cakes and Rocking-horses.

STATUES FOR SOUTHAMPTON.

If Gog and Magog don't mind what they are about, they will very soon have to hide their diminished heads, and take themselves away with their attenuated stomachs. The City giants are in a fair way of being superseded, and cut out by the Giant Ascapart, and the good Knight Sir Bevis, their Southampton correlatives. The grand entertainment given at that progressive town, under the mild title of a *déjeûner* to Commodore Vanderbildt, is one of a continual series of banquets bidding fair to surpass even those immense hospitalities which are superintended by the Genii of Guildhall. We expect soon to see the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton disposing of their two or three hundred tureens of real turtle, and sequences, at a sitting; with some help. But Bevis and Ascapart ought to enjoy a promotion commensurate with the consequence which they are so rapidly acquiring. They are at present represented solely by two weather-beaten portraits on the face of the Bargate; and it is high time that a decent statue of each should be erected in the interior of that ancient edifice, in order to preside with proper dignity over the festivities of which it is the scene. The figures ought to be executed in a style of high sculpture, and not to be mere wooden and painted images, in order that they may constitute the fitting emblems of a reformed and enterprising municipality, in contradistinction to one that, stuck in the mud of abuses, is most aptly symbolised by a couple of monstrous dummies.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

A Duet *between* Sir Frederick Thesiger *and* Mr. Coppock.

Sir F. T. Tell me, prithee, gentle youth,
Tell, oh! tell me, what is Truth?
Is it Truth, if one disclose
Only part of what one knows,
Closely keeping locked the rest
In the cupboard of the breast?
Mr. C. Truth, I hold, is that to say
Which shall not my faith betray,
Truth is Fact, in part revealed,
Some discovered, some concealed,
Fact, so far as it extends,
Saving secrets, kept for friends.
Sir F. T. Would'st thou with half-truth deceive?
Mr. C. Blame not me if flats believe.
Sir F. T. Truth, I think, with thee doth lie.
Mr. C. Thou 'rt another, bad as I.
Sir F. T. I'm all open—
Mr. C. Never shut?
Sir F. T. Speak the whole—
Mr. C. And nothing but?
It is said that Truth doth dwell
In the bottom of a well.

Both.

Is not that the bosom's cell?
How are we that word to spell,
Tell us, oh ye wise ones, tell;
C., or S. E. double L?

The Christening of the Camp.

The inauguration of the Camp at Chobham was an extremely festive affair. By reason of the storm of rain which attended their operations, our gallant troops began their campaign with a jolly mess.

THE MEMBER FOR COUNTRY BUCKS.

In reference to the Succession Duty, it is a question whether the Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer does not run with the heir and hold with the hounds.

Problem in Table Moving.—Is it possible to make an unsteady table turn over a new leaf?

A REVERENT RAFFLE.

(*To* Frederick Lucas, M.P.)

Respected Quondam Friend,

I believe thou art Editor of the *Tablet* newspaper. Subjoined is an advertisement which I have cut out of thy journal.

ONLY ONE SHILLING.—Last Chances in the RAFFLE for OUR LADY of GRACE of ACTON. It is believed that some of the Luckiest Numbers are still to be had. The subscriptions will positively be completed this month. Persons desirous of obtaining magnificent jewels or other costly objects for Twelve Postage Stamps, would do well to apply for the remaining Tickets immediately, to the Undersigned, or at Messrs. Burns & Lambert's, 17, Portman Street, Portman Square, London, where also is to be seen the truly magnificent and exquisitely wrought WORKBOX of SILVER and IVORY, of genuine Bombay manufacture, which will be ballotted for by Forty Members only, at 10s. each. This affair is really worthy of attention.

North Cottages, Acton Green, Middlesex. JOHN BONUS, M.A.

I beseech thee to answer me a few questions, if thou canst, touching the above. What is meant by "The Raffle for our Lady of Grace of Acton?" Dost thou not think that at first sight a man might imagine that the Acton alluded to was an Acton U.S., in the South, and that the notification in regard to the Lady thereof was a wicked American advertisement concerning a female slave? I conjecture, however, from the reference to "jewels and other costly objects," that the object intended is an image decorated with trinkets; is that thy Lady of Grace as well as John Bonus's? In that case am I to understand that the image is a likeness? and if so, why is it described as "of Acton"? Hath thy Lady of Grace, in respect of Acton, any peculiarity of countenance or form? Or is the image entitled "of Acton" because it hath been used to be worshipped there? Having been the object of adoration, is it now to become the subject of a raffle? And if thou must answer this question in the affirmative, tell me in what degree or particular the thing differeth from a *fetish!*

Moreover, I will thank thee to inform me what John Bonus meaneth by signing himself M. A.? I know that those letters commonly stand for Master of Arts; but it is difficult to conceive that the writer of the above advertisement could ever have been to any college; or, indeed, civilised school.

I note that thy friend and condisciple, John Bonus, saith, "It is believed that some of the luckiest numbers are still to be had." I wish to know, in case I should become a convert to thy persuasion, whether I should be expected to believe in luck?

Thy people often complain that the personage, whose image I suppose the "Lady of Grace" to be, is insulted in heretical journals. I ask thee if thou canst point out anything more derogatory to her in any one of them than the above advertisement in thy own paper?

I am, respectfully,

Obadiah Punch.

85, *Fleet Street, June*, 1853.

A CHANCE FOR CLAIRVOYANCE.

Similar to the subjoined, there appeared in the *Times* the other day nearly a whole column of advertisements which announced that an eminent auctioneer

"Has received instructions to include in his next Monthly Periodical Sale of Reversions, Policies, &c., a One Ninth of a One Third Part of the Sums of £2,300 and £2,000 Three-and-a-Quarter per Cents., receivable on the decease of a lady now in her 61st year, provided a gentleman, now in his 37th year, survives a lady now in her 70th year."

If clairvoyantes can really

"look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,"

here was a chance—one of a series of chances—for the conversion of *Mr. Punch* to a belief in mesmeric prevision. Not that *Mr. Punch* himself would have ventured to invest any capital, beyond a few halfpence, on the strength of a somnambulist's prediction respecting anybody's decease; but, doubtless, there are some persons sufficiently bold to try the experiment; and the prophecy might have been communicated to *Mr. Punch* first, and its fulfilment—in case thereof—afterwards.

How is it that the Stock-jobbers have not availed themselves of clairvoyance, which, if true, would supersede the Electric Telegraph? The article seems to be at a discount in the City. That is not much to be wondered at, when you consider that its Professors themselves have not the courage to try it there, but give *séances* and consultations for a paltry guinea, when they might make millions by speculating in the Funds—if they are to be credited.

QUEER PAPER.

Lord Stanley's notice of motion relative to the Government India Bill has excited some apprehension that the Bill will be dishonoured.

THE ST. BERNARD MASTIFF AT THE MONT BLANC LECTURE. A HAPPY DOG—RATHER?

INTELLECTUAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE MANSION-HOUSE.

THE LORD MAYOR is, as we anticipated, going to feast the Preceptors; bravo, LORD MAYOR! Witness this card:—

"The LORD MAYOR will be gratified by your attendance at the Mansion-House on the 30th instant, at six o'clock, P.M., to meet the Masters and Mistresses of the British and Foreign, National, Parochial, and other Schools of the Metropolis."

On this festive occasion, an entirely new variety of dishes will be added to those good things which constitute the usual bill of fare at City banquets. His Lordship states that he is adopting various measures for the promotion of a knowledge of science and art among all classes, and that

"With this view he has, with the valuable assistance of the Society of Arts, collected at the Mansion-House a large assortment of educational models, diagrams, books, apparatus, &c., showing the latest improvements that have been made in these important departments."

A new feature will accordingly have to be introduced into the report of this improved Entertainment at the Mansion-House. It will behove the chronicler of that event to record, that not only covers, but books were laid for so many, and that besides the regular number of tureens of real turtle, &c., there was such or such a lot of cases of geological specimens, of globes, charts, maps, quadrants, electric machines, galvanic batteries, air-pumps, mathematical instruments, plants, and objects of natural history. We heartily congratulate our worthy Civic Monarch on his introduction of food for the mind into his dinners, thus combining the rational feast, and the psychical libation, with eating and drinking in ordinary. We trust that he has laid the foundation of a new style of gluttony and guzzling at the Mansion-House; that he will have created a greediness for information which will expand the intellect instead of the stomach, and a thirst for knowledge which will get into the head—and remain there.

An Experienced Hand.

To make things pleasant with regard to Turkey, MR. COPPOCK ought to be sent as plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia. Surely there is no diplomatist who would know better than that gentleman how to treat.

RUSSIA AND THE FEMALE WIG PARTY.

THE Submarine Telegraph brought the other day the following extraordinary intelligence:

"RUSSIA.—A new ukase which has been published in the kingdom of Poland prohibits the wearing of false hair by the women of the Jewish nation. Several infringements of this new law have already been punished."

To prohibit the ladies in Poland, or anywhere else, from wearing false hair, is indeed to strike a blow at the Polish interest which nothing can compensate. We tremble to think of the number of bald facts which will be brought to light among the female population, when they are no longer permitted to assume that false front which has been hitherto opposed to Time's unwelcome ravages. We presume the Emperor of Russia begins to be fearful of conspiracy among the Jewesses of Poland, and is determined to know what they have really got in their heads; though many of them will, we are quite sure, prefer to dye rather than disclose in black and white—but particularly the latter—their real condition. Every effort will no doubt be made to resist this cruel Ukase, but we know not how to recommend the Jewesses to meet the attack upon their hair, unless by rubbing in a tremendous supply of bear's grease, they can strike at the root of it.

Possibly the Ukase may have for its object the encouragement of the consumption of the native article of commerce, by inducing the Jewish females to plunge into unlimited bear's grease, with the vain hope that it will tend to restore that luxuriant crop for which the wig-maker has hitherto provided a substitute. If the women of England were to be subject to such an oppressive Ukase as that issued by the Russian Government, we are convinced that for the loss of their ornamental head-dress re-dress would be generally demanded. Happily our own Government is far too gallant to wish to hurt the hair of a British female, even though the hair is hers by right of purchase only.

Irish Scholarship.

WE suppose that, on the plea of Religious Equality, it will be demanded by MR. LUCAS and his confederates, that the intended "Catholic" University shall (when established) return Members to Parliament. Should their demand be acceded to, the representatives of that Hibernian Institution will, of course, be wranglers.

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LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1853.

MR. PUNCH, at the last moment, cancels a very handsome Preface prepared for this his TWENTY-FOURTH VOLUME, in order to give insertion to a communication from the Head of the Horse-Guards: a document to which, at the present time, and under the present tremulous circumstances—(foreign funds being as sensitive as quicksilver in a thunder-storm)—MR. PUNCH thinks it only wise and loyal to give the first place and the boldest type.

"*Horse-Guards, June* 14, 1853.

"VISCOUNT HARDINGE—Commander-in-Chief of HER MAJESTY'S Forces—presents his compliments and felicitations to MR. PUNCH; and desires that he will, at the promptest military time, cause to be delivered at the Camp at Chobham, no less than Ten Thousand Copies of his Twenty-Fourth Volume; VISCOUNT H. —as an old and instructed reader of PUNCH—knowing that among the many blessings of an English Midsummer, there is ever a new Volume of PUNCH; even as at Christmas-time another Volume is one of the never-failing comforts and delights of that most jolly and most hospitable season.

"The Commanding-Officer at Chobham has it in orders to receive the Volumes of PUNCH with every possible military honour. On arriving at the Camp, MR. PUNCH himself will be received by a General's Guard, and be immediately conducted to the officer commanding.

"A salute of Four-and-twenty Guns will be fired on the Ten Thousand Copies of the Twenty-fourth Volume reaching the ground; the troops presenting arms, and the Band playing *God Save the Queen* (with *roo-to-to-too-it* variations).

"The Commanding Officer will address the Troops before distributing the Volumes to the Forces. That Officer has instructions to dwell most earnestly on the many noble lessons abounding in every Page

of PUNCH—to exhort the British Soldier so to study his PUNCH, that, whilst in time of peace he shall feel as simple as the lamb that, all innocently, crops the mint—he shall, in the hour of war, be as the raging lion that roars and whips himself for his shin of beef.

"And here the Commander-in-Chief gladly avails himself of this pleasing opportunity to express his acknowledgments to MR. PUNCH for the abounding lessons of mirth and wisdom that, in the hottest weather in India, have been more refreshing than gentle showers to the troops under VISCOUNT HARDINGE'S command; have been more animating than any grant of *batta* to the native soldier.

"Moral cheerfulness is the very life and soul of a Camp. Keep the soldier cheerful, and he is ready for any work in any weather, and at any notice. It is, therefore, MR. PUNCH, that as Commander-in-Chief, I have thought it my duty to order, at the country's expense, the supply of ten thousand of your Twenty-Fourth Volume for the troops at Chobham; all the other twenty-three volumes, as I have made it my duty to know, being in the possession of every soldier encamped there, and making an inseparable part of his daily baggage. Yes, MR. PUNCH, not only has the British soldier your works by heart, but he has 'em on his shoulders.

"Anticipating the many privations to be suffered by the heroes of Chobham—(where there will be no Rotten Row, no Opera, no Club-House)—I nevertheless feel confident of the beneficial influence of your pages upon HER MAJESTY'S Forces, feeling assured that both on the part of the officers and men—especially may I speak for the officers—the greatest sacrifices will be readily deferred to, if foregoing many of their usual little comforts, they are permitted an unlimited supply of PUNCH.

"Accept, MR. PUNCH, the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

"Hardinge."

"P.S. and *Private*.—You will stop to dinner. In fact, bring a portmanteau for a week. There will be a bullock roasted for every regiment the day of the distribution, with fireworks in the evening. If your dog can dance, bring *him*: he'll take the conceit out of young FITZPIPECLAY and *his* lot."

THE EMPEROR'S CUP FOR 1853,

OR TURKEY RHUBARB.

Aberdeen's Clients, 248
Academical Portraits, 8, 28, 32, 53, 67, 99, 119, &c.
Acknowledged Heroine (An), 60
Activity in the Dockyards, 182
Actor's Orthography (An), 33
Admiralty "Indiscretions," 184
Admiralty Pitch and Tar, 220
Advertisements Moralised, 150
After Dinner Conundrum (An), 57
Ah! Come Rapida! 251
Alarming Sacrificers (The), 62
All'idea di quel Metallo, 12
Another Brace of Bores, 133
Anything but a Billot-doux, 73
Appointments and Disappointments, 54
Apsley House, 41
Art and Ideas, 171, 188
Art-Habiliments and Art-Highlows, 62
Art in the City, by Goo, 197
Art of Conversation (The), 232
Art Waiting Rooms, 110
"As clear as Mud," 63
Baker (The), 30
Baron Liebig on Punch's Almanack, 9
Batch of Correspondence (A), 89
Beer-king (The), 2
Belgravian Training for Young Ladies, 131
Belgravian Venus attired by the Graces (The), 151
Belle Sauvage at Court (The), 113
"Best of Cut-throats" (The), 64
Big Wigs and Little Wigs, 229
Bishop of Cartridge (The), 57
Black Job of the City (The), 31
"Bless us, and (*if you can*) save us," 230
Blow at the Snuff-Box (A), 98
Blunder to the Last, 239
Board and Lodging for Murderers, 183
Brace of Bores (A), 24
Breakdown of the Derby Lot (The), 219
Bribery Rhymer (The), 217
Budget made Easy (The), 177
Cabinet Contrast (A), 110
Cabman's Friend (The), 237
Cabs of London (The), 84
Cæremonium in Encæniis Oxoniensibus Habitum, 232
Camp at Chobham (The), 203, 227, 234
Canteen at Chobham, 252
Case of Russian Leather (A), 248
"Cat" (The), 174
Catechism for Major Canons, 82
Certain Cure for Overfeeding (A), 2
Chance of Clairvoyance, 253
Characteristics of the Rising Generation, 97
Cheap Home, 102
Child's Summary of a Lords' Debate (A), 237
Chinese Revolution (The), 189
Christening of the Camp, 253
Christmas Waits, 8
Clerical Casualties, 218
Clerical Error (A), 144
Collarotype (The), 180
Colloquy on a Cab Stand, 118
Colonial Correspondence, "Washed and Done for," 108
"Come Back," 170
Consequences for Canters, 77
Consolidating the Law, 123
Convenience of being Shortsighted (The), 229
Coronation of Louis Napoleon (The), 139
Corruption of the Old Masters, 20
Crown and the Broadbrim in Bavaria (The), 170
Cruise of the Old Admiral (The), 27
Cry of the Neglected Husband (The), 44
Cup too much of Tea (A), 188
Curious Statistics, 239
Death in the Jam Pot, 107
Dental Anatomy, 142
Derby Scholarship (The), 244
Digested Code (A), 58
Dignity of Dust (The), 7,
"Dilly and the D.'s" (The), 242
Discovery of a Dragon (The), 243
Doctors and the Poet (The), 243
Doctors' Commons, 250
"Doth not a Meeting like this, &c.," 12
Duffy and the days of Chivalry, 192
Duke in Partibus (A), 170
Dumbarton's Drums and Trumpets, 224
Dying by Diet, 110
Editorial Cry (An), 70
Egging them on, 70
Eight Conundrums from the Commons, 169
Electric Lady (An), 54
Electric Parliament, 189
Elegy (*written in a Railway Station*), 88
Elevated Address to Mr. Gladstone, 10
Embroglio at the Philharmonic, 178
Emperor of Hearts (The), 63
Emperor's Joke (An), 88
Empire of Jack Ketch (The), 89
Empty Khan (An), 252
Encouragement of Robbery, 109
End of Bribery (The), 227
England a Nation of Masqueraders, 123
England's Best Defences, 33
English Gold Fields (The), 157
Exeter Hall Ring (The), 210
Experienced Hand (An), 254
Experience of a "Constant Reader" (The), 240
Extraction of Scotch Root, 79
Extraordinary Rationality in a Lady, 23
Facilities for Forage, 251
Fall in Waterfalls (A), 163
Fancy Bipeds without Feathers, 69
Fashions by a First Hand, 179
Fat Lady's Best Friend (The), 12
Female Infallibility, 139
Fences of the Constitution, 127
Filthy Lucre, 119
Financial Physic, 252
Fine Old English Admiral (The), 59
Fine Old Porte (The), 248
First Sensible Valentine (The), 73
Flowers of Promise, 221
Food for Hair Powder, 180
Force of Habit (The), 79, 124
Fra Diavolo in London, 59
Free Trade in Fortune Telling, 147
Fruit of Picture-Cleaning (The), 247
General Pierce's Creed, 129
Gentle Cabman (The), 148
Ghosts of Guildhall (The), 74
Good News for Husbands, 183
Government Labels, 91
Government Paper, 179
Grandeur of the Grand Jury (The), 41
Great Anti-Police Demonstration, 83
Great City Race—the Chamberlain Stakes, 228
Great Indian Debate (The), 238
Great Sarsaparilla Movement (The), 203
Haberdashery, Trashery, and Smashery, 21
Hampstead Heath Monopolist (The), 234
Harmonic Rapping, 181
He must have Blood! 70
"He's been, and gone, and done it," 124
High Sky High, 113
Hit in 3 Vols. (A), 67
House of Humbugs (A), 203
How to Cure Fainting, 18
How to Make a House of Commons, 243
How to Walk on the Ceiling, 153
Humdrum Conundrum (A), 109
Humours of Chancery (The), 119
Humours of the Carlow Election, 53
Impositions and Humbug Market, 120
Improvement in Spectacles, 252
Intellectual Entertainment at the Mansion-House, 254
Invader's Guide-book to England, 163
Irish Characteristics, 252
Irish Scholarship, 254
Italian Poets and an Austrian Mecænas, 252
It is lucky that Christmas does come but once a year, 17
Jesuit (A), 119
Joke for the last General Election (A), 79
Judicial Ignorance, 172
Justice for Women, 119
Knotty Point (A), 82
Knot to be Untied (A), 73
Ladies' Battle (The), 83
Lament of Fop's Alley. 103
Lament of the Unseated (The), 99
Language that really should not be Allowed, 228
Last Chance (The), 179
Last Kick of Fop's Alley (The), 123
Last Look (The), 234
Lay of the Anxious Debtor (The), 60
Lay of the Imprisoned Sportsman (The 238
Le Philosophe Malgré Lui, 93
Liberty for Ladies, 214
Light Day's Work for a Heavy Day' Wages, 130
Literature of Flunkeyism (The), 69
Literature of the Play-bill (The), 109
Little Political Game of Spelling (A), 247
Live Legged Tables, 220
Living and the Dead (The), 214
Locomotive City (A), 251
Locomotive Table Company (The), 209
Logic for the Legrees, 52
Lord Cranworth, Law, and Physic, 88
Louis Napoleon condemned by Himself, 153
Louis Napoleon's Courtship, 50
Love in the Moon, 77
Love's Labour Lost, 47
Loyal Irish (The), 244
Mecænas at Manchester (A), 143
Magnetic Ministry (A), 249
Man of Metal for the Million (A), 68
Manufacture of Old Masters, 248
Marriage in Very High Life, 207
Marriage under Difficulties, 204
Master of the Hot Rolls (The), 40
Melbourne Mail Bags (The), 232
Member for Country Buck (The), 253
Member for Toleration (The), 82
Men of Law (The), 114
Merchant Prince (The), 168
Millionaire in Difficulties (A), 173
Ministerial Bye-play, 77
Misreported Magistrate (A), 130
Mitcham Movement (The), 132
More full of Money (A), 187
Model Houses of Correction, 212
Motives for going into Parliament, 122
M.P. in the Witness Box (An), 227
Mr. Drummond on Bribery, 192
Mr Gladstone's Fantasia, 188
Mr. Punch among the Pictures, 198, 207
Mr. Punch as Richard III., 148
Mr. Punch at the Play, 23, 39, 52, 87, 92 117, 128
Mr. Punch to Mr. Shaw Lefevre, 98
Mrs. Gamp's Lament, 7
Mulish Obstinacy in Dress, 248
Munificence to Men of Letters, 98
My own New Broom, 20
Naboth's Petition (A), 144
Napoleon's Entire, 113
Nativity of the New Ministry (The), 18
Necessity of Medicine (The), 229
Nestor of the Navy (The), 33
New Fanatico per la Musica, 24
New Mirror of Parliament (A), 57
New Philharmonic People (The), 237
New Tale of a Tub (The), 130
New Walk of the Drama (The), 114

New Writs, 28
New Year's Chimes (The), 17
Newton at Sea, 80
Nose Cartridge, 202
No more boiled Fowl, 40
No more Grey Hair, 40
No Rose without a Thorn, 138
Nothing New under the Sun, 243
Notices of Motion, 223
Nut for Nabobs (A), 239
Ocean to the Railway River of our Thoughts (The), 93
Odd Pattern from Manchester (An), 210
Ode upon Opera Dress, 157
Ode to Mr. Calcraft, 194
Off she Goes, and Back she Comes, 128
Old England's Babes in the Wood, 164
Old May Month (The), 208
Old Romance in a New Channel (An), 104
Old Women Wanted, 12
On Six Lord Chancellors, 14
On the Present Infernally Low Style of doing things, 213
Oppressed Cabman (The), 159
Our Honeymoon, 1, 11, 21, 31, 51, 61, 71, 101, 111, &c.
Our "Honourable Men," 100
Our Indian Commission, 139, 177
Our Irish Commission, 177
Our Naval Veterans, 1[illegible]2
Our Savage Customs, 8[illegible]
Outheralding Heraldry, [illegible]7
Oxford Mixture (The), 7[illegible]
Palmerstonian Catechism (The), 162
Panel for the Protection of Ladies, 158
Paradises in Pandemonium, 249
Parliament Made Easy, 72
Parliamentary Business Paper (The), 223
Parliamentary Poems for Infant Minds, 90
Parochial Parliaments, 208
Parody for a Reformed Parliament, 128
Patriarch of the Playhouse (The), 71
Paws Off, Bruin, 222
Peace and War, 79
Peace Anecdotes, 68
Peculiar People in Parliament (The), 97
Philosopher Wanted (A), 209
Pictures' Petition, (The), 29
Pig-headed Public (The), 57
Pleasant Smell of Powder (A), 229
Pleasant Quarters, 94
Plot against Prisons (A), 93
Poetical Catalogue of Her Majesty's Theatre, 97
Polemical Puffing, 182
Police! Police! 181
Police Regulations, 140
Political Betting Offices, 71
Poor Clergy and their Friends (The), 202
Poor Little "Mo!" 184
Pope in a Cleft Stick (The), 133
Pope's Prisoners (The), 232
Post-Office and the Suburbs (The), 249
Poultry Exhibition (The), 37
Presentation of Nuggets to the Queen and Punch, 70
Preserves of the See of Durham, 194
Press and the Empress (The), 78
Press and the Play, 19
Pretty Stuff, 219
Prevention of Cruelty to Women, 114
Prince of the Penny-a-Liners (The), 217
Problem in Table-Moving, 253
Proposed Magnetic Expedition to the North Pole, 223
Prospective Chronology, 10
Public Health, Wealth, and Happiness, (The), 199
Punch and Parchment, 179
Punch at the Adelphi, 2
Punch, the City Giant-Killer, 78
Punch's Select Committee on Political Delinquency, 193
Puzzles in Court Plush, 114
Quadrilles for the Ceiling, 172
Quaker's Oath (The), 168
Queer Paper, 253
Quite a Nosegay, 98
Quite an Election Treat, 123
Rabid French Conundrum (A), 120
Railway Killing no Murder, 94
Railway Maxims, 92
Rains and the Railways, 64
Rap on the Knuckles for the British Female (A), 90
Rap-Rascalism, 167
Rapscallionism, 43
Real White Slavery, 67
Reason for a Singer's Cold, 207
Receipt for Oxford Mixture (A), 44
Recollections, 4
Reform your Doctor's Bills, 29
Reign of Accidents (The), 78
Remuneration for Railway Surgery, 138
Representative Men in Chancery, 81
Resignation and Reconciliation, 9
Rest, Veteran, Rest, 12
Reverent Raffle, 253
Robin of Hythe (The), 213
Royal Arms in Danger (The), 218
Ruling Passion strong in Death (The), 249
Rumours of War at Woking, 252
Russia and the Female Wig Party, 254
Sack of the Carlton, 218
Safe Speculation (A), 113
Sale at Her Majesty's Theatre, 127
Same Toast differently Buttered (The), 63
Sauve qui Peut, 77
School for Cabmen (A), 212
Science and the Pope, 80
Sciences for Soldiers, 100
Sculpture for the London Corporation, 210
Second-hand Canonicals, 167
Seizure of Warlike Missiles, 178
Select Spiritual Rapping Soirée, 173
Self Sustenance, 209
Sensible Civic Dinner (A), 249
Services of Danger (The), 148
"Shop!" 147
Short Plea for Short Hand, 107
Shorts and Shins at the Tuileries, 58
Sibthorpe's Address to his Army, 230
Sink or Swim, 133
Sir John Key for Stump Orator, 224
Sisters and Slavery, 37
Slaves of the City (The), 133
Slavish Imitation, 148
Snug Party in Chancery (A), 49
Socrates in the Nursery, 142
Soldier Sibthorpe (The), 230
Sound Sense in Singing, 208
Spades called Spades, 217
Spanish Lady's Love (The), 57
St. Stephen and his Cherubs, 113
Stafford Answer (A), 172
Stained Window for Rochester Cathedral (A), 42
State of the Weather (The), 188
Statues for Southampton, 253
Storm in a French Tea-cup (A), 92
Strike of the Working Clergymen, 183
Strike without a Stick, 252
Subject for a Stained Window, 103
Suburban Shame (A), 244
Sweep and Many Friends (The), 38
Swell's Homage to Mrs. Stowe, 201
Take a Rule, 47
Talk with Mrs. Tyler (A), 89
Tartuffe at the Convent Grate, 212
Taxes on Knowledge, 22
That dreadful Tax—the Attorneys', 124
Theatre Royal, Westminster, 3, 13, 27, 43
There's nothing like Leather, [illegible]
Thoughts about Snuff, 48
Three Things a Married Man cannot do, [illegible]
Three Things a Woman cannot do, 170
Toby's Bark, 149
To Growers of Christmas Trees, 3
Torture of the English according to Law, 84
Toss Up—Man or Woman? (A), 203
Tradesman's Little Warbler (The), 49
Trifle from Scotland (A), 36
Truth Seen in the Glass (A), 172
Turning the Tables, 189
Unprotected Female (The), 134, 163
Unreported Earthquakes, 164
Use and Abuse of Parliament (The), 197
Vagaries under Broadbrim, 47
Valuable Head of Hair (A), 174
Valuable Suggestions for the Admiralty, 132
Very Bitter, but how True, 137
Very Proper, 88
Vote by Auction, 104
Warlock of the Glen, (The) 137
Warm Work in Westminster Hall, 173
We cannot help it, 202
Week of Irish Wrong (A), 250
Westminster Club (The), 120
We Swear! We Swear! 2[illegible]
What a French Constitution is made of, 149
What an Invading Army might destroy in London, 87
What are our Soldiers made of, 244
What is really "Looming in the Future," 143
What is Truth? 253
What it Costs to be Free, &c., 50
What shall I do with my Money? 60, 103
What the Austrians do, &c., 162
"When found, *don't* make a Note of," 50, 147
Which it is Cruel, 138
Whistonian Consols, 164
White (and Red) Lies, 14
Who's to be my Brother? 40
Who will bell the Cat? 163
Windfall for the Long-winded, 143
Wit that wants a Terminus, 19
Witches on Hampstead Heath (The), 239
Wonder of the Age (The), 197
"Wonderful Things," 14[illegible]
"Yo[illegible]an neither a Man nor a Brother," 34
Youthful Party, 38
Youthful Sport in the Street, 170

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